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THE

POPE AND THE KING.

The War between Church and State in Italy.

BY

A. GALLENGA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

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'He is a dreamer who fancies he can know the present without knowing the immediate past. The present is that past, with only a change of tenses, and the sprouting substituted for the seed.'

VERAX.

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THE POPE AND THE KING.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING'S LAST YEARS.

I.

Apparent apathy of the world at the downfall of the Temporal Power.—Ultramontane confidence in the ephemeral nature of the event.—Archbishop Manning.—Providence for us all, or for none of us.—Views of the event among Italian politicians.—Views and conduct of the Italian Government.—Delay in transfer of the Capital.—The King's objection to a Roman residence.—A Roman deputation to Florence.—The King's flying visit to Rome.—Entrance of the King and Government into Rome.—The world's acquiescence.—France's objections.

THE deed was done. The Italians were in Rome. The Temporal Power of the Pope was a thing of the past. The oldest of human institutions in existence, 'the work of God,' in many men's opinion—the Papacy, had been sapped at its foundation. The Church had been hurled from the rock on which it was thought to have been built by Christ Himself.

The deed was accomplished, but the world knew it not; it did not notice it at the moment of its consummation, nor was it for some time able to comprehend its portentous magnitude. For the fears of

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the Empress Eugénie had been realised almost to the letter. The Prussians had not yet entered Paris, but thoroughly invested that city on that very twentieth September day in which the Italians entered Rome; and the speechless consternation with which men contemplated the fate impending over France, by main force turned their eyes from the no less momentous event which a marvellous chain of circumstances had matured in Italy.

One could scarcely recall at this time how coolly eight years ago the world received the news of the Roman catastrophe. There is nothing, men simply said, unattainable to modern progress. Not only do impossible things come to pass, but they hardly strike us as at all portentous, and we accept them as commonplace occurrences which we had been looking forward to as inevitable, and which have indeed long been overdue. Events are like mountains; they dwarf one another by their comparative height. 'Mighty Helvellyn' at Courmayeur would dwindle down to a mole-hill; and it is not otherwise with great changes, the landmarks of history. It seems as if men were incapable of divided attention. The great human epic proceeds in obedience to the classical laws of the Three Unities. There is always one great subject filling the stage of the world, and minor events can at the utmost only hope to be noticed as accessories. It was not without some effort that men could withdraw their attention from the Meuse and the Seine, and turn round to see what

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was happening on the Tiber. The Temporal Power was falling, yet the demolition of an edifice which had weathered the storms of ten centuries was looked upon only as the puny consequence of an infinitely greater cataclysm.

But the Church itself was not blind: Ultramontanism felt where it was hit, and although it fretted at the apathy with which Christian nations witnessed the 'desecration of the Sanctuary,' it consoled itself by the reflection that 'the thing could not last,' 'that sooner or later all would come right again.' With the sanguine faith of a convert, Archbishop Manning addressed words of comfort to his flock, impressing them with the idea that there was nothing new, nothing even extraordinary, at all events nothing irreparable in what was passing in Rome.

'Do not think me fanatical,' he said, 'or blind, or senseless, if I affirm that the Temporal Power is not ended yet; but that the Roman question is only now once more begun. We have had to repeat even to weariness, that some five and forty Popes before now have either never set foot in Rome or have been driven out of it. Nine times they have been driven out by Roman factions; times without number by invaders. Why not then a forty-sixth time? Pius VI., Pius VII., were prisoners, why not Pius IX.? Pius IX. has been already once in exile, why not a second time? Nine times the city of Rome has been held by usurpers, why not a tenth? Seven times Rome had been besieged, why not an eighth?

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Twice it has been nearly destroyed; and once so utterly desolate that for forty days, we are told, nothing human breathed in it, and no cry was heard but of the foxes on the Aventine. Warfare, suffering, wandering, weakness, with imperishable vitality and invincible power, is the lot and the history of the Pontiffs; and Rome shares their destiny. There has nothing happened now that has not happened, and that often, before; the end that has often been predicted, has not come; why should it now? Men are always saying, "Now at last is the end;" but the end is not yet.'

Very eloquent, but not altogether true! For there had been here in this last case no banishment of the Pontiff, no desolation of the city. Only the slightest show of force; hardly any struggle. The Popes describe the rise and development of their earthly Sovereignty as the result of God's infinite wisdom. They see in it the hand of the Almighty working for a visible purpose. But why should there be a limit to the dispensations of Providence? Why should not He who has given be free to take away? Why could not the Architect who reared the edifice deem it fit to bring about its demolition, if in His boundless judgment it no longer fulfilled the object for which it was intended—nay, if it defeated that object? Might it not be that the Temporal Power had had its own day; a day, however long and stormy, to be followed by a longer night and peace? It is never safe to cry out with presumptuous con-

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fidence. 'God is with us!' Our enemies may also have a God of their own. Either Heaven's will enters for everything into human affairs, or it meddles with nothing. We at any rate do not know where Ormuzd's work ends, and where that of Ahriman begins. Were it not sheer blasphemy to call the All-wise to account for all the freaks of human folly, or even to give Him credit for all the achievements of human genius, valour and endurance, the Italians might also be tempted to point to the 'finger of God,' which showed the way to the accomplishment of their nationality, which enlisted in its cause, one after another, the powers which had for centuries been its worst enemies; which turned actual defeats into virtual victories, and made the infatuation of the Papacy itself, its aspirations to omniscience as a basis of omnipotence, subservient to Italian interests; which led Victor Emmanuel's arms from Milan to Bologna, from Florence to Naples, and brought the Italians at last to that goal to which they had tended from the beginning, to the City which they had ten years before rashly, to all seeming, yet securely proclaimed their seat of Government.

As to the Italians themselves, the facility and safety, the rapid success of their enterprise had something bewildering, almost appalling. They had got Rome: what were they going to do with it? There were men among the leaders of the party of action who thought that Victor Emmanuel and his Parliament should have shown themselves to the

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King's new subjects on the very day after the storming of Porta Pia; that the Iron Crown should forthwith have been fetched from the Cathedral of Monza, and the King should have been crowned by the Pope, by an army chaplain, by an apostate priest—no matter by whom—the first who offered himself for the office, or that he should have crowned himself with his own hand, as the first Napoleon did—that the ceremony should have taken place in St. Peter's, or at the Capitol, in the Piazza del Popolo, in any close or open space, wherever it might be, and that the King should anywhere, anyhow, have opened the Chambers—the essential thing being to strike the eye of the Roman population with whatever might bring home to their senses the mighty change which had been effected, and give it all the weight and reality of an accomplished fact. But, again, among the men of order there were those who, although they were glad that Rome was made Italian, and although they acknowledged the necessity of taking it from the Pope, did not look upon that city as a desirable residence, and even if they had no objection to proclaiming it as the nominal capital, to be used for great ceremonies and on extraordinary occasions, like Cracow or Moscow, yet deprecated any movement which should take the King and Government from Florence, the place best fitted to be Italy's permanent working capital.

The statesmen of the Lanza Cabinet, cold-hearted and over-cautious, but not unintelligent politicians,

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took a middle course. We have already seen that it was rather to their good fortune than to their wisdom that they were indebted for the happy termination of their enterprise. It was natural that they should be blamed for the helpless timidity which allowed so many months to pass between their military and their political occupation of Rome. They were aware of the hostility of many of the leading men in France, and it certainly seemed advisable to 'strike while the iron was hot.' It was idle to talk of the difficulty of transferring the Ministerial offices and the Houses of Parliament from the old to the new capital: for France herself had demonstrated the facility of such a change by removing her own seat of Government three times within little more than as many months. It seemed also hazardous to put the faith and devotion of the Romans to the test of the disappointments and actual losses of a dull season, the seductions of the 'Reds,' and the menaces of the 'Blacks'—to leave Rome desolate in the winter months, in which life itself is enjoyment, when they would probably have to go there in the dog-days, in which work and pleasure are equally out of the question. But with all this no one could say, seeing the turn things took, that the Italian Government may not be congratulated on that very want of promptitude and energy with which the hastily-judging world then upbraided them. By taking their own time and consulting their own convenience they showed that the over-

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throw of the Papacy was not only a practicable, but a very safe and easy enterprise—to be achieved, not by surprise, but calmly and deliberately, looking the world steadily in the face, compelling its acquiescence, if not its assent and encouragement. The deed was to be done at a time in which the Papacy, everywhere out of Rome and Italy, was morally strongest, against a Pope whose character and whose very age rendered him inviolable—a Pope who had attempted innovation in matters of dogma and discipline on a large scale and with the fullest success—the only one since the Council of Trent who had dared to face such an assembly, and to use an Episcopal Parliament for the consolidation of unlimited Pontifical power—the very Pope in whose favour almost a miracle was soon expected to be wrought by enabling him to 'see Peter's years.'

The ministers of Victor Emmanuel did not shrink from the responsibility of what seemed an improvident procrastination. They knew they could prove that if they were in no hurry, neither were they afraid to go to Rome. To open Parliament in that city at the end of the autumn of 1870 would certainly have been less hazardous than to perform the same solemnity a twelvemonth later. At the earlier epoch the most unfriendly Powers were hardly at leisure to attend to what might be going on south of the Alps, far less to find fault with it, or allow themselves even a remonstrance against it. But, at the

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later period, all that could have been said on the subject had been spoken. Those who might be expected to raise objections had waived them. They had accepted what they were unable to prevent. Italy and Rome made no runaway match; they published the banns in the face of the whole congregation of nations, and challenged them to urge any impediments that might arise against their union. Silence implied consent, and those who made no sign while there was yet time must henceforth and for ever hold their peace.

The statesmen who, in the month of September of the year 1870, achieved the occupation of Rome had to solve the problem how the city could be made large enough to hold the King and the Pope. It was no secret that Victor Emmanuel had no great fancy for Rome as a residence. None of the Northerners who, since Charlemagne, were invested with the sovereignty of the city could reconcile themselves to its desolate aspect. Vainly, as we have seen, did Ghibelline patriots beseech the Swabian Frederick or the Austrian Albert to take pity on the widowed seat of Empire. The German Emperors could not be prevailed upon to give up the blue Rhine or the Meuse for the tawny Tiber. But Victor Emmanuel knew that he had no choice in the matter. This was the third time he was called upon to shift his home, to forego lifelong habits, and to move farther away from that keen Alpine air which was almost vital to him. But

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Victor Emmanuel was not a man to be swayed by mere personal inclinations. To go to Rome he knew he had to compound with the Pope, and he was determined to leave nothing untried which could lead to an amicable arrangement. The Italian Government could make up their minds even to such a contingency as the Pope's flight from Rome, but they wished to satisfy the world that if the Pope quitted the city it should be from no fault of theirs. Their policy was successful. The Pope rejected all proposals; he declined negotiation, cried out against sacrilege, complained of captivity, but he remained at the Vatican.

In his letter to the Pope entrusted for safe delivery to Count Ponza di San Martino, the King of Italy had engaged that 'his Government and his forces should restrict themselves absolutely to an action conservative and tutelary of the rights, easily reconcilable, of the Roman population with the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of his spiritual authority, and with the independence of the Holy See.' After the comedy of the *Plébiscite*, the Duke of Sermoneta, the representative of the Caietani, one of the oldest Papal families, himself one of the most accomplished and sociable of Roman gentlemen, went at the head of a municipal deputation of Roman citizens, to Florence, to acquaint his Italian Majesty with the result of the popular vote, and to express the people's desire to see their newly-elected Sovereign, laying at the royal feet the keys

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of the city. The King however merely expressed his thanks and accepted the homage; but did not swerve from the temporising line of conduct which had been agreed upon in Council. On the last day of the year, 1870, the tidings of the great distress of the Roman population consequent upon an inundation of the Tiber having reached Florence, the King, yielding to an impulse of that charity which was in him as prompt and energetic as his courage, set out at once for the new capital, travelled almost alone, and showed himself to the people, among whom his brave countenance and hearty words of sympathy had almost as much effect towards relieving suffering as his never-stinted liberality. But the transfer of the capital had already been made the subject of parliamentary discussion, and laid before the Chambers in a Bill which was, of course, voted by a large majority, on the 26th of December, 1870, and fixed to take place six months after that date. The Bill establishing the 'Guarantees' by which the sovereign rank and the full independence of the Pope were to be maintained, only became law on the 21st of March, 1871. Having thus, as they flattered themselves, set their house in order, respected all rights, and provided for all interests, the Italians proceeded to enter into possession of their deliberately appointed seat of Government, on the 1st of July, 1871.

From the first time since the expulsion of the Tarquins, two thousand three hundred and seventy

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years before the above date, the Eternal City finally received and acknowledged within its walls a King of its own. The hurried visit of Victor Emmanuel to his new capital at the time of the inundations bore no character of official solemnity. But on that auspicious Sunday the King took formal possession of the Quirinal and Italy of the Capitol, and although the Sovereign himself left the city after a three days' sojourn, the ministers were installed in their new offices, and royal decrees were henceforth dated from Rome as 'the seat of Government.' The diplomatic agents of most of the Powers had assembled in Rome, in attendance upon the Court to which they were accredited, and which they had been instructed to follow into its new abode. Such is the tendency of our age to mature and accomplish things which men had long given up as impossible, and which, upon trial, turned out to be natural, obvious and inevitable. More astonishing even than such phenomena are the rapidity and facility with which they seem to be effected. Men had at this time little difficulty in understanding the reconstruction of a great German Empire under the leadership of Prussia, because there had been at all times in that Fatherland, a brave, strong race to rely on, always eminently warlike, and now stimulated into combined action by the jealousy of a powerful rival. But Italy had in her strife for independence and unity no other strength than the patience and obstinacy of a few devoted but divided patriots.

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She had had to contend with the ill-will, not of one, but of several overbearing neighbours, and, besides physical obstacles, she was confronted by a religious difficulty which enlisted the world against her. Three years had not elapsed since the minister of the then mightiest of European Monarchs proclaimed that '*Never*, NEVER, NEVER should the Italians enter Rome,' and even in the first panic after the disasters of Woerth and Forbach a voice still more authoritative pronounced that 'the Prussians in Paris would be a less intolerable calamity than the Italians in Rome.' It was not so much the building up of Italy as the demolition of the Papacy which was deemed a superhuman undertaking; and yet the Papacy—all of it that was perishable—was falling now not only without any serious attempt at resistance, but with the ready acquiescence of all Powers, as if its downfall were a matter of course.

And it was in the midst of one of the greatest triumphs of the Pope, only a few days after the celebration of his 'Jubilee,' that almost miraculous twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Pontificate—that the temporising 'Subalpine' King and Government stepped in; that they dictated the terms on which Rome and Italy should henceforth co-exist, on which Church and State should enjoy their respective freedom; and yet the world was not off its axis, the sun continued to shine on the Quirinal as on the Vatican, and a priest and monk

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who had only a few months before been one of the luminaries of the Church, Father Hyacinthe, proclaimed in Rome itself that 'the Temporal Power has been at all times the curse of Catholicism, and that the downfall of that Power alone could usher in an era of true holiness and efficiency.'

This then was the task appointed to the long-suffering Italian nation, and by the aid of propitious circumstances it most successfully acquitted itself of it. It is questionable whether by any council of the Christian nations, even with the assistance of all the heretics and schismatics in the world, such a result could ever have been obtained. In France itself, as we all know, Protestants like Guizot, and sceptics like Thiers, were among the staunchest supporters of the Temporal Power. Father Hyacinthe himself upbraided the Italians for their ungenerous conduct towards France in occupying their Capital at a moment when that country was not in a position to resent the violation of the September Convention. It is questionable whether any Frenchman ever forgave or ever will forget that affront. The spite of the *Grande Nation* continued for several years to find a vent in reproaches to the smaller one, 'for its ambition and its expansiveness, for its monoply of the trade of India by the Brindisi route, for its communications with Germany over the St. Gothard, for its aggressive designs upon Tunis, for its attempts to share in the protection of the Eastern Christians.' France would not seek an open quarrel with Italy at

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the present moment, it was urged, but 'she should bide her time, and meanwhile pursue an attentive vigilant policy.' But from these very outbursts of temper one would infer that France felt the hopelessness of any attempt to interfere with a consummation by which a great danger to the peace of Europe was happily removed.

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II.

The Italian Parliament in Rome.—The Pope's sensations.—His divided feelings.—The alternative before him.—Ultramontane phraseology.—The 'Kiss of Judas.'—Popes in Rome and Archbishops in Paris. — Italian moderation.—Italian and foreign Popes. — Pleasant picture of Rome.—The shady side of the picture.—Slackening of Italian energy.—Unsatisfactory dealing of the King's Government with the Papal question.—Apathy and stagnation of Italian political life.—Seven years of Italian political life.—Seven years of the King's life.

On Monday, the 27th of November, 1871, at the usual time of the year for the beginning of the session, Victor Emmanuel, for the first time, opened his Parliament in Rome, in the new hall constructed for the Chamber of Deputies in the courtyard of Monte Citorio. Nothing could be more dignified than the language, nothing more conciliatory than the spirit, in which the King addressed the senators and deputies of the Italian kingdom, before a crowded audience conspicuous among whom were the Diplomatic Representatives of all the European Powers. The King pledged himself to recognise the 'fullest independence of the Pontiff's spiritual authority on the principle of the separation of the Church from the

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State,' and engaged to leave untouched those religious institutions which might be considered part of the universal Government of the Church. On these conditions the King expressed his firm faith that 'Rome might be at the same time the capital of Italy and the pacific and respected seat of the Pontificate.' Words of a very different import were at the same time resounding in another assembly within less than a mile from the hall of the Royal sitting. Three Deputations, one of Romans of all classes, another of strangers, and a third of women, were introduced to the Pope in his audience chamber at the Vatican, and delivered loyal addresses, to which his Holiness vouchsafed an answer. In this he scouted the idea of that conciliation of which the King was at that moment professing to cherish a hope, and protested that 'none could be possible between Jesus and Belial, between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood.' He expressed his unshaken faith in the destinies of a Church 'accustomed to triumph on Golgotha,' and his readiness to 'give his life rather than yield to the devices of iniquity.'

It must be allowed that there was enough in the events of the day to aggravate the wrath of the Holy Father against the usurpers of his Temporal Power. From the moment he gave up the thought of again setting forth on his travels, he ought to have prepared himself for the ordeal that awaited him on that fatal Monday; but the actual anguish

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of the trying moment far exceeded all expectation, and was evidently too much for his equanimity. From early morning the city was alive with a joyous multitude. From the Palace window the Pope could see the Italian tricolour waving from every roof. If he withdrew from the unwelcome sight, the cannon from the bastions of Castle St. Angelo, once his own, the great bell tolling from Monte Citorio, the loud shouts, and the strains of festive music followed him to the deepest recesses of his apartments, telling him of every step in the King's progress, of the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, of the reverent silence with which he was listened to. In the evening and till late in the night the blaze of a gorgeous illumination forced its way through his closed curtains allowing him no sleep. It was to assuage the pang of those bitter hours that what remained in Rome of native and foreign 'subjects' of the Holy See presented themselves in the hall of the Consistory to perform their act of homage and devotion. They evidently found the Pope in the very mood which made them most welcome, and they heard from him words apparently calculated to destroy all hopes of peace with Italy. It had been understood at Rome that Pius IX. had given up all idea of quitting the city; he was supposed to have yielded to the heads of the religious orders, and to have been warned by the courteous but chilling reception which M. Thiers was preparing for him in the Pyrenees, as we shall describe in the following chap-

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ter. As the Pope was not to be tempted by France, it seemed natural to expect that he would come to terms with Italy, that he would consider on what footing he should remain at the Vatican; and so great was the faith in his disposition to accommodate himself to irresistible circumstances, that prints were exhibited in the Roman shop-windows representing the Holy Father with his left arm linked in the King's, while his right hand was extended in the act of benediction to the King's people. It appears that it was this confidence shown by public opinion in his placability which particularly nettled the Pontiff, who did not deem it beneath his dignity to refer to the 'offending caricature, foreshadowing that reconciliation by which God's enemies hoped to overcome his noble resistance and induce him to disown his most sacred rights.'

Notwithstanding all the violence of his language, one must be allowed to question to what extent the Pope was at this moment, and at other times during his remaining years, really in earnest. When he spoke of Jesus and Belial, of light and darkness, of truth and falsehood, he must himself have doubted whether his harsh words were, even in his own estimation, applicable to the Italian King and Government. The Pope was aware of an enemy far more formidable than the ministers or legislators assembled at Monte Citorio—the enemy before whom he had had to fly in inglorious disguise thirteen years before—the enemy to whom, both at

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that epoch and more lately, a primate of France had fallen a victim. That enemy, the Pope knew, was called 'Revolution.' Against that enemy he had found himself defenceless from his very accession to the throne; against it he had successively endeavoured to raise as many ramparts as there were Powers in Europe; but all those Powers—Naples, Austria, Spain and France—had failed him, and he could hardly say where he would have been now had not the Italian Government stepped in, taking upon itself that charge of protecting him which in the general overthrow of the old European order could devolve on no other State. The Ultramontanes, as it was their policy, affected to prefer Garibaldi to Victor Emmanuel. They 'respected' the hero of Caprera. He was outspoken, he told them what he thought of St. Peter and of themselves, whereas the Italian Government was Judas, 'kissing while it stabbed, and stabbing while it kissed.' The Ultramontanes are extreme men; they hail boundless disorder as the forerunner of ruthless reaction; they put their faith in 'the masses,' trusting that out of the demon Anarchy Providence will create the angel Tyranny. But lay Powers may be excused if they rely on human means for the attainment of human ends. The mission of the Italian Government was to save Church as well as State. They had to go to Rome to prevent the Revolution from preceding them; they had to provide against the chances of a second Mentana. They undertook to protect the

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Pope from enemies who were also their enemies; they wished religion to stand on the same footing on which they placed liberty, and they deprived the Holy See of that earthly Sovereignty which exposed it to the attacks of the revolution, and which compelled it to sue for a tyrannical support fatal to the free exercise of its spiritual authority.

There was, after all, an inestimable advantage in the Pope and the Papal Court belonging to that nation which, of all nations in the world, knows how to listen to reason and bow to necessity with the best grace. Who can say what would have been the condition of Rome at the time of the Italian occupation had some English Nicholas Breakspeare or some Dutch Adrien Florent been Pope instead of the wayward and weak, but soft-hearted Italian Mastai-Ferretti? Even as it was, if Rome escaped destruction at the hand of foreign hirelings engaging in an unequal struggle against the express orders of their master, it was only owing to the circumstance that their power was not commensurate with their ill-will. From the moment these mischief-makers were disposed of, there were order and harmony between people than whom none were ever better fitted to understand one another. Rome, it appears, hardly ever enjoyed such halcyon days as at the beginning of that magnificent autumn. The Promenade on the Pincio—that glorious platform all round which spreads the grandest panorama in the world—was never so 'enormously crowded.' Never did more

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inspiriting music awaken the echoes of the Seven Hills; never did bayonets give a brighter flash than those of the Piedmontese sharpshooters as they turned out to present arms to the carriages of the princes of the Church driving in state to the Vatican. Cardinal Patrizi, one of the deans of the Sacred College, declared that he never saw more religious soldiers than those of King Victor Emmanuel; and Pius IX., whose privileged district in the Leonine City had been left scrupulously inviolate on the first occupation, spontaneously, as we have seen, invoked the protection of the Italian troops in preference to the Pontifical gendarmes, whom he knew to be obnoxious to the Roman population.

Unfortunately, the situation was not a clear one, and no attempt was made to give it a satisfactory definition. It is a melancholy fact, the evidence of which forced itself upon the best friends of Italy at every stage in the progress of her emancipation, that whatever energies her people were endowed with seemed to exhaust themselves in the attainment of their object, and to fail them in any exertion required by the more difficult task of securing it. The conquest of their country cost the Italians too little to make them fully aware of its worth. The success was too easy, the victory too rapid and apparently too complete. They had rid themselves of the Austrians, they had driven out their princes, and they had settled the Pope; they were free from the enemies whose presence embarrassed them, and they

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had prevented the flight of one whose absence might have caused them trouble and danger. The war between Italy and the Papacy, the Italians flattered themselves, was at an end. Wherefore should there not be peace? Why, at all events, should hostilities be prolonged? Had they not done all in their power to propitiate the Pope? Had they not provided for his comforts and luxuries, surrounded him with the utmost splendour and dignity, with all the pomp and pageantry of independent Sovereignty? Had they not voted the Law of Guarantees, and thereby found the solution of that arduous problem which had puzzled the most advanced communities at every stage of their development? They were Cavour's disciples, and that great man had removed all complications from the question by his simple formula, 'A free Church in a free State.' That formula they, the Italians, had erected into a principle. They had adopted it as a policy; they had acted up to it with the most perfect consistency. The Church was in the fullest possession of all her liberties. In due time, and by a proper display of tact and firmness, the State would know how to take care of its freedom.

But after all, there were, even in Italy, men who did not blind themselves to the realities of the situation; men for whom the attitude of the Church was by no means reassuring; to whom the temper of the Pope, however wayward and uncertain, appeared on the whole decidedly hostile. These were ready

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enough to warn their countrymen against the dangers of a false security, to point out the snares of a deceitful peace. They would gladly have advised a more decisive action; a more thorough issue out of all doubt and ambiguity; a more intelligible definition, a more positive settlement of the ecclesiastical question, a *modus vivendi* with the Pope. Italy had offered terms to the Pope; but had the Pope accepted them? Had he not on the contrary scornfully rejected them?

Yet even those who were aware of the precariousness of the situation and felt its perils, were far from seeing, or from proposing the means of mending it. War with the Church no one dared to advise, even if peace there was none. The Pope was too old a man; his character, whatever it might seem on a near inspection, was too venerable in the conceit of the world that only saw him from a distance. It would have been unsafe to press him too hard; dangerous to arm him with a just grievance; the height of madness to drive him to a second exile. No! Italy could not afford a prolongation of her quarrel with the Papacy, the Church must be allowed to go her own way: Statesmen will have enough to do if they mind the affairs of the State.

But it was not long before the Italians saw that even State affairs were in abeyance. They perceived that the interests of the Church were far more intimately connected with those of the State than even Cavour seemed to imagine, or was willing to

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acknowledge. The Church had power to trammel the State's progress at every step ; the priest stopped the way ; the establishment of civil society on free principles was as difficult with as without him. With him, or without him education was equally impossible.

Matters in Italy were brought to this. The Roman question had to be left unsolved, yet nothing could be done till it had received its solution. Now to do nothing comes amazingly easy to a Southern people. The Italians were only too soon persuaded to sit down and rest. They had never shown any transcendent activity at Turin, and they had considerably slackened in their exertions at Florence. But Rome was a very Capua to them. These last seven years of the Italian Parliament show next to nothing in the way of provident, profitable legislation. And one might be thankful if there were only no progress in the various branches of administration. Time has been frittered away in the clash of noisy yet impotent parties ; in the excitement arising from petty personal squabbles, and discreditable private scandals.

I may have occasion to enter into some particulars respecting the shortcomings and backslidings of the Italian Government and people. For the present I only wished to point out the main cause to which all evils may be referred—which was the fatal resolution not only to leave the Church and State question unsolved—which was bad enough, but also to consider

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and represent it as solved—which was infinitely worse.

But if there was one man to whose mind the indefinite suspension of hostilities between the ecclesiastical and the lay power afforded unspeakable relief, that man was King Victor Emmanuel.

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III.

The King's character.—His mind wavering between duty and inclination.—Preponderance of sense of duty.—The King never comfortable in Rome.—Doings at the Quirinal.—The King's wanderings.—His regard for the Pope.—His opinion with respect to the Pope's hostility.—His hopes of final absolution.—The King's part in the play.

In these ecclesiastical matters the King had been a hero throughout. He had undertaken the championship of Italy, and he knew the cause of that country implied a two-fold contest—a fight with the Austrians and one with the priests. In the former the King took the lead; in the latter he allowed himself to be led. Victor Emmanuel yielded to no popular champion in his eagerness to drive the foreigner out of Italy; but he was not without scruples about seizing on the temporalities of the clergy in his own States, and he shuddered at the bare idea of seizing on the temporalities of the Head of the Church. The conflict between his patriotic and his religious duties, from those gloomy days in which wife, mother, brother and child were taken from him at one fell swoop, to that critical hour in which he sued for absolution *in articulo mortis* at San Rossore, would

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supply a subject for one of the most interesting psychological studies modern times can afford. But the King's sheet-anchor in all perplexities has been the sense of the obligations attached to his Constitutional oath. He was a 'Catholic, if you please, but an Italian first.' Dante tells of a Cardinal who was so uncompromising in politics that he used to say, 'If I have a soul, I have lost it for the Ghibelines.' Victor Emmanuel always met the threats of the priests with a more dignified answer:—'If I have incurred the displeasure of the Church, I have done it in fulfilment of a vow solemnly contracted on the tomb of my father.'

When at the opening of his last parliament in Florence, in the autumn of 1870, the King stood up and said,—'I proclaim Rome to be the capital of Italy, and by that I accomplish the enterprise which my high-minded father began twenty-three years since,' he really meant what he said. He looked upon his mission as fulfilled; for events are always mightier than men, and both his father and himself, to whom Italy was so deeply indebted, could not have foreseen that the patriotic work in which their House was expected to join hands with the Holy See would end in an internecine war between the two Powers, and in the extinction of that one of them which understood neither the tendencies of the age nor the aspirations of the people. In the dealing of Italy with the Roman question it was the people throughout that took the lead. But the King disdained to

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be seen in the rear ranks; he stepped boldly forward, and assumed the whole responsibility of a deed his repugnance to which was no man's business but his own.

In all his dealings with this thorny Roman question the King betrayed a painful consciousness of his incompetence to meddle with it. 'The Government,' he said to the Chambers, 'began the work; it is for the Parliament to complete it.' Had the Parliament proceeded with alacrity and consistency, the King would have unshrinkingly gone along with it. But he was not sorry to see the slow and unsatisfactory course Parliamentary labours were taking. The priests were not the enemies with whom Victor Emmanuel was at any time anxious to come to blows. The policy adopted by his Ministers, a policy of hesitation and contradiction, of quibble and subterfuge—the hopeless policy of 'saving both the goat and the cabbages,' as the homely proverb has it, of appearing to yield to the people's will, while hoping to conciliate the Pope—was, no doubt, in this matter and under these circumstances what best humoured the superstitious mind of Victor Emmanuel.

The sojourn of Rome at no time suited him. His agents, on the first occupation of the city, had seized on the Quirinal Palace, not without some violence, and had desecrated, scoured and washed and painted it to such an extent as they deemed would fit it for a Royal residence. The King himself, as if scared with the

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saints and Popes, done in fresco or marble, which met him on every landing, at the end of every long dismal corridor, fitted up for himself a pavilion at the end of the huge barrack-like mansion looking upon the Via di Porta Pia, or Venti Settembre, and the Quattro Fontane, and furnished it sumptuously, one floor for himself, and another for his Countess. But even there, away from what had been the Pontiff's state apartments, the ghosts of all departed Popes seemed to haunt the poor King. He complained of the noise of the street, gave up the pavilion, and though, in spite of Bishop Dupanloup, he 'made his bed in Rome,' it was said by some people that the place in Rome where he ever actually slept was a mystery.

In vain was the Villa Ludovisi on the Pincio, a safe winter residence, and Castel Porziano, a large hunting lodge with an endless extent of sporting grounds, placed at his disposal. In vain did he build for himself a tasteful Palazzino on the Esquiline near the Central Railway Station. Rome within or without the walls was unendurable to him. He was there in November for the opening of Parliament, for he had a strong sense of duty, was fond of parade, and liked to hear his own voice. He appeared in the capital at various intervals during a great part of the winter, for he was a man of business, and his Ministers needed his guidance, and he was determined to see to everything. But he was off to Naples, or to any place, whenever he could snatch

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a minute of leisure, under any pretext, and without a pretext.

He attended a review on his birthday, gave the inevitable diplomatic or Parliamentary dinner, and held his New Year's levée. But, for the rest, there never was a real kingly court at Rome, for there were no ostensible court ladies, and the almost private, extremely quiet and *bourgeois*, little réunions in the apartments of the lovely and beloved Princess Margherita were only occasionally graced by his Majesty's presence. He allowed the Romans to amuse themselves as they best could, seldom joining their Carnival frolics, never their shows of Constitution-day.

On the first summer heat, he moved northwards; gave one day or two to Florence, Milan, or Venice, then was only to be heard of as running down *stambecchi* and living on *polenta* on the high Alps above Valdieri, or in the vale of Aosta. For a ministerial crisis, or any other political complication, he would come down to Turin, or even as far as Florence, but never to Rome—where indeed at that season no one would have cared to meet him—and was sure to be off again to the hills as soon as the affair was despatched.

His hospitalities to the Shah were offered in Turin. For the reception of the German Emperor, Milan was appointed. In Rome he seldom saw distinguished strangers. It was natural to suppose that he was conscious of the eclipse his Royal dia-

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dem suffered from the blaze of the more lustrous Pontifical tiara. Perhaps, as the Ultramontanes said, he was mortified at the idea of 'playing second fiddle' in what he called his own capital. But it might also be that it was fear to give the Pope unnecessary offence that made him avoid Rome as a place of meeting with exalted personages. It is charity to think that in this the King was merely actuated by delicate gentlemanly feeling; for the rest, anxious as he was to show reverence to the Pope, and assiduous in those attentions and friendly messages by which he hoped to propitiate him, the King did not fear him, he feared no man living; nor was he shaken by the endless protests, or alarmed at the hot comminations which were perpetually levelled at him.

'When was a Pope ever chary of protests,' he used to say; and, as to ecclesiastical censures, he managed to thrive upon them more than the Count of Chambord or Don Carlos, or any of the pets—spoiled children—of Legitimism and Ultramontanism ever profited by the Pope's blessings. The King's religion was of a nature to inspire him with unlimited confidence that there could always be *avec le ciel des accomodements* at the last moment. The Pope, he thought, had a good heart, and would not let him perish. He had as much as received the Holy Father's assurance to that effect. With all his banning and cursing, the Pope in the King's opinion, was not more than half in earnest. Much

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of the bluster and whine and wrath was merely put on. It was, the King thought, only part of the sacred Pontifical office; a garment which the Pontiff had to wear on state occasions, and much against his inclination, as he himself, the King, was obliged to appear in the tight coat and heavy helmet of his uniform at a gala parade, when he would so much rather have taken his ease in his shooting-jacket and Calabrese hat. The thing may at times have appeared to him in the light of a play, and he did not much mind coming in for his own part in the performance.

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CHAPTER II.

THE POPE'S LAST YEARS.

I.

The Pope's position after his dethronement.—His views of it.—The world's views.—The Papacy deeply rooted in Rome.—The Popes implacable to usurpers of their worldly goods.—Pius VII.—Pius IX. a prisoner.—Suspension of the Œcumenical Council.—Discontinuance of great religious shows.—Repeated excommunications.—The Pope's unbounded liberty of action.—Hot and cold fits of the Pope's temper.—His language to French Liberals.—To French Legitimists.—To M. Thiers.—Vague projects of a second Pope's flight.—M. Thiers's offer.—A corner for the Pope.—Monte-Cristo and Pantellaria.—Should the Pope have subjects?

Pope Pius IX. could not be brought to acquiesce in the loss of his Temporal Power. And there is little reason to be surprised at it. King George of Hanover, or Queen Isabella of Spain under the same circumstances showed themselves equally unresigned. History does not present frequent instances of Sovereigns freely consenting to their deposition, whether it was the overwhelming strength of foreign enemies, or the disaffection of their own

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subjects that hurled them from the throne. Nay, there are even cases on record in which testy old Monarchs repented their spontaneous abdication, and did not shrink from an unnatural conflict with the heirs they had themselves called to a premature succession, heedless of the havoc and ruin their renascent ambition might inflict upon their innocent people.

The position of the Pope after that fatal 20th September differed however from that of most other 'Monarchs retired from business.' He was only half-fallen. Only his left or secular arm was paralysed. The right or spiritual might, had he listened to competent advice, have developed greater strength than it ever had before. His condition might have been bettered had he not been from the beginning disposed or induced to make it worse.

Yet of all dispossessed Sovereigns the Holy Father was the most querulous, the most inconsolable and implacable, perhaps for the very reason that there was in his case no very noisy catastrophe, no violent overthrow; that nothing seemed changed, and he was left in his palace surrounded by all the splendour of his former greatness, and assured of the homage of his familiar dependents. In the midst of all that apparent peace and security, he was haunted by a thought, at first partaking of the nature of a confused uneasy dream, that the battle had been fought and lost, that his real majesty had departed from him, and that he was only left

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there to feel his humiliation and to witness the triumph of his enemies.

In the eyes of all impartial men the Pope was as well off as he had ever been; he was still in Rome, he had his town house—'a mansion with eleven thousand chambers, and grounds equal in extent to what was in 1800 the whole area of the city of Turin'—his country seat, and he might have had, if he had wished, a marine villa, homes to make his life comfortable at all seasons. He was allowed a Swiss and a Noble Guard, a council of ministers, a diplomatic corps, and a civil list larger than that of many a Sovereign of secondary rank, no less a sum than 3,200,000 francs, or £128,000—without any duty to provide appanages for younger sons or dowries for marriageable daughters. His independent position was insured by the Law of Guarantees, establishing the inviolability of his person as well as of his attendants, the extra-territorial immunity of his residence, the freedom and safety of his postal and telegraphic correspondence, with an unlimited diplomatic intercourse, and all the honours and privileges becoming his Sovereign rank.

With all this, however, the Pope refused to be propitiated, and put forth his first protest only nine days after the fatal 20th September, as soon as he had recovered from the panic which had made him call in the Italian troops to his protection in the Leonine city. Nothing could reconcile him to the fact that beyond the precincts of the Vatican his

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earthly sceptre was broken. He had no subjects left; no people he could call his own; no man on whom the burden of his spiritual independence might fall. There was, in his estimation, an end to the supremacy of his holy office if the Romans were to be raised to the same political condition as was common to the faithful throughout the rest of the Roman Catholic world. The Church of Rome has universal aspirations. But at Rome the Church was at home. There was the ideal of her double Government. The Romans were the *corpus vile* on which for centuries Theocracy had an admitted title to pursue its experiments, regardless of the feelings of the Romans, deaf to the outcry of the civilised world. It seemed hard to the Pope that all this should be at an end; that the Romans should henceforth be Catholics only upon free conviction and persuasion and not by actual force; that they should no longer be stopped by his gendarmes, if curiosity led them to see what was going on in the little Protestant chapel which he had, as a special favour, allowed the English to open for public worship outside the city walls, near Porta del Popolo. The Man of little Faith seemed to dread, that, coercion being removed, God would no longer know how to take care of the Pope's truth.

There is no imaginable offence that the Pope would not sooner have forgiven. Nor was Pius IX. singular in his blind attachment to his worldly authority. His predecessor, Pius VII., had been equally obdu-

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rate and equally inconsistent in his dealings with the First Napoleon. He had sanctioned the Corsican usurpation, crowned and anointed the tyrant, condoned his invasion and occupation of the Legations and the Marches, and given up together with those provinces also Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin at the Concordat of 1801. He humoured that ungrateful upstart when in his ambition he determined to sacrifice his loving Josephine, and aspired to the hand of a princess of imperial rank, the Pope in his subserviency breaking through all the holy prescriptions of the Canon-law with respect to the inviolable sacredness of the marriage-tie, and sending one of his cardinals to bless a union which was an outrage against all laws of morality, as well as against the precepts of the Church. Why not? Had he not the keys, and with them the power to make fast and loose? But when, eight years after the Concordat, the French laid hand upon Rome, and made it the *chef lieu du département du Tibre*, the Pope was ready with his Vatican thunder; he was reminded of his coronation oath, which forbade a Pope to part even with one inch of ground of the Church Patrimony, and stood upon his *Non possumus* with a firmness and energy which the ideas of that age dignified into heroism, ready to suffer martyrdom rather than yield, on the plea, forsooth, that he, who could absolve all perjurers, was not empowered to free himself from his oath.

It was in the same tone that Pius IX. protested.

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He declared that he was under constraint—"*sub hostili dominatione constitutus*," and his Ultramontane friends carried the story of his captivity so far that some monks in Belgium sold as relics among the ignorant multitude the straw upon which the Father of the Faithful was made to lie, as on the only bed allowed to him in his imprisonment.

On the 20th of October, 1870, the Holy Father published a Bull, by which, considering 'the sacrilegious invasion of this august city of our Holy See, and of the rest of the provinces constituting our temporal domain,' he suspended the Œcumenic Council until some more convenient and appropriate time. For the rest of the year he, with great determination, confined himself to his palace and garden, disappointing the idle tourists who had crowded the Roman hotels to attend the showy festivities, beginning with the Pope's State visit to San Carlo al Corso, and continued throughout the Advent and Christmas season; the year, as we have seen, ending with that terrific inundation, which the priests did not fail to point out to the Romans as a sign of Heaven's displeasure at the recent change; but for which the people sought consolation in the presence of their king within their walls, and in his readiness to feel for and to relieve them.

Before the end of the year—November 1, 1870—on the occasion of the general election of a new Parliament of the Italian kingdom, to which the Romans had now to send their own members, the

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Pope came out with another Encyclic, in which, after a torrent of violent abuse against the King and the Chambers, he revived the decree of excommunication already published against all the authorities of the Italian kingdom at the time of the annexation of Bologna and the Legations, and bearing date of March, 1860. Though all the Papal protests, and especially the first Bull of October, were freely published by the Vatican press, and pasted up at every church door and at all the street-corners, without the least hindrance, and there had stuck all the time unmolested—the Pope affected to be in durance and deprived of all communication with the flock in his immediate neighbourhood, and sent this new Encyclic, of the 1st of November, to be printed in Switzerland, and thence smuggled into Italy and Rome; and in this instance, it is grievous to have to relate, the weak Italian Government deemed it expedient to seize the Bull and stop its publication. They soon perceived their error, however, when the document found its way into all the Liberal papers, and, resorting to more rational tactics, they printed the Bull in their own official gazette, and henceforth never interfered with the publication, or circulation of any Papal writing, however intemperate might be their tenour or virulent their language.

Notwithstanding this ebullition of anger, in which the Pontiff had listened to his Ultramontane advisers of extreme measures, no one knew, and himself least of all, to what extent it might be possible or

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advisable for him to carry on the warfare in which he was rashly engaged. Though the 20th of September and the troops of General Cadorna had found him in Rome, awaiting imprisonment or death, or ready, according to his favourite expression, to 'go down into the Catacombs,' rather than abandon his post like a craven deserter, his resolution to abide in the Vatican had not yet been announced as firm and irrevocable, and indeed at first there is no doubt that he was looking out for some land of refuge. For a long time, in spite of the terror and horrors of the Commune, his hopes rested on France. In a conversation he had with the ambassador, Comte d'Harcourt, on the 12th of April, 1871, he declared that 'sovereignty was not a thing to be sought after in times like these,' and that 'he knew this better than any one.' He added that 'if he should be asked to take back his States he would refuse.' All he desired was 'a little corner where he could be master; but so long as he had not that corner he could not exercise his spiritual functions in their plenitude.' Can it be that the Pope began to recognise in the act which pulled down his throne the same hand of Providence which had set it up? Can it be that, in the words of his predecessor, Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever sat on that throne, 'after experiencing all the sorrows by which life in its various stages is beset, he had found that the highest station combined them all and summed them all up?' He would not accept his

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States if they were offered to him! What became, then, of the duty of transmitting undiminished to his successors the heritage he had received from his predecessors? What became of the *Non Possumus?* Alas! but those words were spoken in April, when the fate of the Commune still trembled in the scale, and the ambassador of the Versailles Government could only dwell on those 'common calamities' which had equally struck down the pride of France and the hope of the Holy See. It is greatly to be regretted that the same privilege which insured the Pope against error did not also screen him from forgetfulness; and that upon the downfall of the Commune and the re-establishment of what seemed to him solid government in France, he should again, in October, in his answer to a deputation of M. Belmontet and his Legitimist colleagues, have laid aside that 'moderation' which had so forcibly edified Comte d'Harcourt, and made him exclaim that 'the man's heart had overcome the Pontiff's mind.' All the Pope prayed in April was that the French Government should give prudent counsels to the Italian Cabinet—that they should advise that Cabinet to proceed more gently and carefully. He wondered that the Italians should wish to make a permanent establishment at Rome. There were, in his opinion, a thousand reasons why Rome should not become their capital; but, after all, what he wanted for himself was only 'a little corner,' and he

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would not accept his former dominions if they came back to him as a spontaneous gift.

That Allocution of October 27, to which we have alluded, was delivered by Pius IX. in a Consistory, in which the Pope had to proclaim the names of the prelates appointed to fill the Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees vacant in Italy and France. With respect to the proclamation of French archbishops and bishops, the appointment had been made 'upon the nomination of that most illustrious man, Adolphe Thiers, now President of the French Republic.' In Italy, on the other hand, in the creation of bishops, Pius IX. had not deemed it at all necessary to consult the goodwill and pleasure of King Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, because any such appeal to them had been rendered superfluous by that law on 'Papal Guarantees' lately voted by the Italian Parliament, by which the Church was thoroughly emancipated from all control of the State, and by which the State virtually abolished all Concordats, and renounced any right and prerogative which those old conventions entitled it to exercise. It is true, however, that the Pope showed great anxiety to repudiate the 'so-called' Guarantees enacted in his favour, and he did so by a most solemn and absolute protest, referring to previous proclamations in which he 'equally spurned the Italians and their gifts.' In the month of May he declared that he did not accept the liberties tendered to him. In October he still

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rejected those liberties, but availed himself of them to do what he could never have done without them, and refused to thank King Victor Emmanuel for liberties which he would not have ventured to take with M. Thiers.

There was reason why the Holy Father at this juncture, besides showing deference to France, should speak in terms of high eulogy of 'that illustrious man,' the unbelieving President of the French Republic. Between the agents of M. Thiers and the Ultramontane advisers of his Holiness, there had been some *pourparlers* about the possibility of the Pope stealing away to Civita Vecchia, and there embarking for France. And strange as the scheme may appear at the present moment, there was nothing in it to make it appear absurd in the eyes of M. Thiers.

'The Pope in France!' people reasoned: 'why not? Popes had been in France before, though their seventy years' uninterrupted residence in that country is not looked upon as the brightest period in Pontifical annals, and was even designated by Roman Catholic writers as the 'Captivity of the Church in Avignon.' M. Thiers did not actually offer Pius IX. an asylum in France; he did not presume to advise the Holy Father to apply for it. The President of the French Republic was aware that the Pontiff is Infallible. He left him to act upon heavenly inspiration, and France had no wish to bias his decision. Should his Holiness weary of what he

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called his 'imprisonment' in Rome, he would find at Civita Vecchia a French frigate. On board that vessel he would be 'impregnable;' and hence, if he would land at Toulon, or Marseilles, he would be allowed to proceed to Pau, where the castle of that wise Monarch who declared that 'Paris was well worth a Mass,' was already being made ready for his reception. But, although Pau was offered and Avignon was thought of as a Papal residence, it was of course understood that all France was equally open to 'God's Vicar.' M. Thiers was quite sure that the Pope would meet everywhere with 'the most respectful solicitude and the most sincere veneration.' Four *sergents-de-ville* would be sufficient to open the way for the Pope through the throng of those who would kneel to him for a blessing. All this was spoken by M. Thiers in the name of his Government and also in that of the French people, all of whom, with some 'rather clamorous than numerous exceptions,' were anxious to secure for the Pope 'independence by hospitality.'

It is natural to inquire what gave rise to these benevolent expressions of M. Thiers to the Pope at that particular moment. The Pope was supposed to be looking to France for that freedom of which he had been deprived in Italy. He could not be free, he had said to the French ambassador, unless he had a 'little corner' where he might be master. That little corner consisted, in 1859, of a territory inhabited by three millions of people. In 1870 the

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Pope was still master over 700,000 subjects. For the last twelvemonth his sovereignty had been limited to the precincts of the Vatican, and could only be exercised over his Swiss Guards and some few hundred lay and ecclesiastical domestics. This state of things had become intolerable to the Pope; he called it Italian imprisonment, and he panted for French freedom. Yet, what awaited the Pope in France that might deserve his preference over what he still enjoyed in Italy? Was the castle of Pau a more splendid home than the Vatican, or would four French *sergents-de-ville* be a more becoming retinue than the hundred Swiss? Did the Pope expect to exercise sovereignty over the citizens of Pau or the population of the Lower Pyrenees? The French Popes of olden times had a city and a county for their patrimony, but M. Thiers, though he might lend, could not give even the cradle of Henry of Navarre in fee-simple to his holy guest. If Temporal Power was necessary for the exercise of Spiritual Authority, it is difficult to see how the Pope could be more independent at Pau, or Avignon, or Paris, than he would be at the Vatican. What filled the cup of Papal displeasure, and was supposed to be tempting the Pope to turn his back on his old See, was the apprehension that the laws of the Italian kingdom, and especially those affecting monastic institutions, might be applied to what was till lately the 'Holy City.' But those laws which were an innovation in Italy had long been the birthright of Frenchmen.

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Convents and nunneries in France were subject to those same enactments respecting mortmain and expropriation for public utility against which the Papal Court had been so loudly protesting in Rome. M. Thiers would not say whether there would be room at Pau for all the Jesuits, Dominicians, Franciscans, and other friars, black, white, and grey, who had their head-quarters in Rome. He simply hinted that his guest 'might cause the French Government greater annoyance at Pau than he ever could inflict upon the Italians at the Vatican.' Unless the Pope submitted to the laws of France he would find the country as much too hot to hold him as Italy could ever be.

Modest as the requirements of Pius IX. might seem to be, neither France nor any other country was in a position to admit them. 'A corner where he could be master!' How easy it would seem to settle the Roman question on such reasonable terms. There is the island of Monte Cristo, or that of Pantellaria, lying in Italian waters, but which could be made perfectly independent and extra-territorial, which the Vatican, in the Pope's opinion, never could be. At Monte Cristo there are only wild goats; in Pantellaria only perhaps a few fishermen, who might easily be made to give up their mud-cabins for the good of the Catholic Church. The question is not about the corner, larger or smaller, that a Pope might have. What is denied to him is to hold subjects under his sway. It little matters

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whether they be a thousand or a hundred or ten.

There is a lack of imaginative power amongst some of the Ultramontanes which prevents their being able to place themselves in other people's position. They insist that 'the external machinery of their Church requires a Temporal Sovereignty.' To obtain their object they would force back the sun in the heavens. That they may have elbow-room for their 'machinery' they would thwart the destinies of a whole nation, although that nation is perfectly willing to make room for their machinery. That these zealous men may have a Pope-King, and keep him in Rome, Italy is to be debarred from the common right of all other nations, doomed to perpetual division, prevented from constituting herself into an orderly monarchy.

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II.

Stubbornness of the Italians.—Enmity of the French Government. *Conduct* of M. Thiers.—The two Embassies.—Col. de la Haye. *The Orènoque.*—The Pope's consolations.—His Jubilee.—Good and bad omens of that unprecedented event.

But the Italians will have it otherwise. In their opinion the Pope, as a King, was a public enemy. Zealous converts might assert that the Pope ruled in Rome by the will of two hundred millions of Catholics; but twenty-five millions of these Catholics loudly and emphatically protested against this pretension. Italy was for centuries a divided country; the Italians are still, on many subjects, a discordant people. But they never differed as to their views on two points: 'Out with the Foreigner!' was one cry, 'Down with the Pope-King!' was the other. Pontifical sovereignty and foreign bondage had at all times been identified in the long-suffering Peninsula. With the last foreign soldier the last Sovereign-Pontiff disappeared from the scene of the world.

In this matter therefore the Italians were quite right in accepting neither commands nor counsels

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from foreign Powers. The Law of the Guarantees was not a bi-lateral contract. It in no way bound the Italians either to the Pope or his would-be Protectors. That law was brought in as a Bill; it could be repealed by another Bill. The Italians settled what they deemed right for them to give to the Pope; it was for the Pope to take or to leave. If what they gave was not enough, the Pope was free in his movements; he might 'go farther and fare worse.' If his faith was in his elder daughters beyond the Alps, by all means let him make trial of a French Goneril or of an Austrian Regan's tender mercies, and he would perhaps have reason to regret that he ever disowned his Italian Cordelia. But if Italy must keep a Pope for her neighbour's convenience, surely it ought to be on Italy's own terms.

The incessant bickerings between the 'Apostolic Recluse' and those whom he designated as his jailers, and the endless complaints of the Pontifical retinue, kept up a ferment in Rome which might have been repeatedly attended by violent collision, had it not been for the marvellous discretion and long-suffering of the Italian authorities on the one side, and, on the other, for the timely intervention of the soundest party among the Pope's advisers, and especially of the wary and worldly-wise Antonelli during his lifetime. It was by the crafty and temporising astuteness of the latter that the Pope was at first dissuaded from venturing on so desperate a course as a second flight from Rome would have

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been, a resolution from which his Holiness, whatever might be his inclination, and even if he had not been convinced of the fact that no Transalpine land was really and cordially disposed to welcome him—was in later days debarred by advancing age and infirmity, which put any thought of his again setting out on his travels altogether out of the question.

So long as M. Thiers ruled in France, however, that fiction that the Pope was running constant danger in his Roman residence, was kept up with all the industry of Ultramontane chicane, aided by the presence in Rome of an ambassador accredited by the President of the French Republic to the Holy See, his Excellency himself, and all the *personnel* of his establishment being chosen for a devotion to the cause of religion which had its origin in their attachment to royalty by divine right. After the example, if not at the instigation of France, other Powers continued the practice of a double diplomatic representation in Rome, and the petty gossip and scandal of those rival Embassies and Legations in no small degree contributed to widen the breach between the two Courts of the Vatican and the Quirinal, which it would have been for the interests of all parties to repair. These miserable French diplomatic *tracasseries* seemed to reach their climax when, December 23, 1873, upon the death of Colonel de la Haye, the military attaché to the Legation of the French Republic, a distinguished and highly popular officer, solemn

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obsequies were refused to him in the national Church of San Luigi dei Francesi by the express order of the ambassador of the same Republic on whose pleasure the use of the Church exclusively depended. By this time, however, Marshal Mac-Mahon had been raised to the Presidency instead of M. Thiers, and it became at last possible to remove from Civita Vecchia that frigate *Orènoque*, which was for several years a thorn in the side of the Italian Government, as it was moored there with a view to favour the escape of the Pope, if he ever found his residence in Rome unendurable, thus keeping up the fiction of the Pope being under constraint, while it was all the time patent to all men that the Pope was free to go whenever and wherever he liked, the Italian Government not only raising no obstacle to his movements, but being ready to supply him with all means of locomotion by land or sea.

Advised, or compelled to stay where he was, Pius IX. was determined to make the most of his position, and to turn his alleged captivity to the best account. He filled the world with his grievances, and vented his withering displeasure in those endless jeremiads of Allocutions and Encyclics, which, freely printed in every newspaper in Italy and abroad, made a display of his scribe's eloquence, and won him a reputation which was not acquired without some detriment to his dignity.* His complaints

* '*Discorsi del Sommo Pontefice Pio IX., pronunziati in Vaticano ai Fedeli di Roma e dell' Orbe, dal principio della sua prigionia fino al*

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found, however, very ready sympathy throughout the Roman Catholic world, and especially among the Ultramontane party, which studied everything that could enliven the Pontiff's solitude and soothe his weariness and chagrin by incessant visits, by pilgrimages, and by the tender of pecuniary subventions, which made both himself and his vast *entourage* independent of Italian bounties, and heaped treasures at the Vatican which strangely contrasted with the destitute condition of the Italian National Exchequer.

Not many months after the Pope's fall from his Temporal Power, June 16, 1871, an event was accomplished which not only had no precedent in history, but which was for many centuries looked upon as an impossibility. Pope Pius IX. celebrated his 'Jubilee'—the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate. There ought to have been nothing extraordinary in a man exceeding only by eight years, a month, and three days the short span of threescore and ten allotted to man upon earth; nor should there be anything surprising in a Sovereign who ascended the throne in his fifty-fourth year enjoying a reign of a quarter of a century's duration. But Pius IX. was a Pope, and out of the roll of two hundred and thirty-eight Popes and Antipopes, who, according to tradition, ever occupied or laid claim to the Holy See in the course of

presente,' per la prima volta raccolti e pubblicati dal Padre don Pasquale de Franciscis dei Pii operari: Rome, 1874.

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eighteen and a half centuries, there was no instance of any of St. Peter's successors attaining the period during which the reputed founder of the Roman Church is supposed to have ruled as its head. It was absurd to conclude that a thing could never be simply for the reason that it never had been, no matter for how long a lapse of ages; but the fact was in itself sufficiently striking, and it was not unnatural that, in reverential and somewhat superstitious times, the 'finger of Providence' should have been traced in what must be acknowledged to have been an uncommon phenomenon. The conviction that no Pope could reign for five-and-twenty years, or, in other words, 'see Peter's years,' was so deeply rooted in the minds of the faithful, especially among southern people, that in Italy even the self-styled Freethinkers, who could not deny the fact, sought its explanation in those dark agencies by which they invariably strove to account for whatever seemed to them abnormal and unusual. They simply asserted that no Pope had ever been twenty-five years a Pope for the sufficient reason that 'those about them would not let them;' the 'Secret Committee' of the Vatican, whom it did not suit that the legend of Peter's Pontificate and the fatal limitation of that of his successors should be interfered with, took, according to them, good care to remove any presumptuous occupier of the Holy See whose robust health might bid defiance to the prescribed rule.

That same honest and impartial criticism which

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shrinks not from applying the test of sense and evidence to what had been too absolutely founded on authority must equally dispose of the suspicions of rancorous scepticism. Whether St. Peter was ever at Rome or not, and whether he there suffered martyrdom after twenty-five years' supremacy in the Church, is a subject of controversy on which the various sects of Christians will never agree. A question like that must for ever remain an open one; for where the doubt arises, not as to the evidence brought forward in support of the argument on either side, but as to the weight such evidence may carry with it, neither of the contending parties will ever give up the last word. But it is otherwise with respect to the longevity of Peter's successors. That all of them of whom anything is authentically known died before they had worn the tiara twenty-five years is a fact of history, and the enemies of the Papacy have seldom deemed it worth while to impugn it. It is not, indeed, impossible that the fact, constantly observed for above a thousand years, as it had taken strong hold on the popular fancy, may, in its turn, have been one of those predictions which fulfil themselves. But the multitude, whose pusillanimous credulity accepted as fate what was the mere result of the laws of nature, or fortuitous coincidence, thought now they could see in the breach of that fatality which had hitherto seemed to them inexorable a portent hardly less transcendental. They looked upon it as the exception proving the

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rule. Pius IX., they said, has outlived the twenty-fifth year after his accession; but he has not been twenty-five years a Pope-King. His Pontificate, so far as it was identified with his reign, expired in September, 1870, whereas what Peter was understood to have built up was not only an Episcopal Chair, but also a Princely Throne. Pius VI., who also came very near the fulness of the appointed time, having been nominally a Pope for twenty-four years, six months, and fourteen days, spent his *last* eighteen months in captivity, and died broken-hearted at Valence in 1799. But those months of martyrdom do not count as Pontificate, and so, possibly, what the ominous legend, '*Non videbis annos* Petri,' foreboded was by timid minds thought to be that the prolongation of a Pope's life either very nearly to or beyond Peter's years must needs be fraught with personal annihilation to the Pontiff himself as such, and with affliction to the Church. In this sense, Pius IX.'s almost 'miraculous' preservation to this day was by these croakers looked upon rather as a matter of condolence than of congratulation. 'The Pontiff,' they said, 'still lives, but the Sovereign has ceased to be.'

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III.

The Pope's resignation.—His undying hope and confidence.—His political leanings.—His quarrels with foreign Powers.—His numberless visitors.—The earnestness and the affectation of the Pope's displeasure.—The cannon of the anniversary of September 20.—His violent language.—Should it be taken to the letter?—Wherein really lay the implacable enmity.

THESE anxious speculations, however, were not likely in any manner to disturb the serenity of the good Pius himself. Whatever misgiving of his approaching end may have haunted him as his Jubilee drew near, it is certain that he pursued his course like one who knows that the night is coming when no man can work, and acquitted himself of the task appointed to him with the energy of one aware that he cannot live for ever. Both himself and all about him looked upon his preservation beyond the fated period in the light of a miracle. He was approached with ever-increasing awe and veneration as one on whom the special favour of Heaven had been palpably manifested. The canons of St. Peter's placed his portrait in mosaics above the bronze statue of the Prince of the Apostles, on the right side of the nave of the great Basilica—that statue, the foot of which

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has been worn off by the kisses of devotees for centuries—a distinction professing or implying that Pius IX. was of all Popes the one who came nearest to the perfection of his great Predecessor, and was worthy of the first post of honour in Peter's immediate vicinity.

That Jubilee, so much longed for and so much dreaded, having come at last and passed, unlike Cæsar's Ides of March, made the Pope a new man. It seemed as if infallibility had gifted him with immortality; at any rate, as if all the powers of Heaven were arrayed in his defence and 'the gates of hell could never prevail against him.' Through all these years of hope-deferred and disappointment, the faith of the sanguine old man never deserted him. To the very last he cherished the expectation that something would turn up; that Providence would interfere on behalf of a cause which, in his opinion, was the cause of Heaven. In his deep conviction that the independence of the Church was bound up with the existence of the Temporal Power, he looked for friends among all those nations which he fancied inimical to Italian interests; and he shaped his ecclesiastical policy by the dictates of his worldly views. Thus it happened that he almost invariably found himself committed to the losing cause, and gave his countenance to the party against which fortune, or, as he called it, Providence, gave sentence; and this so constantly, so perseveringly, that, as we have seen, the silly notion arose among the vulgar

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multitude in Rome of the Pope having the 'evil eye,' and bringing misfortune to all those upon whom his favour rested. It is thus that Francis Joseph of Austria, Napoleon III. of France, Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Carlos, the Sultan, and many others came to ill-fortune as soon as they were known to rely on the Pope's support or to take up his cause with the utmost ardour and enthusiasm. Not satisfied with the open war he was waging against Italy, the Pope brought upon himself a variety of other quarrels, chiefly arising from the pretensions he grounded on the newly established principle of his own infallibility. The most formidable of these was connected with the solidarity established by their common interests between the Italian and the German nationality, and the apprehended determination of France to make the disruption and subjugation of the weaker country a stepping-stone to that revenge which she was supposed to meditate against the stronger one. With Germany, with Russia, with the Latin Churches in the Levant, and even with the Spanish Republics of South America, some of which, as that of Ecuador, voted half their yearly revenue to be consecrated to the Pope under the denomination of Peter's Pence, the Court of the Vatican at various times, within the period of its worldly dethronement, contrived to be at strife. In France the Vatican Court was the chief cause of that dissension between the Republic and its President of which the Pope could scarcely hope to live

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to see the permanent termination, or even the immediate consequences; and in Turkey his predilection for the Mussulman cause, or his ill-will to the Greek Church, led to the grievous distress of his own Treasury and of the purses of his supporters; large sums of Ultramontane money having improvidently been invested in the Ottoman funds.

In a man of the Pope's character, whose chief deficiency was of mental culture, especially as grounded on worldly knowledge, his vanity and obstinacy, his besetting foibles and failings, were too sure to grow and to become hardened as years advanced. For he saw all mankind at his feet, even those who had no faith in, or reverence for, the belief of which he was supreme teacher, being attracted by real interest, by the fame of his goodness and sanctity, by sympathy for his misfortunes, and 'admiration of the fortitude with which he bore them,' and finally by curiosity and that lionising spirit which has become a rage with an immense multitude of frivolous tourists. Into the motives of those crowds that daily invaded the Vatican the poor old man had no power and even no wish to inquire. The homage satisfied and flattered him, and put him in good humour with the world and with himself. 'You are all waiting for a chance of seeing the Pope,' he used to say as he stepped feebly among his visitors in the antechamber; 'here he is! here I am!' Any desire for reconciliation with the King and peace with the Italian nation which he might have har-

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boured on the first entrance of the Italians into Rome, vanished almost immediately as reaction carried the day against the Commune in France, and threatened the Republic with speedy extinction, as I have before shown. All the efforts of the Italian Government to bring about an understanding with the Vatican, the missions of General Bertholé Viale, of General Pralormo, of Marquis Corsini di Laiatico, and others, undertaken at the King's request with a view to soften the Pope's mind, broke down against the resolution taken by Pius IX., on no account to admit ostensible visits from that quarter, though there was at no time any lack of agents of lower degree by the aid of whom an interchange of messages, and even of autograph notes, could be carried on between King and Pope, without interfering with that semblance of jealous separation and watchful antagonism which both those exalted personages wished, or were obliged to maintain before the world.

Even such illustrious strangers of royal blood as the accomplished Emperor of Brazil and the good-natured Prince of Wales, on their way through Rome, vainly expressed a kindly desire to offer their friendly offices towards smoothing those differences which arrayed the population of the Eternal City in two hostile camps. In vain; upon any hint being dropped by them to that effect at the Vatican, they were soon made to perceive that there were obstacles in the way of their object which no mere force of persuasion

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could remove. To his very last years, the cannon from Castle Sant' Angelo announcing the anniversary of the 20th of September, and of the easy victory of the Italian troops over the Pontifical Zouaves at Porta Pia, never failed to throw the Holy Father into a paroxysm of anguish and wrath. In one instance, 1872, the celebration of that joyful day chanced to coincide with the mournful announcement of the death of Count Gabriele Mastai-Ferretti, the Pope's brother, which had occurred two days before, September 18. In all probability, as the Count did not die in Rome, the King's Government had no knowledge of the event, or did not think it of such importance as might justify a departure from the programme of the national festivity. The Pope alluded to the shock his shattered nerves had received in a speech addressed to a deputation of the *Federazione Piana*, or Pius's Union. 'I cannot deny,' he said, 'that those reports of the cannon which I heard this morning between half-past and a quarter to four o'clock, have inflicted a grievous torture on my heart. No doubt they might have dispensed with all that noise, and with all that low show of joy, as well as with certain expressions which would be unbecoming any conqueror trained in a school of generosity towards the vanquished. But these creatures (*costoro*) know nothing about generosity, and do not stick either at cannon shots, or at those words and deeds which render more vile, abject, and unworthy those who think they have triumphed. Let us pray for us,

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but let us also pray for them! Let us hope that the Lord may enlighten their understanding, and allow them to perceive the abyss towards which they are tending; for these men do not walk but rush headlong on the way of iniquity, and do not think of Him who awaits them in time and eternity.'

The more one reads of these Papal speeches, the greater grows our wonder that two such parties as were mustering against one another at the Vatican and the Quirinal, harbouring such mutual feelings and indulging such venomous expressions, should remain in presence for about seven years without coming to actual collision, without resorting to such extreme measures as might be presented to one of them by the consciousness of immensely superior material forces, and to the other by the knowledge of the ascendency it might still be possible to ground on the use and abuse of spiritual weapons. Seven years and more passed without either the King leading a storming-party against the Vatican, or the Pope placing the Quirinal, the city and the kingdom under an interdict, suspending the administration of the Sacraments and the celebration of public worship throughout Italy. Might not there be good reason to believe that much of the animosity between the two chief antagonists was put on merely on public and solemn occasions, and that in ordinary circumstances they did not share, though they dared not rebuke, the too hot zeal, and the implacable enmity of their respective followers? The King to the last

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wished that he had never given offence to the Pope, and the Pope was not blind to the fact that the blow which struck him was not of the King's dealing. The real war was between the whole people of Italy and the forces of the Ultramontane world.

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CHAPTER III.

ROME, ROYAL AND PAPAL.

I.

False rumours of the Pope's death.—A hurried journey.—Rome in September.—An exhausted population.—Italian Rome.—The Palace of the Ministry of Finance.—The English Embassy.—Roman fortifications.—Papal Rome.—The Ultramontanes at the Hôtel la Minerva.—Old and new Rome.—Unchanged look of the city.—Italy still a stranger in her capital.—Royalty at the Quirinal.—The photographers' and printsellers' shops.

At the time that Paris and France were following along the Boulevards the funeral convoy carrying to their last abode the remains of M. Thiers, the ex-President of their Republic, there ran through all the European papers the intelligence that the Pope was dead. The report was by no means improbable, because Pius IX. had long been ailing; he was by five years the French ex-President's senior, and his life had been in many instances despaired of. Not a few men, even in Protestant England, looked to the event of his death with considerable interest; his fall from his sovereign estate had, from circumstances above explained, been comparatively un-

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observed; but now the world had leisure to study the Roman question, and it was thought that whatever in this matter was left unsolved on that great occasion, would find its solution at the Pope's demise.

I had, with many others, made up my mind that whenever there might be a Conclave I would be in attendance; and, upon reading the three lines of the telegram announcing the vacancy of St. Peter's chair, I left Paris on the 5th of September, and reached Rome on the 7th.

Between the Feast of St. Peter at the end of June and that of St. Charles at the beginning of November there are not many English travellers who care to make the experiment of a residence in Rome. I had entered Italy by the Mont Cenis Tunnel, at about five on a Monday morning, and reached Rome on the following day at sunrise. A freshness as of a new creation of the world greeted me at the threshold of the Land of Light, up in Val Susa, and the cabman who drove me from Piazza di Termini to Piazza di Spagna congratulated me on my visiting the Eternal City *alla rinfrescata* —*i.e.*, on the first break in the long and cruel spell of summer heat which had that year tried the Italians to the utmost limit of their enduring powers. The deluge which had well-nigh drowned the mourners at M. Thiers' burial at Père La Chaise, and the showers which laid the dust as I passed from station to station across Burgundian vineyards,

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had also washed the face of parched Italy, and my progress through it, especially at the rise and fall of day, was neither more nor less than a foretaste of Paradise. There had been rain in Rome, and as the driver of the Roman cab, or *botte*, assured me, there was an end of the long torrid heat and drought which for more than three months had made a furnace of the shell of the Seven Hills, and the cooling of the air would now make life endurable for man and beast, and even for the denizens of the English Ghetto, a gold-lavishing race of beings, of whom he hailed in me the precursor. The first Roman summer, in short, was over, and of what it had been I might judge from what I soon experienced of the beginning of the second.

The exhilaration which in September makes the first sensation of an Italian daybreak on the Alps, or even on the Campagna of Rome like a draught of Sillery or Moët, is, however, but a short truce in the war that the sun at this season wages against man, and this respite is only owing to the lengthening out of the nights. From sunrise to sunset the blaze of the speckless sky is still appalling, and even late into midnight the motionless air in the Corso is dry and vapid, like that of a theatre when the crowd have just left it barely escaping the last stage of asphyxia.

A man may live in Rome in September if he will do as the Romans do; or better if, while adopting all Roman precautions, he will at the same time also

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fight the heat by early rising, cold bathing, and shaking off that sloth and languor to which the Romans are apt to surrender at discretion. At the very best, however, Rome and the Romans exhibit at this time of year a melancholy sight. The capital of the kingdom had last summer been removed from the Tiber to the Po, from Rome to Stradella, a little town north of the Apennines, of which the Prime Minster, Depretis, is a native, and where he was holding his Cabinet Councils, his colleagues and as many of his officials as were able, contriving to follow him on any errand that might or might not justify absence from their posts. All well-to-do Romans — *i.e.*, all who could anyhow scrape together a few five-franc notes for a trip— were off to the sea-baths, the name of which is now legion, and what remained of the shabby classes, to keep company with the Pope in his captivity, were only seen in the evening at Piazza Colonna, turned for their benefit into a concert hall, where they sat in long rows on straw chairs, drowning with their flirting fans and with their languid voices the military brass bands which are blowing out for their benefit whatever breath a panting day has left in their bodies.

In Rome, as at Madrid, Seville, Pera, or anywhere in the south, a stranger finds at the fag end of the summer an altogether different population from what he sees if he comes in with opening spring. He wonders, at this time of the year, what

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has become of the *bel sangue*, of the rich complexion, of the lithe, well-rounded figures, of the queenly bearing of those Roman beauties of the lower orders that bring here the artists of both hemispheres looking for models. The magic wand of the sun has transformed them into slovenly harridans, with lemon skins, shrivelled necks and busts, deep leaden circles round their dark weird eyes, the loose limp garments, hanging all draggled and rumpled from their shrunken limbs. The very marrow from the men's bones seems all gone, and I stopped on the day of my arrival to look with wonder at a wretched postman who was creeping before me with bag on his hip and a bundle of papers in his hand, dragging one leg after another, as if every stride would be his last, and as if every letter he had to deliver contained his death-warrant.

There were no signs of any great improvement in the outward condition of the older parts of Rome during the last three or four years. The Corso was still as narrow a thoroughfare as it ever was, and the Via Nazionale still an *impasse* at its lower end. But very extensive rows of buildings, as well as detached mansions and villas, had risen and were rapidly rising both along the great new transverse avenue just named and in the square space of ground on the Esquiline, round the railway station at Piazza di Termini, and on the way to the Place d'Armes which bears the name of Macao. Conspicuous in the

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centre of this new city rose, quite finished, the new Ministry of Finance, an edifice known by the name of Sella's Palace or Sella's Folly, having been projected by Quintino Sella when he came here at the head of the financial administration of the kingdom, and thought that out of so many palaces, convents, and monasteries for which Rome was famous, none was sufficiently large for his purpose. He laid the foundation of a structure the huge dimensions of which almost equal those of the Vatican; but though it may not boast the eleven thousand chambers of Papal residence, it will conveniently accommodate the four thousand high and low *employés* whom Italian extravagance deems barely sufficient for the head management of this one State department. A little beyond this eighth wonder of wondrous Rome, in the same Via Venti Settembre and close to Porta Pia, masons were at work repairing and enlarging the Villa Torlonia, the residence of her Majesty's ambassador, and now the property of the British Crown, which, with other new apartments, was henceforth to boast a large and stately ball-room. Sir Augustus Paget and his family were then from home, as was everybody, and it was understood that Lady Paget would soon proceed from the Villa Gori, near Sienna, her usual refuge from a Roman summer, to England. Sir Augustus's absence was temporary, and in the frequent visits to Rome to which his official duties compelled him, the Embassy being at that moment uninhabitable, he put up, as I was told,

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at the Hôtel Costanzi. Notwithstanding the activity displayed by the building craft in these extensive works, the complaint of the stagnation of the industry and trade both of the capital and of the country was very loud and general, and the most earnest appeals were made both to the Central Government and to the Ministerial authorities, urging them to come to the rescue of the labouring classes by a greater development of public enterprise. It was hoped that the cry would be attended to, for the distress was indeed sore and heartrending, and the municipal resources of a capital have in almost all continental countries to be eked out by occasional grants from the national Exchequer. But what the Government seemed to contemplate was not the widening of the Corso, the embankment of the Tiber, the draining of the Campagna, or the construction of bridges between the city and the Prati di Castello: they were busy with a stolid scheme of fortifications of the capital, and Commissions were sent out to inspect the ground at Monte Mario, outside Porta Pancrazio, and in nine or ten other localities favourable to the erection of detached forts.

All the little life still perceptible in Rome was concentrated in and about the Hôtel la Minerva, the only house of accommodation that drives a thriving trade at the dead season, being the meeting-place of monsignors, abbés, and intriguing Ultramontanes under all garbs and devices, belonging to different countries, and to various social stations, all of them

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who either preferred their ease in their inn, or who had no claims to the hospitality of the convents or colleges at which travellers going by the name of pilgrims freely put up. At the Minerva *table d' hôte* the animation was great and the polyglot gabble incessant, for at the Vatican all was bustle and anxiety, and information circulated respecting the sayings and doings of that palace in which many of these strangers were deeply concerned.

From June to November Rome is still the Papal city, and there are no immediate prospects of her losing that character and becoming a real Italian capital.

'Rome,' the Italians say, 'was not built in a day,' and it could not have been changed in seven years. The Italians were and are still only lodged in the city, and their King, as we have seen, lived there as an indifferently accommodated guest merely for days or weeks at a time. Between the Piazza del Popolo and the Pizza di Venezia you looked in vain for the disappearance of a single feature of the old Pope's city. The population, we were told, had risen from 170,000 to 250,000, but the newcomers were merely the *employés* (four thousand, as I have just said, for the Ministry of Finance alone!) very few of whom had brought their families along with them, while even a smaller number had been able to make themselves at home; they lived as much on the railway as they could manage, and their haunts were not

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in Rome, but in a new city which they had built or were building for themselves on the Esquiline, away from Roman sounds, sights, and smells, in sight of the Alban Hills,—a new town in straight lines and at right angles, with a peculiar look and character. To this the natives had given the name of Buzzurropolis—the appellation of Buzzurro, which was of unknown etymology, both in Florence and here, being originally intended to designate the Piedmontese, but more lately indifferently applied to all Northern Italians, in contradistinction to the Neapolitans, Tuscans, and Corsicans. These never were strangers here, but have been settling on the spot from time immemorial, constituting the mass of hackney-coachmen, street and hall porters and menials of every description, the multitude filling up the gaps of the ever-dwindling and wasting race of the aboriginal nurslings of the she-wolf and progeny of the Sabine stolen women.

Improvement had set in, doubtless, in the place. One saw fewer priests and monks in the streets, and the beggars had almost entirely disappeared; the pavement was somewhat smoother and tidier, and the sweepers were at work day and night. Many of the houses had grown by a story or two; all of them were fresh plastered and whitewashed, to the great despair of such professors of æsthetics as Messrs. Hare and Gregorovius. We had a profusion of gas-lights, especially in the Corso and Piazza Colonna; thefts and murders were less frequent; public se-

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curity had increased in proportion to the diminution of the armed force, for the garrison did not exceed 8,000, while it never was less than 20,000 to 25,000, even when Antonelli decided that he would dispense with the presence of the French, and when General Kanzler was left with no other force than the Antibes Legion and the volunteers of the Pontifical Zouaves. But this homage to civilisation dated from an epoch anterior to the new political state of things. It came in with the Papal franc-pieces and the decimal system, with the removal of the *Immondezzai*, or dirt and dung heaps, with the new *botti*, or one-horse open victorias, and other attempts at reform inaugurated under the auspices of the aristocratic and self-willed Belgian Prelate, Monsignor de Mérode. The real character of the place was not altered. The Papal arms still hung on the portals of the Quirinal. Nothing but a piece of tricolour bunting told us that the Palace of the Pontifical Consulta was the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In the State apartments of the Royal residence the same pious inscriptions, the same ascetic pictures have been scrupulously left in their places. In the great halls of the Capitol, open in the season for municipal balls, motley couples of spruce Italian officers and senators' or foreign Ambassadors' wives spun round in waltzes and polkas before colossal statues of old Farnese or Barberini Popes, and in sight of old frescoes representing the martyrdoms of saints or the blessed

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choirs of cherubim and seraphim, all the glories, the legends, the awful mysteries of the Catholic Olympus. No deed of Vandalism had signalised the Italian occupation of the Caput Mundi. The whole army of public functionaries and officials, the King, Court, and Parliament might disappear any day by the touch of a magic wand, and no vestige of their ever having been here would have been perceptible, either at Monte Citorio or Palazzo Madama, in the Sala dei Conservatori, or in the corridor called 'Manica Lunga,' that row of seventy cells in the Palace at Monte Cavallo where the Sacred College might at any time have stepped in and chosen a new Pope upon the demise of Pius IX., finding still, perhaps, the inkstands on their predecessors' tables, and in the fireplaces the ashes of their burnt *schede*, or voting-papers, the smoke of which, watched by an anxious throng in the streets, announced to the Romans that none of the candidates had obtained the legal number of suffrages, and that another ballot would be necessary.

This reverence for the past, characteristic of the Italians, and so nobly contrasting with the reckless war perpetually waged against history and historic monuments by the Tuileries-burning and Vendôme-Column-demolishing, fidgety French Republicans, may perhaps in this instance have been carried rather too far; for men everywhere, and especially in these southern latitudes, are apt to be guided by visible emblems; their faith is matter of the senses,

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and must rest on outward evidence, and will not take as permanent an arrangement which reveals and almost affects a temporary character. Pius IX. used to say of the Roman populace that they were '*di fondo Pontificio*' (at bottom attached and devoted to the Papacy). They did not, as it turned out, love the Pope, and they loathed the Papal system; they did not raise a finger in its defence; they hailed its overthrow with unfeigned clamour and exultation. They rejoiced at their amalgamation with their Italian brethren; they were proud of their elevation at the head of an emancipated people. Still there was much to surprise and disappoint them in the tame and timid turn the momentous revolution was taking. The new King of the Romans put off his entrance as long as he could, he came in almost by stealth and at the back-door. He was restless and uncomfortable, as if he felt himself an intruder. He allowed himself to be browbeaten by the Pope, and blackguarded by the Clerical papers. The Prince and Princess had almost the church doors shut in their faces, and the priests allowed themselves insulting allusions with respect to a royal lady whose virtues were as great a matter of pride to all Italians as the charms and graces of her person. The King made himself cheap as well as scarce, and foreign statesmen still spoke of the Vatican as 'the Court of Rome,' and, under the leadership of envious France, they appointed an ambassador to the Sovereign Pontiff, while they

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only accredited a minister to the King, thereby leaving no doubt as to who, in their opinion, was here the most exalted personage, and to whom the supreme honour was due.

Trifles light as air are sufficient to show the peculiarities of the situation. You passed hundreds of print-shops in Rome, and you did not find one which did not exhibit the same endless variety of photographs of the Pope—the Pope seated, the Pope standing, the Pope resting his chin on the three fingers of his right hand, tired of blessing, the Pope in his white robes, the Pope in his scarlet cloak and shovel hat, the Pope in his gorgeous State costume, with the tiara on his head. Everywhere the same face in all postures and attitudes. Of the bluff, bristling Victor Emmanuel not the poorest *carte de visite*, nor of his sons, nor of his lovely, long-ringleted daughter-in-law. The Pope and nothing but the Pope. The phenomenon was perfectly natural, for printsellers are merchants, and they hung out such wares as they knew there was a demand for, and at the dead season they saw nobody about the streets but foreign priests and pilgrims; this was the carnival in which Papal masks were sold. Everything tended to point out the false position into which Italian royalty and the Italian nation put themselves, not by coming to Rome, but by coming in a half-hearted and hesitating way. The Pope had the King at advantage in a thousand different ways. The Vatican kept up a connection with the back-

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stairs of the Quirinal. The King's private marriage with Rosina, Countess of Mirafiori, which was only celebrated by a priest at San Rossore, near Pisa, in 1867, but which was never legalised by the indispensable civil contract and ceremony, was acknowledged and proclaimed as valid by the Pope, who instructed the lady's confessor to address Rosina as Her Majesty, a title to which the recent Ministers of the Crown, with the ultra-Radical Baron Nicotera at their head, had shown a ready disposition to treat her to her heart's content.

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II.

The Italians in Rome.—Their feelings about the place.—The feelings of the place about them.—The Roman Princes.—A Roman municipal election.—A Clerical victory.—Its importance and possible results.—Aristocracy and democracy in Italy.—Property and Proletariat.

The Italians said, by their King's word of mouth, 'A Roma ci siamo e ci resteremo,' and it would have been high treason to doubt either of the stability of the Italian kingdom or of any chance of a revival of the temporal authority of the Pope-King in the Holy City. Indeed, if the Italians at any time lose even an inch of the ground which Heaven and earth almost miraculously combined to bestow upon them, it can only be by their own fault. So long as electors and deputies are faithful to the discharge of their duties, so long as the law is sacred in the people's eyes, and the rulers of the country—ministers, prefects, magistrates, and the whole Administration—are wise and laborious, and, above all things, upright, clean-handed men, the country will have a chance of keeping together, and the gates of Ultramontanism shall not prevail against it. But the word 'never' should not be admitted into the

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Italian dictionary, and should be left to the Rouhers of French Imperialism; the Turkish 'bakaloom,' or 'we shall see,' far better suiting a people who know that nothing has ever been done that is not liable to be undone, and who have not forgotten that Popes have been put down, have been driven out of Rome and Italy, and Popes have come back and been set up again more than once before. It was in the meanwhile very sad and almost ominous to see how little had been done, even in the space of seven years, either to make Rome Italian or to bring Italy to Rome. I knew of no natives of the country, especially of the Northern Provinces, if I excepted the Deputies Broglio and Bonghi, who had either bought or built for themselves—a mansion, a villa, or *villino*—a permanent residence in this place. I knew no public servant, from the King to the meanest porter at the House of Deputies, who would consent to stay here one minute longer than the inexorable duty of his office compelled him. The Italians are almost the only people in the world who do not like Rome. They cried for it as for the moon; they knew that it was only by its occupation that the quarrel between the Church and State could be decided either for their own or for other people's benefit; they proclaimed Rome as their capital; they attempted its conquest by the rash ventures of Aspromonte and Mentana; they toiled for it, pined for it, raved about 'Rome or death,' and now they have it; but the conviction that the Italians will

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for ever keep Rome has not yet sunk sufficiently deep into the heads and hearts of the Romans. How could it be so long as they saw the world's pilgrims and their gold laid at the feet of the Pope, while their King's superscription only appeared on the face of their depreciated paper; so long as they saw Catholic and even Protestant Europe hanging with such breathless interest on the chances of a Conclave and the election of that 'Servant of Servants,' who assumes the authority of the 'King of Kings?' How could it be so long as the Romans saw their princes and nobles keep aloof from King and Cabinet, and none of the aristocracy of the north or south show any disposition to bring to Rome some of that splendour and luxury, some of that social animation, which in all other countries distinguishes the seat of Government and fixes the centre of national life?

A step in the right direction, in most men's opinion, was made only a few weeks after my arrival in the city, and before there arose the great excitement caused by the mournful occurrences which signalised the beginning of this eventful year. Some of the Roman grandees aspired to and claimed their places as freemen among their fellow-citizens. At an election of the Provincial Council of Rome, on the 19th of November, many members of the Clerical party appeared as candidates, and some of them achieved a success, which though a cause of temporary alarm and vexation to their Liberal opponents, may eventually be hailed as a source of permanent

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good to the national institutions. That such men as Princes Borghese, Boncompagni, Aldobrandini, Bandini-Giustiniani, and other grandees could, whenever they wished, gain admittance into the Municipal and Provincial Councils of Rome, or even into the Italian Parliament, was a matter not to be doubted by those who knew what hold high rank, backed by extensive territorial wealth, must, in any circumstances, have upon their clients and dependents. That such men had never before appeared as candidates at the polls had been, with right-minded patriots, a subject of regret and complaint. These Roman magnates intrenched themselves behind their party cry of '*Nè Eletti nè Elettori*,' set up by the Clerical papers, and their abstention was intended as a protest against accomplished facts—a rebellion against the institutions which a violent, though almost bloodless, revolution had forced upon them. These princes had been the Pope's subjects, and they countenanced the Pope in his non-recognition of the Italian kingdom. They unwillingly submitted to the duties, but refused to exercise the rights of Italian citizens. They would be no partakers of the 'iniquity,' as they called it, to which they had been unable or unwilling to oppose a timely resistance; they would have no hand in framing the laws which they held to be impious and sacrilegious. They clung to the wreck of that Temporal Power of which they had not even attempted to avert the destruction, and were satisfied with being merely a

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drag in the wheel of that triumphal chariot by which, as they thought, their helpless Sovereign had been overwhelmed and trampled in the dust. By their appearance in the Councils as the elect of the people, they have altered their position and adopted new tactics. By arraying themselves in the ranks of the King's Opposition, they cease to be the Pope's partisans. Their victory at the polls is a homage to the new order of things, a profession of their allegiance, an acceptance of the Constitution.

The event was not unprecedented. In Naples, a few years ago, the lately deceased Cardinal-Archbishop Riario Sforza, venturing to dissent from the policy proclaimed at the Vatican, had urged the faithful among his flock to take an active part in the electoral contest, and had fought at the municipal polls with partial success. The experiment was now repeated in the capital, with the consent of the Vatican Powers, as it may be presumed, and with the same incomplete and probably ephemeral results. The City of Rome has returned nine clericals out of its sixteen members of the Provincial Council, though, owing to the returns of the rural localities, the liberals would still muster a considerable majority in that Assembly. The partial success of the clericals was owing to remissness of the liberals in the discharge of their duties at the polls; to a division of their forces consequent upon too bold an interference of the Prefect of Rome, Caracciolo di Bella, and of the Minister of the Interior, Nicotera,

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on behalf of the Progressist or Government party, and against its moderate opponents; but chiefly to the suddeness and secrecy, the unanimity and compactness, with which the clericals had gone to work, backed by the swarms of Papal ex-officials and pensioners, hiding the hand which was preparing to strike the blow. The advantage the 'Black' party had gained in this encounter was likely enough to be lost in the next trial of strength; and, at any rate, it was only in one province that the clericals had made so much headway, and it was by no means certain that they would follow up their local victory and extend their operations by appearing as candidates in Parliamentary elections.

It would be highly desirable that they should do so. The choice of the Italians between the old and the new state of things; between the Pope and the King, between division and enslavement and national existence, freedom and progress, is and will remain irrevocable.' Even the Borghese and the Chigi families, and the other princely sticklers for the past, are too wise to cherish vain illusions about any possible return to it. Many of them were personal friends of Pius IX., and made it a matter of personal honour to cling in adversity to a Sovereign in whose smiles they basked and whose pageant they graced in prosperous times. But they were men, after all, natives of the country, in which they had large interests at stake, fellow-subjects with their liberal opponents, against whom they could only

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hold their own by pacific discussion and by reasonable compromise. It is only in the councils of the city or the nation that the Roman princes will learn to give and take. Men of sense in Italy begin to feel the lack of a sufficiently strong conservative element in their Parliament. Their Senate is by no means a House of Lords; their Lower Chamber is too ultra-democratic an Assembly. The Italians are mere parrots in politics; they accept the French notions of liberty, equality, and fraternity, without taking the trouble of defining them, and prate about the 'conquests of 1789,' as if they had had a hand in that revolution, of which they were socially, as well as politically, the first sufferers. With all their traditions of Venetian, Genoese, and Florentine Patriciates to be their guidance, the Italians echo the French cry against the aristocracy, and, though they do not send their nobles *à la lanterne*, they do all they can to put them on the shelf. They cry down an aristocratic candidate at the poll, taking it for granted that he is a Reactionist, a Bourbonist, a *Papalino*, a *codino*, or an idiot, simply because he is noble and wealthy. The consequence is that the Elective Chamber exhibits a very large majority of advocates and professors, and even of more objectionable *affaristi*, adventurers, place-hunters, and jobbers of every description; while the Senate is, in the main, an assemblage of superannuated and equally needy placemen. Property is nowhere fairly represented, or protected, and the Budget is the branch of

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their duty which Italian legislators most unconscientiously neglect. The evil is great in the National Assembly, where a balance between revenue and expenditure seems, as yet, an impossibility; but it is still more grievous in the provincial and municipal councils, some of which have loaded their communities with heavy debts, though house property in some places, as at Florence, is taxed to the incredible amount of forty-nine per cent. of the rent.* Italy is not, thank Heaven! a Republic as France is, but the democratic or socialistic principle that the *habentes* should be mulcted for the benefit of the *non-habentes* prevails almost to a more dangerous extent than where universal suffrage is the rule. At Florence, at Naples, and elsewhere, the councils are always ready to vote funds for theatres, for Carnival shows, for popular festivities, for monuments to departed worthies, great or small, trusting that the burden will mainly fall on the wealthy, and that, when the local resources are exhausted, the Parliament will come to the rescue with a national grant. It is thus that Florence was at this time about to apply to the Chamber of Deputies for a relief of two or four millions of lire a year from the national exchequer, which had already repeatedly bled for the advantage of that temporary capital.

It is full time that property should take in the Italian Councils the place that belongs to it—a place

* Of this 49%, 19% is the State's share.

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which it can never abandon without bringing about a gradual decline of the country's prosperity, as well as of its own. One of the strongest grounds of hostility to the new order of things on the part of the Roman princely houses is that law of succession, borrowed by the Italians from France, which compels a division of patrimonies among the members of the same family, doing away with those *maggioraschi*, or entails, which tended to keep together the wealth and maintain the lustre of the aristocratic rank. That abolition of the rights and privileges of primogeniture, which has been so ruinous to the Lombard, Piedmontese, Neapolitan, and other Italian nobility, must now be applied to the grandees of the late Papal dominions; and it is the result of a principle too deeply rooted among all people of Latin blood to be ever altogether resisted, or set aside. The law, however, has already a variety of attenuating provisions, and admits of important modifications and restrictions. The time may come when what is positively unjust and improvident in that branch of the civil code may undergo revision and improvement; and, at all events, even the present system admits of shifts and contrivances by which its worst evils are tempered and the downfall of great families is retarded, if not permanently arrested. It is highly desirable that the Italian nobles, even while giving up their mere privileges, should make a stand for their inalienable rights; and the Roman princes, as they rank among

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the wealthiest and most powerful, should make common cause with those of their own rank throughout the country and endeavour to stem that democratic tide which else will overwhelm both private and public welfare. It is not true that in Rome, or in any part of Italy, a man must needs be a *codino*, or an imbecile, simply because he is a noble. Many of the Roman princes, such as the Borghese, Torlonia, etc., admirably understand their own interests and thriftily administer their own affairs. Their participation in the business of town, province, or country may be fully as beneficial as that of many a briefless advocate, an unpractical professor, or trickish stock-jobber.

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III.

Politics of the dull season.—Fall of the Moderate party.—The Depretis Ministry. His first Cabinet.—Nicotera.—The Depretis second Cabinet.—Crispi.—Popular political holidays.—Porta Pia.—The House in Trastevere.—Mentana.—Cairoli.—The Pope's health.—True and false reports.—Medical consultations.—The Pope's sufferings.—His exertions.—The approaching end.

THERE was not much in Rome towards the fall of the year to interest a stranger or induce him to prolong his stay. The people of the great city sallied forth in the cooling air for their *Ottobrate*, holiday family parties, very merry and very harmless, in which the chief enjoyments consist of a drive in a carriage and a lunch in the courtyard of a country hostelry. Owing to remissness in the reform of the administration, and to divisions among their leaders, the moderate party—Minghetti, Visconti Venosta and the other men of the Cavour school of politicians who had monopolised power for sixteen years, had been hurled from their seats, and the so-called progressists—the Rattazzi party, headless in consequence of the death of that statesman, had been in office since March. Depretis, who accepted the

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presidency of the Council, was a used-up man, and dull at all times. His colleagues were mere nonentities, with the exception of Baron Nicotera, the Minister of the Interior, a Calabrian, formerly a Garibaldian and an arrant radical, whose head was turned by admission to court and by accession to power; and who, as most men of his party, displayed in office an arrogance and imperiousness, a disregard for public and private rights, a disrespect for the secrecy of postal and telegraphic communication, which rendered him odious before they made him ridiculous; till, as the Christmas season approached, matters were brought to a crisis which compelled the Cabinet to a resignation, when Depretis was charged by the King with the task of recomposing the administration—with no better result than the construction of a new Cabinet in which his colleagues were, if possible, even worse than their predecessors, and the only important change consisted in placing the Home Office in the hands of Crispi, a Sicilian, and also an old Garibaldian and ultra-radical, only a little less addicted to swagger, but by no means less absolute and domineering than Nicotera, whom he superseded.

Roman patriotism, little affected by these changes, and accepting as the greatest liberals those who made the loudest profession of liberalism, spent its breath and its energies in the celebration of memorable anniversaries, such as, on September 20, that of the storming of Porta Pia; on the 28th of October,

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the consecration of that house in the Trastevere where some anti-clerical conspirators were slaughtered by the Pontifical gendarmes, and the heroine, Giuditta Tajani, met a glorious death as a combatant by the side of her husband and one of her children, twelve years old; and finally, November 26, by the uncovering of the monument at Mentana, where the chief orator was Benedetto Cairoli, afterwards at the head of the Italian Government, himself a hero, and whose two heroic brothers fell victims of that foolhardy and ill-fated but not inglorious expedition.

Still the matter of the greatest moment for the men, no matter of what party, who were capable of thinking was during all that autumn season the state of the Pope's health, and the probable consequences that might be anticipated should—to make use of an euphemism—'anything happen to him.'

Pius IX. had been very seriously ill in 1873, in April and September, his ailments being probably the result of the sedentary life to which he had condemned himself for the last three years; but he had recovered from the rheumatic pains which were his chief affliction, and was still capable of such exertions in discharge of his duties as naturally suggested a belief in his perfect recovery. That he overtasked his strength, however, was evident from the fainting fits to which he was liable on any occasion in which he held consistories, received pilgrims, or admitted curious travellers to his presence, when the excitement of the numerous assemblage and the fatigue of

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his long allocutions often proved to be too much for him. After his long swoon in September, which led to the false report of his death, the Pope's health appeared to be thoroughly broken; he had lost the use of his legs, and could only be carried about in his arm-chair, both about the Vatican apartments and in his garden, in which he delighted, especially after he had constructed there a facsimile of the miraculous sanctuary of Lourdes, which he was particularly fond of showing to his most favoured visitors.

There was throughout those last months of 1877 a perpetual succession of telegraphic bulletins about the Pope's health, some of them intended to inspire the most absurdly sanguine hopes, others making the case even more grave and desperate than it really was. Already on the 9th of November it was known to those admitted to Vatican intimacy that the Pope's physician, Dr. Ceccarelli, uneasy at the increasing weakness of his Holiness, had secretly summoned Vanzetti, the celebrated professor at the Padua University, to Rome for consultation. On the 19th of the same month Vanzetti was again sent for, and the Holy Father was recommended entire abstention from business and from all mental occupation. He was made to sit with his legs held up in a horizontal position. Yet the Pope insisted on saying mass seated in his chair, but was often overpowered by his habitual drowsiness during the performance of the sacred ceremony. His conversa-

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tion was still very lively, especially with respect to persons and incidents connected with his early life. His physical sufferings, however, brought on not unfrequent fits of irritability. On the 21st he received some pilgrims from Carcasonne, spoke a few words in French with great difficulty, and the feebleness of his voice and apparent pain made a very sorrowful impression on the bystanders, and suggested the possibility of a sudden catastrophe. He was carried in a chair by four men. On the 9th of December he was described as lying in bed with hands and arms swollen, and though in possession of his mental faculties, enduring great pain, from which he was expecting and even wishing for a speedy release—the only one now possible.

Before the 17th of December, his fainting fits had become more frequent, his rheumatic pains were excruciating, and he often said after the paroxysms were over, 'These pains make me an astronomer in my old age. They make me see stars at noon.' It is probably on the strength of this sorry joke that the *Osservatore Romano*, and other clerical papers, anxious to contradict all reports unfavourable to the Pope's health, announced 'that his Holiness was in bed with cold and slight fever, but was better now, and jesting pleasantly.' According to the despatches of the Vatican organs 'the Pope's recovery was always progressing, and weather permitting it would soon be complete.' This faith in the Pontiff's friends was so firm, that, on December 14th, the Cardinal-

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Vicar offered prayers for the Holy Father's 'complete recovery.' All these ingenious tales had no other aim than to prepare the world for a Consistory which the Jesuits, for reasons of their own, intended that the Pope should hold whether he lived or died in the performance. The Consistory appointed for an early date in the month of December, was put off till the 28th, when it actually took place, and was followed by another on the 31st. The Pope, it was said, went through the first ceremony without apparent fatigue, and was determined to hold his levée on New Year's day. The strain on his nerves seemed to have overtasked his little remaining strength, as on the 3rd of January 'he was lying in bed utterly exhausted,' and the end was thought to be fast approaching. We shall soon see what probably contributed to put off the supreme moment for nearly two months.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE EVE OF THE CONCLAVE.

I.

The Pope's anxiety about the election of his successor.—Pius VI. and Pius IX.—Projects of a Conclave out of Italy.—Scheme of an election by acclamation.—A Papal Bull to direct the Cardinals in their election.—Intentions of the Italian Government.—The Italian Government's attitude towards the Vatican.—Its indifference as to any possible result of a Conclave.—Italian and Transalpine ideas about the strength of clericalism.—Views of the Italians as to the expediency of keeping the Pope in Rome.—Their false security as to the strength of Ultramontanism.

THERE never perhaps was a man whose death was made the theme of cooler calculations and discussions, even in his presence, himself joining in the speculation, than that of Pius IX. during the last seven years of his life. The Pontificate of Pius VI. had, indeed, an even more disastrous end, for he died a real exile and a prisoner at Valence, in 1798. But that Pope when at Florence, already in the power of his adversaries, being apprehensive of the evils which might befall the Church after his death, gave secret instructions to the cardinals as to the forms to

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be observed at the Conclave, which could, in those disastrous times, only meet under the greatest difficulties. His Bull, however, simply related to the place of the Conclave itself, and to the number of votes which, in pressing circumstances, he wished should be accepted by the Catholic world as constituting a legal election. Pius VI. mentioned no name, and prescribed no policy to his successor; for the blow which had struck him had been sudden; the violence to which the Holy See then succumbed was the work of the French Directory, and the Pope could safely rely on the sympathy of all nations, and of the French people themselves, for the redress of the tyrannical act of a Republic in every respect godless. But the throne of Pius IX. fell under the attacks of a popular revolution; under attacks which had already twice shaken it to its foundation both under his predecessor's reign and his own, and which would long since have determined its ruin had it not been precariously upheld by an overbearing foreign force. Between Italy and the Vatican, Pius IX. must have felt the contest was irrevocably settled, and the alternative for him and for those who were to come after him was either to acquiesce in the accomplished fact as the result of the will of Providence, or to rely for redress and restoration on extraneous aid. For Pius IX., therefore, it was material to bequeath a policy, and to point out, so far as it might be deemed lawful, the inheritor best fitted to carry it out.

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Soon after the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, it has been lately ascertained, the Pope called together the twenty-one cardinals who happened to be in Rome, and laid before them two questions for discussion. The first was, 'Should he and all dependent on him quit Rome at once?' and eighteen votes were given in support of his own and Cardinal Antonelli's opinion, which was that all should remain where they were. The second question was 'whether the Conclave,' which, owing to the Pope's infirmities and chiefly to the frequency of his epileptic fits, was even then looked upon as an imminent contingency, 'should be held in Rome;' and on this point, also, only three voted for a departure from the neighbourhood of the Tomb of the Apostles. By this transaction the line of conduct to be pursued was already partly decided. Pius VI. allowed the Conclave to be held anywhere, in obedience to the necessity which banished it from its usual seat; but what the present Pontiff suggested was a spontaneous migration, which could only have been interpreted as a conviction on the part of the Vatican Council that the deliberations of the Conclave could not be free within the Vatican walls. By resolving to stay, the Council gave the lie to that fond fiction of the Ultramontanes, that the successor of St. Peter was a captive in his palace, and it virtually proclaimed that there could be freedom for the Church and for the exercise of some of

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her most solemn rights, notwithstanding her loss of temporal sovereignty.

It was at that time deemed expedient that the Pope should prepare a Bull relating to the election of his successor. A Bull purporting to be the Papal document in question was, in fact, published in some German papers in 1873, but it was declared, and justly held to be, apocryphal, and entirely framed on that of Pius VI. The real Bull, as it was described by persons pretending to have seen it, prescribed that the Conclave should be held at the Vatican, excluding many formalities, but insisting on the usual interval of ten days after the Pope's decease to allow leisure for the arrival of absent members of the College; it prescribed that the notary who drew up the certificate of death should convey the intelligence to the municipal authorities; that the great bell of the Capitol should be tolled according to custom, and that the Pope's Majordomo should extra-officially communicate the same information to the Prefect of Rome; while the Cardinal-Vicar should issue orders to all the incumbents of the Roman parish churches to join that funeral chime of which all those living in Italy whose recollections date from farther back than the year 1846 will, perhaps, not have forgotten the dismal impression. The Pope's burial service should be performed in the Sixtine Chapel; but there would also be funeral ceremonies celebrated in St. Peter's. Confinement in separated cells for the cardinals during the Con-

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clave would not be obligatory, as no such cells exist any longer in the Vatican—all Papal elections since that of Pius VII. having been held in the Quirinal —and would have to be built. The proclamation of the new Pontiff should be made *coram populo*, unless prevented by circumstances, in which case it should be made with closed doors in the great hall of the Œcumenic Council in the northern transept of St. Peter's. The ambassadors or ministers of foreign Powers accredited to the Vatican should be admitted to the Conclave as usual.

All these little matters were only of some consequence so far as they showed on the part of the Pope and his advisers at the time the alleged Bull was framed a disposition to submit to the inevitable—at least, for anything concerning the Papal election beyond the walls of the Vatican. The authorities of the Italian Government and of the Roman Municipality established under its auspices were to be dealt with and therefore no longer ignored, though there was nothing in what was expected of them about which application to their assistance was needed. The Vatican Council might well have felt sure that the Capitol bell, as well as all other bells, would be at their service, the eagerness of the Government and of the King at the head of it to accommodate the Pope and his Court in everything, and to show them the utmost deference and reverence, being earnest and constant. As we have before seen, private messages and good wishes and

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minor acts of civility were exchanged by the two Courts at all times.

There could from the first be nothing more certain than that, in the event of the Pope's death, the members of the Sacred College would be allowed unlimited liberty of action. If they wished to leave Rome, the Italian Government would supply them with the safest means of conveyance by land and sea. If they preferred to abide where they were, the same Government would guarantee them the most efficient protection without, or if they called for it, within the walls of the Vatican. All the writers on Papal Conclaves, among whom I need only name Mr. W. C. Cartwright, agree in describing the Interregnum between the death of the Pope and the election of his successor, down even to comparatively recent times, as 'a period of riot and brawl which made Rome a perfect bear-garden, in which criminals let out of gaol enjoyed themselves mightily at the expense of peaceful folks.' We read that it was an established thing for the mob to rifle the Pope's Palace. There were instances in which 'the Conclave itself had to be hurriedly protected from invasion and sack by a reinforced guard.' We read that the death-beds of many Popes 'have witnessed shocking cases of destitution and abandonment, coupled with outrageously indecent treatment of the corpse.' Even Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of Pius IX., 'died in a manner unattended;' the Cardinal Penitentiary whose duty it was to read

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over him the appointed prayers for the dying 'not having been summoned in time.' Up to recent times, also, 'it was an established abuse that the cell of the newly-elected Pope should be sacked by the Conclavists' (secretaries, confessors, and other clerical attendants of the cardinals), 'each man carrying off what booty he was lucky enough to secure.' The contents of that cell 'are now the perquisites of the new Pope's cameriere, an individual who stands in the position of familiar menial.'

Nothing on that score was to be apprehended in the forthcoming election. The Italian Police had restored public security in the streets of Rome, where, in Papal times, 'it never was safe to walk after dark.' Outside the Vatican walls the cardinals would run no danger. But in the eleven thousand chambers of that palace a large and unemployed mass of ex-Pontifical Zouaves, gendarmes, dragoons, and other pensioners had their dwelling, whose devotion to the Holy See was unshaken, but for whose honesty they alone were answerable, the Italian authorities having no control within the precincts of their sacred asylum. Should however either Pope Pius, or the Conclave, or another Pontiff have required Italian aid even within these precincts, and asked for it, it would have been immediately forthcoming, but only aid to the extent needed and demanded, and without any encroachment on the independent jurisdiction of the Papal authorities. The Vatican might be assured that neither any private

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person nor any public functionary would ever cross its threshold unless it was with the full consent and at the express desire of the Pope or of those who might chance to exercise the supreme power in his name. An occasion, as we shall see, arose in which assistance was solicited and granted.

Outside the precincts of the Vatican, Rome might be said to be of all the cities in the world the very spot least affected by the event which seemed now at last inevitable and imminent. Pius IX. had been so long dying, had been so often reported as dead, that the people appeared to have at last made up their minds to allow their former Sovereign to take his own time, and had ceased to look upon a new Conclave as an event in the least likely to affect them for good or evil. In the higher spheres of the Italian Government the contingency that a Pope's death might happen, that the Pope might be actually dead at any moment, and that the fact might, as on former occasions, be concealed throughout four and twenty hours or more by the persons about him, did not seem to cause the least uneasiness. To all outward appearance the advisers of King Victor Emmanuel considered anything that happened at the Vatican as absolutely beneath their notice. It is not impossible that there might be some affectation in this apparent apathy, and some thought that perhaps the actual vacancy of the Papal See might show that the Italian statesmen did not too blindly abandon themselves to a false security, and did not dismiss the Papal

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question as absolutely irrelevant to them. But there is no doubt that Italians looked upon that question from a point of view altogether different from other people, for with them the whole knot lay in that matter of the Temporal Power which the sword had cut some seven years before. Had Italy been an island in mid-ocean, or had she been strong enough to hold her own against all comers, there would, indeed, have been no reason to look upon any new Pope as a more formidable adversary than the feeble old man who was then tottering at death's doors. The national feeling in Italy was too strong and the religious sentiment too weak to give the clergy an ascendency for which they have always been indebted to foreign influence, from Constantine and Charlemagne down to Francis Joseph of Austria and the Third Napoleon. But the Italians were not alone in the world, and for the State policy, or, as it was called, the 'sacrilege' of the 20th of September, 1870, they had only compounded with the European Governments; they had not received the full absolution of the European nations. The Italians could not afford to ignore Ultramontanism, a power apparently still in its infancy, yet which had given the Pope beyond the Alps ten times as much strength as he had lost south of those mountains. The Italians could not overlook the fact that Ultramontanism had made enormous strides in Holland, in England, in America, wherever it was allowed full freedom of development; that it had Belgium at

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its discretion, and was at the bottom of all the mischief with which Marshal MacMahon's *coup d'état* at that very period threatened the French Republic. Had the Italians been at a loss for straws to show them which way the wind blew, they need only have looked at the fact that in Holland, the cradle of Protestantism, the country which has most nobly fought and endured for the cause of freedom of conscience, the Government several years ago had deemed it expedient to alter the historical class-books in the elementary schools, lest the recital of what the country had to endure at the hand of Papist Spain, and the heroism it displayed in the vindication of what it deemed truth, should give offence to the Catholics, who were already too numerous and too powerful to allow light to be thrown on the subject. For the sake of peace, and to show their complete tolerance, the Dutch consented to falsify facts and attempted to suppress history!

Under such circumstances it behoved the Government of King Victor Emmanuel to consider whether the Conclave which must follow on the death of Pius IX., happen when it might, was to be an exclusively Italian or a general European transaction, and it would have been for them, as well as for the rest of the world, no idle task to glance at all the possibilities by which the Papal election might be attended.

In the first place, although no one as yet gave sign of flitting, it was not absolutely certain that the

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Conclave would be held in Rome, and that the cardinals would not, at a given signal, adjourn to Malta, to Valencia in Spain, or to some other spot beyond the boundaries of the Italian King's dominions. The inconvenience of the removal and the difficulty of finding anywhere a resting-place were, indeed, great obstacles for the cardinals, but on the other hand, the fact that a Conclave could be held and a new Pontificate be inaugurated in Rome—what a practical lie would it not give to that threadbare story of the captivity of Pius IX. at the Vatican, a fiction carried to such a point, as we have seen, that priests were seen in Belgium selling wisps of the straw upon which the Apostolic prisoner was described as sleeping in his dungeon! The Conclave held in Rome would establish the fact that the independence of the Church need not rest on her temporal sovereignty, and the oath which is always administered to the Pope, that 'he shall maintain intact and inviolate the dominions of the Holy See such as he received them from his predecessors,' would have to be suppressed, or would simply become ridiculous, because the new Pope would only swear to keep what had been lost, and what nothing short of a great European convulsion would enable him to recover.

The point next important to that of the spot where the Conclave was to be held was the time allowed to elapse between the catastrophe which was to vacate the See and the election which was to

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fill it up, for the arbitrary power granted to the *entourage* of a Pope in his dying moments was almost boundless and, provided they are of one mind and willing to risk the chance of a schism, they could make a new Pope by acclamation, *præsente cadavere*, or almost as soon as the breath had left the body of the old Pontiff. The intrigues which had been carried on by Pius IX. or by his private advisers with a view to insure a continuation of the policy to which the long Pontificate of Pius had been wedded, had left little doubt as to the course the Vatican would follow were there any reliance to be placed on the fulfilment of pledges given to a Pope by his survivors. So far as the Vatican was concerned, the Papacy was something Italian and Roman, and whether for war or peace, the choice of such a Conclave as would gather round the Pope's death-bed would always fall upon one in whose hands the monopoly of the See by Italians could be kept up to the end of time. It was hardly possible to conceive the idea of an Italian prelate sufficiently disinterested, wise, and sincerely pious to perceive the immense change that had come to pass in the religious world, and to adapt himself to the new policy which altered circumstances ought to have suggested. Had there been such a prelate, or had there been such a party among Italian prelates, the immense advantage that could be gained by breaking through the traditions of the last 354 years elapsing since the death of Adrian VI., and by choosing a foreign

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Pope, especially a German or an Englishman, ought to have been sufficiently obvious. The Church would, of course, have had to renounce Italy and her paltry Principality, but such a renunciation would have given to her spiritual empire throughout the world such an extent as it never could attain as a local and more or less national institution. The early rulers of the Church soon became aware that Jerusalem and Judea were too narrow a field for the world-wide mission to which they aspired, and they removed to Rome, which they felt to be the centre of power, of life, and of intelligence. But that centre had long ceased to be in Rome or in Italy; it had lately ceased to be among those Latin nations which gave the religion of Christ its character of heathenism. The centre of mental and moral activity, the Italian prelates should have seen, was in Germany and England, in those countries which were weaned from the Church when, under the Juliuses, the Leos, and the Clements, it had become worse than Pagan, but which now gave signs of a return to their old allegiance, and a reconciliation with which, though impracticable so long as religion depended for existence on such sceptical and frivolous Levites as the Italians, would become quite possible under the management of the more earnest and energetic scions of the Teutonic race. By becoming amenable to German, or English, instead of Italian or Latin ascendency, whether materially or simply morally—*i.e.*, with an English or German Pope in, or out of

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Rome, and with a fair proportion of English and German cardinals and prelates in college and council—the Church would be purged of that gross immorality and of that crafty worldliness by which the mixing up of temporal with spiritual interests had for so many centuries corrupted and disgraced her.

That the Italian laity, and even the Italian clergy, would be vastly the gainers by such an innovation as the election of a Transalpine Pontiff no impartial man of sane mind could feel any doubt; but few Italians were absolutely disinterested on the subject, and even fewer were in their right senses; for, on the one hand, there were in that country honest and well-meaning men who looked on Catholicism as it was, as still a power, and thought that power, so long as it was under their control, would even now and would hereafter be turned to good purposes to extend the ascendency and add to the lustre of the Italian name. On the other hand, there were men with less elevated views, who, after taking Rome from the Pope and making it the residence of their King, saw with dismay the futility of their efforts to give new life to a place which was for so many years little more than a vestry and a museum, and trembled at the thought of the despair to which the inn and shop-keepers of the Eternal City would be driven were the ecclesiastics of high degree, the pilgrims, and the Peter's pence they brought with them diverted from their wonted

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channel by a new 'captivity of Babylon.' For it is a fact that ever since the close of the Great Schism and the instalment of absolute power under such Popes as Martin V., Eugenius IV., and Nicholas V., the Romans were taught to look for their daily bread to the Pontiffs, who, enriched by the sale of indulgences, and by the crowding of the world to the Jubilees, could afford to relieve the multitude from taxes, and pamper and train them to a life of idleness and degradation by lavishing the world's tribute among them.

What to make of Rome without a Pope, and an Italian Pope, was a problem which Italian statesmen seemed unable to solve, and for this mere mess of pottage they were heedless of that birthright of religious freedom without which political freedom is a mere apple of Sodom, turning to ashes in men's mouths.

Be it understood that upon the immense majority of thinking men in Italy religion sits only too easy. Scepticism, which, however latent, was almost universal under despotic rule, was openly avowed and professed under the new constitutional *régime*. Italian patriotism thought it had liberally provided for freedom of conscience by a boundless toleration of Waldensian and other Evangelical sects. But what availed it if all religious inquiry and religious life was looked down upon by thinking men with supercilious contempt; if, as I before observed, the sceptic, who would be at a loss for the grounds of

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his shallow unbelief, while looking upon himself as being privileged to live without God, thought, at the same time, that the religion of his priests—that of Loretto and Lourdes and St. Januarius's blood vial was good enough—was the very best for his wife and daughters, the very best for the populace, on whose violent passions it was, in his opinion, a more deterrent check than the absurdly lenient provisions of his penal code, and the inefficiency of his criminal procedure and penitentiary system? The Italian fostered scepticism in his University and suffered his priest to go about in the Lyceums and gymnasiums and in his own household, seeking whom he might devour. Even in civilised Milan, and polished Florence, the Barnabites, the Scolopii, and other auxiliaries of the Jesuits, although some of them had flagrantly scandalised the world by their profligacy, although one of them, the head of a Milan college—was condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour, for a heinous offence—still monopolised the training of the rising generation. The removal of Austrian and French bayonets had done little or nothing towards the emancipation of the Italian mind from priestly and monkish ascendency, for during the long Pontificate of Pius IX. Italy had been neither at war nor at peace with the clergy; she had secured all material gain at the expense of her mental and moral interests.

The example of Belgium and Germany proves that the independence of the Church is only prac-

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ticable where the two principles have from the beginning had a fair start, and where neither party was weighted by time-sanctioned advantages giving it too easy a victory over its adversary. It would have seemed not too much for the State in Italy to demand such a pact with the Church, such a state of things as the Church had vouchsafed to Belgium, France, Spain, and all other purely Catholic communities.

In Italy, for instance—and one can never too often dwell on that fact—the archbishops and bishops were twice and three times as numerous as in all other Roman Catholic countries in proportion to the population. If we consider that every bishop was at the head of a diocese, that he had cathedral and collegiate chapters, regular and secular clergy, seminaries, congregations, and fraternities, all submitted to his sway, we shall easily conceive what chances Italian freedom and civilisation, now only dawning, had of contending against so numerous, so compact, and admirably organised a host. Italian statesmen had done nothing towards the reduction of this formidable hierarchy; they had merely irritated it by spoliation, and thrown it upon the ignorant people, who had thus been doubly taxed by the gatherers of the King's dues and by the collectors of Peter's pence. This was all the idea of religious freedom that under Pius IX. had gone down among the women of Italy and the great mass of the rural population.

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It was to be hoped that with a new Pope Italy would turn over a new leaf. Already, we were told, the Minister of Grace and Justice, Mancini, was at work on a Bill intended to reduce the five Supreme Courts of Cassation to only one Court, with a residence in Rome. That would have been a step in the right direction, and it should have been followed by the lopping off of many other parasitic branches of the administration, the legacies of former Italian States, such as many of the Courts of Appeal, all the sub-prefectures, and several of the prefectures. But above all things, two-thirds of the existing bishoprics and their dependencies should have been abolished, by an understanding with the new Pope if it had been practicable, but, if necessary, even without it.

That is what had to be done and was done in France, in Spain, etc., at various periods. I am aware of the many obstacles and difficulties rising against such sweeping measures from bigoted prejudices, and still more from paltry municipal interests. But I believe there is a vast deal of absurd exaggeration in the fears entertained on such subjects. It would be strange if priests in Italy could not be made as amenable to the law as the lawyers, whom a lawyer, Mancini, was hoping to oust from some of their loftiest and most comfortable seats in the Supreme Courts—a hope which was only disappointed on account of the antipathy which the proposer of the measure inspired on other grounds.

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II.

The Pope's thoughts on the approaching Conclave.—Hope of posthumous influence over it.—His tactics in the creation of Cardinals.—Reasons for his change in those tactics.—His supposed candidate Riario Sforza.—Character of that Cardinal.—His death.—Consequent defeat of the Pope's plans.

It would not be easy to fathom the feelings with which the approaching Conclave was contemplated by the aged man who alone of all men in the world was sure not to see it. One could not witness without a feeling of compassion the exhibition of this ecclesiastical potentate, whose decrepitude and manifold ailments would have required rest and peace, compelled to the discharge of duties of the most irksome and harassing nature, the effect of which could only be to shake the few remaining grains of sand in his hour-glass. The Papacy is the only sublunar throne in which the Sovereign is expected to die in harness, admitting no possibility either of abdication or of regency, whatever havoc approaching dissolution may work upon his mental or physical faculties. The advisers in whose hands the Pontiff was, seemed disposed to spare him all but absolutely necessary exertions. They countermanded

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the visits of the many pilgrims whose zeal was apt to become particularly indiscreet at the dead winter season, and they took upon themselves as much of the transaction of current affairs as might by a pious fiction be supposed to be submitted to his decision. But Pius IX. was naturally jealous of his authority, and there were solemn occasions on which the Pope's presence and active intervention could not by any contrivance be dispensed with. The provisions that were to be made to ensure such a result of the Conclave as would best suit the Pope's own views and what he considered the dearest interests of the Church were among the affairs in which he thought his Council could least be able, or willing to dispense with his presence.

As years and infirmities advanced and the Pope began to apprehend that the fulness of the times to which he looked forward with most persevering confidence was no longer likely to be accomplished during his own life, he was haunted by some anxiety as to the condition in which the Church would find herself upon the Holy See becoming vacant; and he day by day debated in his own mind, and discussed with his advisers, the project of attempting to influence the choice of his successor. The number of cardinals who had attended the Conclave of 1846, which had led to his own elevation, had been reduced by death to a very few; and the ranks of the hundred or more whom he had created at various stages in his career had been so rapidly thinned from the

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same cause that, in the year 1874, the Sacred College consisted of only forty-five members. As six years had elapsed without any distribution of Red Hats, it began to be surmised that the Pope had an object in his proceedings; that he thought his authority in attempting to influence a future Conclave would be more easily exercised on a small number of voters, and especially on the majority of those he had at hand in Rome—*Cardinali di Curia*, as they were called, habitual frequenters of the Vatican, and men accustomed to an almost unbounded submission to the Pontiff's behests. The votes of a sufficient majority of these were supposed to have been secured on behalf of a Papal nominee, and it was stated, moreover, that a sealed brief, or Bull, in the Pope's hand, was laid in some of his Holiness's drawers, whence it would be drawn out by a trusty hand, the moment the breath was out of his body, the seal broken, and the contents of this Papal last will and testament communicated to the knot of Cardinals, whose compliance could be reckoned upon as fully as their discretion.

During his confinement to bed, in December, 1877, the Pope was looking over his papers to be intrusted to the Cardinal Camerlengo in a sealed packet for delivery into his successor's hands. Among others there were said to be letters of kings, emperors, princes, and political and ecclesiastical personages, relating to the events of his Pontificate, especially to the vicissitudes of recent Italian history

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and the conduct of the Holy See in 1848. These papers were expected to throw much light on certain obscure points, and thus serve as a guidance to his successor.

The Bull containing directions about the election of the Pope's successor was, of course, supposed to be among these documents; but it is questionable whether such a paper ever had any existence, except in the brains of those quidnuncs who looked on things as certain merely because they seemed probable. At all events it was never produced.

That Pius IX., in the new conceit with which the declaration of his infallibility had inspired him, should wish and hope to send down and perpetuate among his successors the policy which he considered his own, was not unnatural, and, of course, such an object could best be lawfully promoted by the creation of such members of the Sacred College as seemed to him most thoroughly to share his own views, and to revere his judgments. But it was not equally natural for the Pope to trust that by a Bull or Brief, locked up in his desk, to be handed over to the cardinals in Conclave assembled, as his last will and testament—he could exercise a posthumous influence over a body so jealous of its prerogative, and so independent in the exercise of its rights as the College of Cardinals would be sure to be, however amenable to the Pope's pleasure, and obsequious to his orders many of its members might have shown themselves during the Pontiff's lifetime. The idea

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of looking upon St. Peter's Chair as an hereditary sovereignty to be transmitted by the dead to the living by a mere act of presentation, such as enabled a French or German Emperor to insure his son's succession by proclaiming him 'King of the Romans,' was at all times repugnant to the Prince-Electors of the Church; and the attempt to effect a similar transmission by such an underhand intrigue as a secret Bull, besides being contrary to all canon and moral laws as well as to all precedents, could scarcely have failed to arouse resentment and opposition, and might have wrought the contrary to what it was intended to produce. With all that, however, the delusion of the Bull held for a long time possession of men's minds, and the name of the candidate whom the Pope himself, or the men by whom his mind was swayed, wished to recommend to the acceptance of the Conclave, was in every man's mouth.

Had there even been such a design in the Pope's mind, it would have been foiled by a natural event which it was only too easy to foresee—the death of the supposed candidate.

There is an old superstitious belief among the Romans, probably grounded on past fortuitous coincidence, that a cardinal never dies without two others being sure to follow at no distant period: an ominous expectation, which, considering the usual advanced age of many members of the Sacred College, and the indefinite lapse of time appointed for the

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fulfilment of the alleged doom, of course seldom fails to be realised. The *Terna*, or Triumvirate, in the present case began with the death of De Angelis, whose age, like the Pope's, exceeded eighty-four years, which was followed by that of Bizzarri, seventy-five years old, and was closed by that of Cardinal Sisto Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, who departed this life on the 29th of September, 1877, a few weeks before the expiration of his sixty-seventh year.

This cardinal, born of a noble family, was at an early age created Bishop of Caserta, and shortly afterwards promoted to the Archdiocese of Naples, and was one of the latest additions to the Sacred College made by the late Pope, Gregory XVI., on the 19th of January, 1846—*i.e.*, little more than five months before that Pontiff's death. He had won the hearts of his flock at Naples by the truly Christian devotion with which he came to their aid during the repeated visitations of the cholera, stirring up the zeal of the clergy, and himself freely endangering his life, lest the dying should in the midst of that general panic be denied the last rites of the Church; a fidelity to their sacred ministry of which the Italian clergy, both regular and secular, to do them justice, have in many instances given signal evidence. Riario Sforza acted on such occasions most probably from generous instincts, and the charity by which he so won the hearts of his people that his death was lamented as a public calamity, may have had no alloy of worldly aims or political considerations; but he belonged to the militant

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Church nevertheless. He thought that the claims of the Papacy to its temporary authority should not be surrendered without a struggle, and while the Pope and his Council advised the faithful to be no partakers of iniquity by dabbling in Italian politics, while the clerical organs admonished good Catholics to abstain from the polls, and be 'neither electors nor candidates' (*nè eletti nè elettori*), Riario Sforza followed an altogether different course, and bade his priests and his people do their duty at municipal elections, where in an evil hour manhood suffrage had been introduced, and to stand their ground for the interests of their religion, which he, of course, identified with those of true liberty and public order. This combative disposition of the Neapolitan prelate, this playing at democracy on the part of a born aristocrat, was far from displeasing to the Pope. The Holy Father was by no means sorry to see the experiment of a policy at variance with the one he himself at first recommended, and more lately seemed to disavow, for the Vatican is full of these apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, where contrary influences are perpetually neutralising each other, and things are seldom what they seem; so that Riario Sforza was by common report designated as the man who in the next Conclave might obtain the largest number of suffrages. For the Pope and the Papal party, after the fall of Napoleon III. and the defection of the Emperor Francis Joseph, seemed to have come to the conclusion that it was folly to put

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their trust in princes, and to have been gradually won over to the views of the Cardinal of Naples as to the expediency of basing their strength on the principles of old Apostolical liberty, equality, and fraternity, and relying on the superstitious instincts of the rural population for an eventual triumph of clerical candidates. All these sanguine expectations were, unfortunately, baffled by the untoward chance by which Pius IX. was preceded to the grave by the man who was intended to succeed him on the throne.

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III.

Statistics of the Sacred College of Cardinals in the autumn of 1877. —Divisions in the College.—Circumstances that influenced the proceedings of the Conclave of 1878.—Reasons for inquiring into the causes that led to its result.

Even before the death of Riario Sforza, however, that policy which seemed to aim at the exercise of absolute control over the cardinals by limiting their number to those already in existence, whose mind was pretty well known, and avoiding the creation of new ones on whose submissive disposition one could not equally rely, seemed to have been abandoned, and in the space of about two years, between 1875 and 1877, the Pope, passing from a long period of barrenness to one of very active gestation, filled the thinned ranks of the Sacred College by the creation of thirty-five new members; and although death had in the interval been busy both among the former and the latter nominations, removing seventeen of the old ones, the Pope's activity kept pace with the mortality with such good effect as to raise the muster of those living in the autumn of 1877 to sixty-two; and there were to the last, perhaps, candidates enough still hidden in the Pontifical breast to fill up the normal number of seventy, which in latter ages was never ex-

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ceeded. Of the forty-five cardinals living in 1872, only thirteen were foreigners; of the sixty-two existing, the foreigners five years later were twenty-six. The Italian Cardinals, who at the former date were more than two to one, were at the latter epoch thirty-five, only exceeding by ten the number of their Transalpine brethren. The Italians, who formerly were always sufficiently numerous to make up the majority of two-thirds necessary for the Papal election, and might, therefore, always insure the return of one of their nation, could now no longer obtain the same result without the suffrage of at least seven foreign cardinals. The anxiety shown by the Pope about keeping up the number of the cardinals to its full array, and his evident design to add to the ascendency of the foreign element, seemed to reveal a change in the disposition of the Pontifical mind, wrought by the necessity of bowing to altered circumstances. In 1875 the Pope, well acquainted with the minds of the then comparatively few cardinals, and accustomed to influence them, could flatter himself that he could so bias their choice of his successor as to insure a continuation of the policy which had characterised the latter years of his Pontificate. But events had visibly shaken his faith in that policy, and though his pride and obstinacy might require that it should last his own time, he was less unwilling that the man who was to take his place should weather as he thought best the storms which might arise. With that intent he multiplied the electors and left the election to Providence. The

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same views may have determined the partiality the Pope exhibited in later years by his preferment of foreign prelates. He probably apprehended too great a sameness in the instincts and aspirations of his own countrymen, and trusted to a multitude and variety of councillors for the wisdom of a deliberation which is supposed to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

At the time in which the Pope's ailments caused the greatest uneasiness, and people began to turn their minds to the contingencies that would occur on his death, the conviction that the cardinals would be free in their action gained ground and became firmly established. It was evident that everything revolving round the Vatican sphere, the cardinals, as well as the minor prelates, the personal attendants and hangers-on of the Pope, and the mind of the Pope himself, were no longer, if they ever had been, amenable either to identity of views or consistency of action. It became apparent, and it ought indeed to have been at all times perfectly obvious, that there were in the Hierarchy, both Italian and Transalpine, two distinct and discordant, if not quite hostile, camps; and it remained to be seen by what contrivance or combination it was possible to give such preponderance to one of the parties as to enable it to carry the election of a Pope representing its views and embodying its policy.

The Conclave of 1878 is a thing of the past, and as we know the final result, it may seem idle now-

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adays to examine the elements that were at work to produce it, the bias of the various minds which contributed to it, the considerations, after-thoughts, stratagems, and manœuvres by which it was prepared, matured, and determined. But if we bear in mind that the Papacy is an elective Sovereignty, that its elections must follow at different periods, sometimes at very short intervals, and that the causes that were at work at one scrutiny may not be without some influence on a successive transaction of the same nature—we may be easily led to the conclusion that every past Conclave, and especially a recent one, and more especially the one that was to give a successor to Pius IX.—must deserve all the investigation that men's industry may employ on the subject. It is on that account that I deem it expedient to glance at the different characters of the members of the Sacred College as they happened to be at the period immediately preceding the death of Pius IX., for the immense majority of those cardinals are still living, many of them with fair prospects of a prolonged existence, likely enough to exercise some ascendency on the mind of the present Pope, Leo XIII., during his Pontificate, and sure to have their share in the choice of his successor, were his government of the Church to be brought speedily to a close.

Books giving the names, ages, and other particulars, and of the chief events in their lives, and in some instances attempting their portraiture, have

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been published in sufficient number. But they are either the production of fulsome eulogists,* who only dwell on the bright side of the picture and exaggerate its lively tints, or they have been drawn by partisans† who had aims of their own, and who used such information as they could gather from any sources in support of a preconceived theory, or in the furtherance of a settled object. For my part, without pretending to lay any undue stress on my neutrality, I may assert that I shall venture on no opinion of my own, but limit myself to give such brief description of the cardinals as I was able to make out of the tolerably fair and accurate judgment that was passed on the merits or demerits of their Eminences by their intimate Roman acquaintance.

* *Préface au Conclave*, par Louis Teste. Paris, 1877.

† Maguire, 'History of the Pontificate of Pius IX.,' chapter ix. The Cardinals, page 125. Bonghi, '*Pio IX., e il Papa futuro*,' Milan, 1877, chapter iii., *Il Conclave Prossimo*, page 99.

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CHAPTER V.

THE SACRED COLLEGE.

I.

The Court of Pius VII. and of Pius IX.—Cardinals past and present.—Cardinals of Pius IX.'s creation.—Italian Cardinals.—Court Cardinals.—Their attachment to the Temporal Power.—Bonghi's estimate of Pius IX. and his Cardinals.—Parties in the Sacred College.—*Intransigenti* and *Opportunisti*.—Bonghi's prophecies.—Riario Sforza.—Pecci.—Panebianco.

WHATEVER might be the authority still exercised by the Pope's name in remote regions, it would be impossible to deny that the loss of temporal sovereignty had to a great extent dimmed the lustre of the Vatican Court in Rome itself. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the aspect of that Court at the restoration of Pius VII. in 1815, and its gradual decline which set in under his immediate successor. Driven from its seat by the first French Revolution, the Papacy, as an earthly power, never perhaps was a more harmless, and at the same time more highly revered institution than during the few latter years of the Pontificate of Pius VII., on his return from the captivity of the Church at Fontainebleau. The Ambassadors of French,

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Spanish, and Neapolitan Bourbons were then at the Pontiff's feet, and not only Austria and Bavaria, but even Protestant Prussia, schismatic Russia, and heretic England — the States which had most powerfully contributed to his restoration—seemed all interested in strengthening and perpetuating Papal ascendency. There was nothing aggressive, there was no excess of zeal, no very active proselytism in the Rome of those halcyon days. Rome was the centre of a little respectable Italian State, on the best terms with all Europe, almost entirely absorbed by mundane affairs, determined to live and let live. The Government, conducted by a Pope who had been trained in the wholesome school of adversity, and by a minister, Cardinal Consalvi, who understood his age and humoured it, won popularity by a dignified, conciliatory, and mildly Conservative *laissez aller* policy. The Sacred College was recruited among men either of princely rank or of distinguished literary or scientific acquirements. The treasures of the Vatican museums and libraries were being brought back from their banishment at Paris, and the *salons* of the Roman nobility, crowded with English lords and Russian boyards, brought together a society, for which art and archæology, and a little more or less innocent gossip and flirtation, seemed to be the business of life.

The French Revolution of 1830, and the disturbances of Central Italy of the following year,

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changed all that. The Papacy found itself at war with the irresistible instinct of Italian nationality. It succumbed in the fight in 1848, and though it rallied from that first blow in a few months, it only prolonged its inglorious existence by a home despotism grounded on complicity with foreign tyranny, to be ultimately involved in the fate of the Powers by the aid of which it had vainly endeavoured to avert its own. In 1877 there was no longer such a thing as a Vatican Court. Cardinal Capalti died in October of that year. It was remembered by a few persons that he was among the most ardent champions of Infallibility at the Œcumenical Council, and that he exerted himself with so much zeal in his controversy with French, German and Eastern opponents that he was struck with apoplexy, and laboured under its consequences, till he succumbed to a final stroke in his sixty-seventh year. His funeral, though performed with all the solemnity befitting his rank, was but poorly attended. He was buried, one heard, and forgotten, and the living members of the Sacred College were apparently as little remembered. They lay *perdus* in the upper floors of half-deserted princely palaces, or in the cells of dilapidated convents. They drove about in modest close carriages, stripped of all trappings and liveries, themselves in plain priestly garments, eschewing the brilliant scarlet and purple which once made them so conspicuous. There were worthy and clever prelates among them, but few indeed, if

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any, men of mark. Pius IX., who had buried more than one hundred and twenty of those whom he either found at his accession or added to the number, was seldom guided in his choice by high or wise considerations, and gave preference to grovelling piety, real or affected, and to abject servility, over rank and character, learning or worldly ability. Such men as Tosti, Curci, or Passaglia, though valued as useful servants, had as little chance with him as had a man like Dr. Newman.

Death had been busy among these purple-clad churchmen, and the obituary in the 'Almanach de Gotha' had for several years been registering the names of many of the most eminent. To some of the survivors one heard the adjectives 'moderate' or 'reasonable' rather vaguely and loosely applied by the Romans, and others would also with little hesitation be described as 'uncompromising' or 'fanatic.' But these words merely referred to their opinions with respect to the Pope's temporal sovereignty. In Rome and throughout Italy no one seriously troubled himself about purely religious tenets, no one was very earnest in theological controversy. The dogmas of the Vatican were like the sweet cakes which a confectioner sells, but himself eats not. Were it possible to weigh the real convictions and the true piety of the Roman Catholic clergy, at least in their great centre of life, one might apply to the Popish establishment, with a slight modification, the famous saying of the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern

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—'*Videbis, fili mi, quam parvâ fide regitur Ecclesia.*' From the earliest time in which the Vatican Court saw itself involved in a life and death struggle with the instinct of Italian nationality, it turned all its energies to tighten its grasp on the Papal loaves and fishes, mustered all its sacred arguments, and launched all its heavenly thunderbolts against what was known as early as the days of Adrian IV. and Arnold of Brescia as 'the political heresy.' It fought tooth-and-nail for its earthly power so long as it held it; it fought. and was even now fighting with greater obstinacy to recover it when lost. As a matter of principle, the Italian cardinals were all Temporalists. They looked upon themselves as Princes of the Blood, all interested in upholding the rights of the Head of their dynasty to a throne to which any of them might claim a contingent reversion. But they did not all agree as to the expediency of wrestling with inexorable destiny. There were some who inclined to and would have advised submission and resignation; who were afraid that, by too long and stubborn a stand on temporal dominion, one might loosen the hold on spiritual ascendency. 'No good,' they said, 'can come of all this crying and raging over spilt milk. By a vain effort to restore the Pope-King we incur the risk of dethroning the Pope-Priest.'

One had seen some of the keenest theologians—Passaglia, Audisio, and in later days Curci, all staunch Jesuits, and very luminaries of the Order—

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forsake the Papal cause they had supported and bless the liberal principles they had cursed. One had seen mere boors at Mantua rebel against the pastors the Church had anointed and appoint shepherds they themselves had proclaimed. Though the apostate teacher had in some instances recanted and the stray flock had been again gathered to the fold, the example had been contagious; disaffection was waxing rife, and any further strain of tyranny might end in utter anarchy. Many Italian priests thought so; some Italian cardinals were supposed to think so; though only one, Cardinal d'Andrea, had ventured to speak out, and was made to see, or at least to acknowledge, the error of his ways, and died, if not convinced, crushed, disgraced, broken-hearted. But even of those who resided in Rome and saw the Pope face to face, a few, it was supposed, evinced some leaning towards compromise, and the Pope himself was not without some qualms of misgiving, and faltered in his heart in the fight on which, yielding to Jesuit influence, he seemed to put so good a countenance.

The reader may be glad to hear on the subject of the Pope and cardinals the opinion of an Italian who takes a more grave and earnest view of the Papacy than the vast majority of his countrymen, Signor Ruggero Bonghi, a member of the Italian Parliament, who was for some time Minister of Public Instruction. He is one of the best writers, and perhaps the most profound thinker in Italy,

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though he may be considered rather a philosopher than a statesman, and his thought is generally too abstruse and his style too severe for the periodical literature to which he largely contributed. For this distinguished writer the Papacy is a 'great fact,' and the temporal power of the Pope an edifice rising too gradually and too firmly established by long-standing to allow a hope that its supporters may really acquiesce in its demolition in seven or even in seventy years.

The idea of a cordial and final reconciliation of the Church with the spoiler of the Sanctuary cannot be entertained by any Pope, or cardinal, or indeed by any priest; for, as Bonghi says, the Papal tiara is much more surely hid in every seminarist's carpet-bag than the marshal's *bâton* in every raw conscript's knapsack. All that can be hoped of the Catholic clergy and hierarchy is a sullen resignation to present necessity; not a renunciation of future contingencies, but the acceptance of accomplished facts, and of such a position as is allowed or imposed by circumstances.

Pius IX., with all his stubbornness, had also to submit to the inevitable. But he did so with an ill-grace; he showed temper and peevishness. He had been sorely tried, and in his vexation at the loss of royal power he was unmindful of royal dignity. The point at issue was, therefore, to see whether it were possible that the approaching election might be intrusted to men animated by more

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practical and conciliatory views, and might lead to the choice of a new Pontiff who, without actually abdicating any of the rights attached to his sovereign station, would suffer such rights to remain in abeyance, and, without a formal reconciliation with the Italian Government, would consent to such a *modus vivendi* as Pius IX. anathematised, calling it 'tyrannical, sacrilegious, and intolerable.'

There is no doubt that, in spite of the general decline of his faculties, consequent on the aggravation of age and infirmity, and notwithstanding the removal of many more or less influential persons from his council, Pius IX. to the last exercised such an authority over the Vatican and over the whole hierarchy as not to be without weight on the minds of those who were to fill up the vacancy attendant upon his decease.

Signor Bonghi thought:

'The cardinals have been so long awed by the absolute and imperious disposition of the Pope's mind that it has at all times been impossible to get at their real way of thinking. Though neither harsh nor fierce by nature, Pius IX. is extremely self-reliant and conceited, and ready to visit contradiction however slight to his wishes with punishments, the severity of which is heightened by his conviction that those wishes are the incarnation of God's will. All resistance to his behests angers him, inasmuch as he deems it not only irreverent, but sinful. Witness the case of Cardinal d'Andrea,

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who, because he evinced a less unrelenting hostility to the Italian Government, was threatened with expulsion from the Sacred College and with forfeiture of his right as a member of the future Conclave, the Pope, in that case, usurping a power seldom exercised by his predecessors and establishing a posthumous right which the Conclave never acknowledged in any instance.'

Pope Pius IX.—it is throughout Bonghi's estimate of his character I am quoting—

'A man of limited intelligence, of scanty knowledge, of quick temperament, but of a pure mind, is conscious of no wrong or fault, of no unworthy motive on his part. He has known adversity, but he can think of no mishap for which he is himself to blame. He brooks no opposition, and is beset by flatterers whose safety depends on confirming in his error a Pontiff whom they have proclaimed free from error.'

The Pope, however, though very obstinate, was not quite as firm and consistent as he wished to appear. Implacable in his ill-will to the Italian Government, he had never carried his war against it to the extreme of which men like Gregory VII. or Alexander III. were capable. He had never voluntarily quitted Rome, never recommended the cardinals to hold the next Conclave beyond Italy's boundaries. He inveighed against his spoilers in the most intemperate and unbecoming language, but never resorted to his most formidable

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weapons, never entered on such desperate, decisive, irretrievable measures as a personal Excommunication, or an interdict would have been. His private intercourse with the Quirinal was a patent contradiction to his public attitude in the Vatican. If he never came to a compromise, it was partly because he never relinquished the hope of a possible rescue; partly, also, because he thought that his race was run, and it was hardly worth while to shift his ground and lose character for inflexible resolution for the short span of days he might have yet to live. But in his own heart he had never been as unyielding and implacable as he wished to appear. There was always something like bluster and rodomontade in his Allocutions. Even in his most savage moods, he was acting a part. Consequently, among the men within and round the Vatican there were various interpretations of the Pope's mind; there were literal and free interpretations; there was a party who seized and re-echoed the Pope's most virulent denunciations; and another party who looked upon those withering invectives as mere matter of form, the bark of a dog safe not to bite.

Even throughout the prolongation of the Pontificate of Pius IX. there had been, therefore, and there was to the end, divisions in the minds of the cardinals and of the whole Roman Catholic clergy. There was the party of the *Intransigenti*, and the party of the *Opportunisti*; those who would never yield under any considerations, and those who were not unwilling

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to be guided by circumstances. Had it been possible to know which of these parties would have the upper hand in the Conclave, had any one been able to foresee the frame of mind and the disposition of heart of the candidate on whom the suffrages would centre, the future of the Church in Italy and throughout the world would have involved no very arduous problem. At the end of 1872, Signor Bonghi was disposed to think that the numerical preponderance of the Italians would preclude the possibility of the election of a foreigner. With respect to the Italians, he believed that the alternative was between Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, the most moderate man among the 'zealous,' or fanatical, and Morichini, Pecci, Trevisanato, De Luca, Guidi, Sacconi, and Barili, the most reputable among the moderates.

It is not a little to Bonghi's credit, that after a very able review of the qualities, intellectual and moral, of all the eminent members of the Sacred College, he came to the conclusion that after the death of Riario Sforza, the candidate who had the best chance of obtaining a sufficient majority of the votes of his colleagues was Cardinal Pecci. 'Every thing considered,' he said, 'if rational counsels are at all likely to prevail, and the dignity of Camerlengo is not an insurmountable stumbling-block, the man who ought to secure most votes should be Pecci,' and he proceeded to describe him as 'one of the most elevated minds and even tempers in the

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Sacred College, adding that he combined in himself all those virtues which, according to St. Bernard, ought to constitute the ideal of a good cardinal.* The Conclave, as all the world knows, resulted in a full confirmation of Bonghi's prophecy.

Of Giovacchino Pecci not much was known at the time in which the Papal election was considered imminent, as there had been mischievous influences at work to remove him from the spot on which Papal sunshine could have rested upon him. He was born on the 2nd of March, 1810, at Carpineto, near Anagni, of an old patrician family. He was in favour with Pope Gregory XVI., in whose household he was for some time prelate and private referendary, and who employed him as his delegate, first at Benevento, then at Spoleto and Perugia, where he did good work in ridding some of those districts of the prevailing scourge of brigandage. Pecci was subsequently sent as Nuncio to Brussels, created Archbishop of Perugia, and was one of the

* The enumeration of the gifts which, according to St. Bernard, ought to adorn a cardinal's character, are thus quoted by Girolamo Plato, in his work, '*De Cardinalis dignitate et officio.* 'Sint compositi ad mores, probati ad sanctimoniam, parati ad obedientiam, mansueti ad patientiam, subjecti ad disciplinam, rigidi ad censuram, Catholici ad fidem, fideles ad dispensationem, concordes ad pacem, conformes ad unitatem. Sint in judicio recti, in concilio providi, in jubendo discreti, in disponendo industri, in agendo strenui, in loquendo modesti, in adversitate securi, in prosperitate devoti, in zelo sobrii, in misericordia non remissi, in ocio non ociosi, in hospitio non dissoluti, in convivio non effusi, in cura rei familiaris non anxii, alienæ non cupidi, suæ non prodigi, ubique et in omnibus circumspecti.

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candidates for whom Pope Gregory reserved the honour of the purple when he died in 1846. Pecci remained, however, a cardinal *in petto*, in spite of the good offices of the King of the Belgians, who solicited the new Pope, Pius IX., to fulfil the benevolent intentions of his predecessors. Seven years elapsed before Pius IX. could persuade himself to do justice to the candidate of Gregory's choice, a delay which was owing to the ill-will of Cardinal Antonelli, who dreaded the influence of an able man over the Pope's mind. At last, on the 19th of December, 1853, Pecci received the Hat, but for many years he was left in the cold at his See of Perugia, the Cardinal Secretary of State standing in the way of any preferment which might bring a dreaded rival too near the Vatican. In 1874, upon the death of Cardinal Barnabò, Prefect of the Propaganda, an English prelate, it was stated, suggested Pecci to the Pope as a man competent to fill the vacant place. 'Pecci,' pleaded the Englishman 'is so learned a man and so good a bishop.' 'Just so,' broke in the Pope, 'an excellent bishop, and we will leave him to take care of his diocese.' More recently another opening occurred. Upon the office of Pro-Datario becoming vacant by the death of Cardinal Vannicelli Casoni, Pecci relied on his appointment, and, leaving Perugia, he took up his quarters in Rome in the Falconieri Palace; but he was again unsuccessful, the place being given to Cardinal Sacconi; and it was only after the removal of Antonelli

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by death that Pecci obtained free access to the Pope, who in September, 1877, appointed him Cardinal-Camerlengo, a place which the Pope's death might at any time invest with supreme importance. Pius IX. had for some time expressed a wish to give that place, vacant in consequence of the death of Cardinal De Angelis, to Pecci, but it was understood either that the Holy Father had changed his mind, or that Pecci himself had declined the intended honour, pleading reasons which seem to have been satisfactory to his Holiness. Subsequently the Pope's choice was supposed to have fallen on Cardinal Panebianco, but it is not unlikely that objections arose on the part of this prelate also, inasmuch as it was well known that he was not without hope of attaining the highest rank in the hierarchy at the next Papal election, and there are but rare instances, and none recent, of a Camerlengo—who is looked upon as a Pope-maker, and who exercises the whole authority of a Pope during the *interregnum*—ever obtaining the votes of the Sacred College on his own behalf. The Pope, therefore, went back to his former choice, and overcame Pecci's resistance by that authority which made any decision of his, whether springing up spontaneously in his mind or adopted at the suggestion of his secret wire-pullers, a law for all his subordinates, at least during his lifetime. Thus Pecci became Camerlengo, and the chance of Panebianco's election to the Pontificate remained what it was.

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At that time the Romans described Pecci as a thin man, with a cold expression of countenance, a fine habitual smile, almost ironical, and a mixture of pride and acuteness, with a very deliberate and somewhat abrupt style of address. They gave him credit for a deep knowledge of the world and great dexterity in the management of its affairs.

Public opinion in Rome was less favourable to Cardinal Panebianco, the man who was supposed to have had a narrow escape of being made Camerlengo, and to have preserved thus his chance of becoming Pope, his promotion, it was said, being favoured both by Pius IX. and by a large party among the Italian members of the Sacred College. This Anton Maria Panebianco was a Sicilian, native of Terranova, sixty-nine years of age, and an old Franciscan monk. People attributed to him the character of an avaricious, ignorant, truculent man, bent on carrying out the retrograde ideas of Pope Pius IX., and on perpetuating the war between the Church and civil society.

It should be borne in mind that little was known about the cardinals, hardly any of them being ever seen in society since Rome ceased to be the Pope's city. This was especially the case with Pecci, who up to the time of his appointment was absolutely an obscure man out of Perugia. Be it observed that cardinals should always be looked upon as hereditary princes, whose characters remain riddles up to the day of their accession, and who often on the throne

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take pleasure in disappointing and astonishing those who attempted to prejudge them.

The long reign of Pius IX.—exceeding thirty-one years—had had the effect of removing from the Sacred College nearly all those cardinals who were instrumental in his elevation, and the very few—seven in number—who could boast any personal experience of the wheels within wheels working at what is called the manifestation of the Holy Spirit at a Conclave, were old men, too helpless from age or from bodily and mental infirmities to aspire to sway the deliberations of their younger colleagues.

The more recently created, as I have said, were mostly obscure men, with no important connections, and exercising no influence either on the Sacred College itself, or on the little Vatican community. No bold, magnanimous resolution, such as would have been the removal of the Conclave to Malta, or elsewhere, or the appointment of a new Pontiff by acclamation, could have been expected from any of them, nor could the attempt to cut the knot of scrutiny by an election *presente cadavere* have had any chance of success, because that would have required a perfectly unanimous vote; and even if there were unanimous agreement among the less scrupulous Italians, they could never have relied on the consent of the Transalpines, some of whom, like Howard and Hohenlohe, were present in Rome or in its immediate neighbourhood, and whose high honour and sense of justice would not have allowed

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them to be parties to what might be described as a priestly *escamotage* or sleight of hand, to the detriment of the right of their colleagues abroad. If, as was most probable, the Conclave was to be held in Rome, and if either the usual ten days, or even a longer period, was allowed for the Romeward journey of the Transalpine cardinals in Europe, hopes might be entertained that the election of a new Pope would be held with some regard to common decencies, and that the choice of the Sacred College would fall upon some enlightened and reasonable man, able to interpret the spirit of the age, and aware of the expediency of seeking something like a reconciliation of the Papal See with the Government of the King of Italy, and of the interests of true spiritual authority with the irresistible exigencies of civil progress.

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II.

Superannuated Cardinals: Amat, Asquini.—Influential Cardinals: Simeoni, Monaco La Valetta, Billio. — Franchi. — Di Pietro. De Luca, Mertel, Nina.—A disloyal Cardinal, Berardi.—Princely Cardinals: Chigi, Bonaparte.—Borromeo.—Panebianco again. —Odds and ends in the College: Martinelli, Pacca, Randi.— Jesuit Cardinals: Franzelin, Oreglia.—Rank and file of the College: Bartolini, Giannelli, D'Avanzo, Ferrieri. — Fanatic Cardinal, Caterini.

The death of Antonelli, who had got into the Pope's good graces by his adroitness and suppleness, and ended by imposing himself upon his Sovereign by absolute force, was felt as an immense relief by Pius IX., who hated his Secretary of State most cordially, was heard to call him 'Barabbas' behind his back, and would gladly have rid himself of him by any means, however violent, had any answering the purpose suggested themselves, or had it been safe, considering the secret relations existing between master and servant, and the strange vicissitudes they had gone through together for so many years. After the death of the great cardinal there was no other will in the Vatican than that of the little knot of private councillors, or courtiers, whose ideas the

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deluded Pontiff enforced as his own. Most of his original colleagues, or rivals in the College, and other men looked up to by him for their superior learning or elevation of character, De Angelis, Patrizi, Tosti, Bernabò and others, were either dead or appointed to distant sees, or too old and infirm to be in constant attendance upon their Sovereign. There still lived Amat, eighty-one years old, disabled by repeated apoplectic fits, Asquini in his seventy-sixth year, and other superannuated men, on none of whom the choice of a Conclave would fall, unless the Sacred College were a prey to hopeless division, when, as had happened before, the expedient of naming a Pope with a foot in the grave (*Papa di Tomba*)—*i.e.*, of provisionally filling the Papal chair for a few months, or days, with a view to a better organisation of the parties for a new trial of strength—might suggest itself.

Luigi Amat, a native of Cagliari, in the Island of Sardinia, at that time *Doyen* of the Sacred College, who was in his eighty-second year, and Fabio Maria Asquini, a Venetian, aged seventy-six, had been for a long time fixtures in Rome, where the former, as Bishop of Porta and Santa Rufina, resided in the Palace of the Cancelleria, the scene of the tragedy of Pellegrino Rossi, in 1849; and the latter, Asquini, was secretary of the Congregation of Briefs and Chancellor of the five chivalrous orders at the disposal of the Holy See, those of Christ, of Pius IX.,

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of St. Gregory the Great, of the Holy Sepulchre, and of St. Sylvester.

With respect to the Palace of the Cancelleria, it is related that upon the occupation of Rome by the troops of General Cadorna, that palace was, with all other public buildings not connected with the Church, claimed by the Italian Government, by whom it was destined for the accommodation of the courts of law, when Cardinal Amat appealed to General Cugia, like himself a native of the island of Sardinia, soliciting him to prevail upon King Victor Emmanuel to allow the Pope to retain possession of that grand and gloomy mediæval mansion, and it is to this private manœuvre between two Courts which were supposed to be debarred from all communication that Amat was indebted for his continuance in *his old* abode at the Cancelleria, and the Pope, for the satisfaction of seeing the banner with the cross keys still floating on its roof in the very heart of his *whilom* capital.

Amat, a contemporary of Pius IX., a man of noble blood and aristocratic tastes, grave, modest and simple, was for many years intimate with the Pope, with whom, as a *laudator temporis acti*, he complained of the decay of 'the men and manners of the good old times of whom only the memory survived,'—unconscious that his regret was a reproach to his Holiness, to whom was owing in a great measure the intrusion of so many low men in that

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Sacred College, into which it was once the custom to introduce only scholars and gentlemen.

Antonelli's place as Secretary of State was assigned to Cardinal Simeoni, a stranger to political life, whose youth was spent in poring over theological books, and whose time in later years was divided between the Confessional and the management of the affairs of the Propaganda. Simeoni had no control over the Pope's mind. He was no match for the fence of the old Pontiff, who had more social tact and knew the world better than his minister ; nor did Simeoni's positive theological knowledge avail him with a master who, against all argument, could take his stand on his own unerring judgment. Simeoni was, besides, entirely swayed by the Under-Secretary, Monsignor Lenti, the man who, still merely a parish priest in Rome, had been for many years the author of those Papal Encyclicals and Allocutions which had astonished and edified the Roman Catholic world.

A little more importance than belongs to the Secretary of State was at that epoch attached to a triumvirate of cardinals raised by the Pope to high offices, the first of whom was Lo Monaco La Valetta, the cardinal vicar. He was a native of Chieti, about fifty years old, which is youth for a cardinal. He was studious, ambitious, and combined a great amount of Neapolitan dexterity and versatility with the ordinary astuteness of a Roman prelate, and strove to win popularity among the lower clergy by his display of zeal in bettering their condition and

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relieving their grinding poverty, taking care all the time to reap all the benefit for himself when relief was bestowed, and to impute all denials of it to the harshness and obstinacy of the Pope himself.

Cardinal Billio was a monk, and owed his rise to the friendship of Father Vercellone, a brother with him in the same convent, who loved him as a son, and whose liberal principles made him obnoxious to the men in power to such an extent that, in spite of his great literary accomplishments, he was never allowed to emerge from the seclusion and obscurity of his cell. Billio, though a pupil of Vercellone and sharing his opinions, had however better fortune. As a Consultor in the Congregation of the Index, he had a hand in drawing up the famous Syllabus, and it was his zeal as a champion of its Articles that won him the cardinal's hat. Billio was a learned theologian, possessed great influence over the Sacred Congregations, had his own little knot of obsequious cardinals, and, as he was only fifty-one years old, was not without a chance of the papal tiara, if not at the impending Conclave, at some other more, or less remote period. He is a native of Alessandria, in Piedmont.

Cardinal Franchi was a Roman, of plebeian origin, skilful, yet not fortunate, in his diplomatic transactions. There was good reason to believe that Franchi aspired to the papacy. Had he succeeded, prone as he was to intrigue and wedded to the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, one might

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have looked forward to a Pope determined to make a stir in the world and to compromise the dignity of the Pontiff in pursuit of his ambition as a sovereign.

He was not, however, destined to realise or disappoint such expectations. After a brief contest with Pecci at the Conclave of last March, he yielded to the tide which was visibly setting in in favour of his rival, and accepted at his hand the office of Secretary of State, his death, in the autumn, in his fifty-ninth year, putting an end to his brief tenure of this lower dignity. Any importance that might a twelvemonth ago be attached to the above triumvirate, or to any other among those the enumeration of whose names will follow, rested at that time on the possibility of any of them obtaining a sufficiency of votes in the Conclave for himself, or exercising any influence on the result of the ballot, for otherwise a large majority of the cardinals were mere *fainéant* princes, waiting upon one whom age and infirmity were rapidly dooming to the *rôle* of a *fainéant* king. The Pope, whilst everything was being done in his name, was in reality day by day withdrawing from the management of public affairs, and leaving them in the hands of the Congregations, of which cardinals were usually the nominal heads, but the real minds and souls of which were the secretaries, many of them Jesuits, or in strict league and understanding with these fathers. These nineteen secretaries and those of the eleven Pontifical chanceries were in the latter years of Pius IX. as many popes.

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The men at that time in Rome, whose influence seemed likely to some extent to sway the deliberations of the Conclave were Di Pietro, De Luca, Mertel, and Nina.

Di Pietro was a Roman noble, seventy-two years old, of high and gentlemanly feelings, lavish of his money to the utmost extreme of extravagance, half ruined by the splendour with which he lived at the Portuguese and other foreign Courts as Nuncio, not aspiring to the Papacy for himself, but well disposed to back any moderate candidate that would be at the pains of suing for his vote and support. De Luca was a Sicilian, an earnest man, deeply learned, moderate, a man of action, well versed in worldly affairs, highly honourable, who had been Nuncio at Vienna, and had not given in to Austrian views. He kept up a brisk intercourse with men of liberal opinions, seeing them, however, not at his own residence, but here and there at friends' houses, or by preference, at their villas. He was in his seventy-second year. Mertel, a great jurist, a native of Allumière, seventy-one years old, was looked upon as one of the wisest and most moderate men of the Sacred College. He was one of the liberal friends of Pius IX. in 1848, willing to bow to the exigencies of the times, desirous that the upper clergy should have seats in Parliament as they have in France and Austria; or, in other words, that the Church should have its share in the State as its ally and not as its adversary. He was a slow, deliberate man, firm on

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the principle that in great matters, '*cunctando regitur mundus*,' adjourning every question, putting off all resolutions, but never swerving from the ground of strict legality and equity. A more desirable Pope could certainly nowhere have been found, but as surely he would never be Pope, for he was too modest and reserved, too much the reverse of an intriguing priest, either to put himself forward, or to occur to the minds of the intriguing priests, who wanted an intriguing Pope. Nina, a Roman, an intelligent, reasonable man, of unblemished reputation, was one of the rising men of the moderate party; he was said to grieve at the estrangement of the Church from the State, and wished the clergy to take as active a part in public affairs as might be compatible with the spirit of the age. Consolini, of Sinigaglia, seventy years old, an upright man, had also moderate instincts, but was swayed by Franchi, who paralysed his good will and neutralised his influence. He is the man, as Roman intelligence has told the world, to whom the present Pope has entrusted the office of Secretary of State, vacant by Franchi's death. As much could not be said of some of the Italian cardinals residing in the immediate vicinity of the Pope, and least of all of Berardi of Ceccano, born in 1810, the greatest and worst of Vatican busybodies, formerly Antonelli's 'substitute' or deputy in his office of Secretary of State, a man morally dead in the estimation of the Sacred College and of the public, owing to some treasonable intrigues in which he was

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strongly suspected of being mixed up with his brother Filippo, at the time of the campaign of Castelfidardo, when Lamoricière would certainly have shot Filippo, had he not been smuggled away and secreted by the Monsignor, his brother. Monsignor, or Cardinal Berardi's subsequent intercourse with men powerful in the councils of the Italian Government, especially with the Radicals, Mancini and Nicotera, whose favour he courted on behalf of that same brother, gravely compromised him with the Pope and his brother cardinals, among whom Berardi was known by the name of 'Priestly Cagliostro.'

I have said that men of high rank, and especially scions of old and ennobled Papal families, did not muster very strong in the roll of living cardinals, I might add that none of them could be said to enjoy a high standing either in the Church or State, and none were mentioned as likely candidates for the supreme preferment. One of them, Cardinal Chigi, of the princely Roman family of that name, born in Rome, sixty-seven years old, formerly a *Guardia Nobile*, although a stickler for the Temporal Power, has lived too long at various European Courts, especially at that of the Third Napoleon, to go the lengths of the most irreclaimable obscurantists. He was at this time and is still satisfied with a retired solitary life, but kept up a brisk correspondence with high and mighty personages, and was credited by his friends with a 'sublime but aimless ambition.'

Bonaparte, now the head of the house of Canino—

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the Roman branch descended from Lucien, brother of the First Napoleon—might have looked forward to a chance of the tiara, when, out of regard for his cousin, Napoleon III., Pius IX. bestowed upon him the cardinal's hat in 1868, he being then only in his fortieth year. He distinguished himself at the time of the Vatican Council by the effusion with which he was seen to prostrate himself before the statue of St. Peter, and to kiss its brazen toe on his way to and from the council-hall, in the transept of the great Basilica. But after the downfall of the Second Empire he kept almost altogether out of sight, and lived with his brother's family, both in town and country, a retired and ascetic life, highly edifying to his immediate neighbourhood. In his early youth, as a younger son of the Prince of Canino, the great demagogue of the Roman Republic of 1848-9, this Lucien Louis Joseph Bonaparte was also among the advanced liberals, but upon the restoration of Pius IX. he listened to the prudent advice of his versatile father, who destined him, at that time a younger son, to the Church, and won the goodwill of the Pope as one of his most pious and exemplary Monsignors. He is remarkable for his grave and pensive look, and for a truly Napoleonic brow and set of features, under which may, perhaps, lurk extraordinary powers which have not yet found an opportunity for development.

Borromeo, a man of fifty-five, and a scion of the well-known Milanese family of that name, which

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boasts six cardinals in its pedigree, one of whom is, and another deserves to be, a saint, has not as yet done much to add lustre to his noble house. He is satisfied with doing the honours of the Palazzo Altieri, where he resides, to the noble pilgrims who meet in his gilded saloons, and with the nominal presidency of the 'Society for the Promotion of Catholic interests,' whose circulars laid before him by the Loyola Fathers, bear his signature; and he fancies himself, in good faith, the chief mover, the head and heart of the association.

Glancing now at a few other cardinals resident in Rome, I shall return to Panebianco, Pecci's rival at the time of the appointment of this latter to the office of Camerlengo, and more lately his unsuccessful competitor at the Conclave. Panebianco, the Romans think, is a fierce and most obstinate monk, learned in theology, but belonging to a school ever ready to doom their neighbours 'to the gallows in this life and to a worse place in the other.' He is harsh, hard, fanatical, his temper being tried by a sleeplessness which has been tormenting him these many years. They describe him as a short thick-set man, of an austere, rugged, gnarled visage, formidable to his attendants. Strongly attached to his old monastic associations, he still eats out of the wooden bowl he used in his convent, limits himself to the same food, works by the light of the same lamp, and sleeps on the same hard board. The necessity of having to put up with footmen, horses and carriage and a de-

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cent apartment weighs upon him as the most irksome slavery.' He is said to be an arrant miser, grudging his servants' wages, and even those of his private chaplain, whom Pius IX. had to indemnify out of his own privy purse. When it was known that this Capuchin had been raised to the purple, bets were made in Rome that he would also rise to the throne, and would be another Sixtus V., fully as grisly, and possibly as strong-headed, energetic and absolute. It is said that these predictions caused umbrage and uneasiness to Pius IX., who did not like the idea of such a successor, and kept him at arm's length, humouring thus the fancy of the monk, who for his own part was crabbed and unsociable. Those who think of the Papacy as an institution endowed with a vitality which will enable it to weather any storm, might tell us what would happen if such an uncouth personage as Panebianco had succeeded as candidate in the Conclave of last March, or were to win the votes of the Sacred College at the next election.

Not a few of the other luminaries revolving round the Vatican firmament are also oddities in their way, and perplex those who would wish to account for the motives which may have determined their promotion. Martinelli, a Tuscan, native of Lucca, born in 1827, and created a cardinal in 1873, went to sleep one evening a mere sacristan of St. Augustin's church, being a monk of the Augustinian order, and awoke in the morning a cardinal, to the great wonder and amusement of the Romans. He is not of much

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account among the cardinals. His promotion is supposed to be owing to a mere whim—a 'hysteric fit,' the Romans say—of the self-willed Pius IX. Pacca is an accomplished courtier, making up by his skill in that capacity for his want of knowledge and culture; he affects connoisseurship in art, and patronises artists, but he has no ideas, or opinions, and takes care to go with the stream in everything and side with the greater number. He is a native of Benevento, and sixty years old. Randi, of Bagnacavallo, now in his sixty-first year, was Governor of Rome and Director of Police till 1870. He thinks little knowledge and a free use of the gallows are the best requisites for a ruler, and grounds his theory on his own practice and experience. He is a collector of old coins, and the Romans make fun of his squinting 'prismatic' eyes.

The Jesuits are rather scantily represented in the Sacred College, the love they bear to their order disinclining them to leave it even for the sake of the highest promotion. One of them is Franzelin, a German, though born at Altino, and raised to the purple in his sixtieth year. He is a modest, reserved man, cares little for the world's consideration, despises all vanities, and is widely and deeply learned. He possesses no personal influence, but it should not be forgotten that he is one of that Loyola brotherhood whose motto is '*Un pour tous, tous pour un.*' Ozeglia di Santo Stefano, born at Bene, in Piedmont, in 1828, is also a Jesuit, but grossly ignorant and fanatical.

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There remains to be mentioned Bartolini, formerly Apostolical Protonotary, a Roman by birth, sixty-four years of age, of unknown parentage, but enriched by the inheritance of an anonymous father. To be qualified for ordination he required a special Pontifical dispensation, '*ob defectum natalis.*' His opinions are moderate, but he was scarcely true to them when he wrote his historical essay on Pope Zachariah, a Pontiff who, for the sake of peace and for the good of the Church, gave up the temporal possessions of the Church to Astolfo, King of the Lombards, to reserve to himself the right of free election of the bishops. Bartolini endeavoured in his work to falsify history, and did it to win the Pope's goodwill, and obtain from him some ecclesiastical preferment to gratify an ambition which with him amounted to a monomania. Cardinal Giannelli, of Terni, seventy years old, brother of the Royal Commissioner of the Roman Railways, was Pontifical Nuncio at the late Bourbon Court of the Two Sicilies; had a thorough knowledge of the world, was temperate, cool-headed, dexterous, and apt to laugh at other people's human passions and weaknesses. In the Conclave he voted, as was expected, among the moderates. The same could hardly be the case with D'Avanzo, Bishop of Calvi and Teano, born at Avella in 1811, who owed his rise to the zeal he displayed at the Vatican Council as an out-and-out champion of the dogma of Infallibility.

Ferrieri, of Fano, born in 1810, is a man of less

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than middling capacity, though not without knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs. He was known as a miser, who had no opinions of his own, and would try to ascertain which way the wind blew, and sail with it. Caterini, a native of Onano, was in his eighty-third year, but in possession of all his faculties, and had all the vitality and fierceness which distinguished the late Cardinal De Angelis, who died last year a twelvemonth older than Pius IX. Caterini was one of the most implacable foes to all conciliation or compromise. Accustomed to rule, some of these aged prelates have acquired a habit of absolute command which makes them almost respectable. They know what they want, and have little hope that the fulfilment of their wishes may come to pass in their lifetime; hence their intolerance, misanthropy, and irascibility.

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III.

Cardinals in Italian Dioceses: Guidi, Parrochi, Antonucci, Sacconi, Carafa di Traetto.

THESE are, or were, the cardinals resident in Rome, under the various titles of palatine cardinals, court cardinals, or *cardinali di curia*, or as bishops of the suburban dioceses. They are not in all cases the most conspicuous or deserving men, because courtly jealousy, especially under the rule of Antonelli, would not brook very high merit in its immediate vicinity, and took care to send possible rivals either to distant bishoprics, or to some provincial offices with few opportunities for distinction or advancement. De Angelis, Pecci, Carafa di Traetto, and others were thus kept in perpetual, though honourable, banishment by the hostility of the cardinal State Secretary.

Among the Italian cardinals away from Rome one might see the same divergence of views, the same contrast of characters, the same inconsistency between private conviction and public profession which have been noted among the resident or home cardinals. Cardinal Guidi, a native of Bologna, a man of obscure birth, seventy-two years of age, Bishop of

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Albano, a good scholar of divinity, was one of the very few Italians who dared openly to impugn the dogma of Infallibility at the Œcumenical Council, and has been tabooed at the Vatican ever since that time. His brave conduct lost him the Pope's favour and the archbishopric of Bologna. He knows what are in these days the true interests of the Church and the exigencies of civil society. As a contrast to Guidi, Cardinal Parocchi, Archbishop of Bologna, a young man, lately promoted, had talents, high spirits, good courage, a combative disposition, but was among the *Intransigenti* or fight *à outrance* men. Mancini, the Italian Minister of Grace and Justice, refused him the *Exequatur*, and it was a mistake, for Parocchi's party looked upon him as a possible candidate for the Papacy. He painted himself to the life when, as a member of the Catholic press, addressing the Pope in its name, he declared that its writers would 'fight against civilisation and progress to the last drop of their blood, to say nothing of their ink.' With all his ability Parocchi is a mere caricature of Monsignor Nardi, the late editor of the *Voce della Verità;* fully as bold and savage, but not his equal in culture and in his rare versatility of mind. Canossa, Bishop of Verona, and sprung from the noblest family of that city, was also an enraged bigot, but with faculties out of proportion to his fierce instincts. He also might have had some chance of the supreme rank in the Church, had his party obtained the upper hand in the Conclave.

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Antonucci, a native of Subiaco, seventy-nine years old, for very many years Bishop of Ancona, a learned man, of a gentle, peaceful disposition, was one of the few bishops in the former Papal provinces who never gave trouble to the Italian Government. Sacconi, of Montalto, now in his sixty-ninth year, Bishop of Palestrina, cannot boast much erudition, either secular, or ecclesiastical. Politically he is a poor-spirited man, not overladen with good sense, and apt to commit himself and show want of consistency. He went as Nuncio to Paris, and came back with no increased reputation for cleverness. He has been very earnest in promoting his relations and favouring his hangers-on. Carafa di Traetto, Archbishop of Benevento, of a noble Papal family of Naples, where he was born in 1805, is a man of mild disposition, and submissive to the authorities of the Italian kingdom. He lives in retirement in his obscure diocese, appearing in Rome as little as he can contrive, though he is a near relative of several of the highest families, and especially of Prince Orsini.

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IV.

Foreign Cardinals.—What might have been expected of them.—What was obtained from them.—French Cardinals.—Their Ultramontane tendencies.—Donnet.—Guibert.—Bonnechose.—Brossais St. Marc.—Regnier.—Pitra.—De Falloux.—Caverot—Spanish and Portuguese Cardinals.—German and Austrian Cardinals.—Hohenlohe, Schwartzenberg.—Simor.—English, Irish, and American Cardinals.—Manning.—Italian opinion of Manning.—Howard.—Cullen.—MacCloskey.

THE foreign cardinals, or crown cardinals, as they are called, never perhaps since the great schism were so numerous as they had become towards the close of the Pontificate of Pius IX. Upon his return from Gaëta, the Pope seemed aware of the expediency of cutting the Church from her Italian moorings, and surrounding himself with foreign prelates which should give his Court somewhat more of the character of a Cosmopolitan, or Catholic establishment. It was then that De Merode, Talbot of Malahide, De Falloux, and in later times Stonor and Howard, were offered places among the household prelates, offices which proved irksome and burdensome to some of them, as they were thus exposed to the envy and ill-will of those native Monsignori, who enjoyed the Pope's favour and abused it. Consider-

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ing the prejudices that most foreign nations harbour against the Italians, it is difficult to conceive how it could be that the Catholic Church was for so many ages allowed to have its seat south of the Alps. Foreign Catholics are always ready to complain that the Italians have too long monopolised the Papacy, clinging to that temporal sovereignty of which they had the exclusive inheritance. The Italian clergy are accused of having suffered their avarice and ambition to interfere with the sacred ministry, of having been of the world, worldly. It was on them that lay the charge of having altered the Constitution of the Church, which was by the very nature of its original institution a Republic, a federal, representative Commonwealth, turning it into a strict, irresponsible, absolute Monarchy. It was the Italians, it is urged, who have Italianised the Church, given their own element in the Sacred College and in the Œcumenical Council an overwhelming preponderance; and since Trent, and till the late Vatican assemblage, done away with the Councils and swamped all Transalpine opposition by the packed vote of a home hierarchy—two hundred and sixty or more Italian archbishops and bishops—obedient to the dictates of a sovereign in his dotage, in his turn swayed by the promptings of courtiers, whose wisdom was low cunning. One would think that the foreign cardinals, that the prelates of more free and more advanced nations, must feel the unfairness with which they have so long been treated; that they

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would be aware of the injury the Church has suffered from this localisation of her Government, by the subserviency of her lofty mission to the exigencies of an exploded, mundane policy; that they would wish for a return to the teachings of that Divine Master who declared and intended His kingdom not to be of this world, and that, if they did not with their own hands dethrone that monstrosity of a Pope-King, they would, at least, accept *faits accomplis*, and thank Providence for that consummation which has emancipated the Church from Italian or Roman thraldom, and enabled them, if not to remove the seat of Christendom from the Tiber, at least to neutralise the baneful ascendency of deep-rooted local abuse and corruption by claiming their due share in the Church government—*i.e.*, more equitable proportions in the College of Cardinals and among the members of the Œcumenical Councils. The Conclave, which was to follow upon the decease of Pius IX., and the Council which might naturally be expected to be held by the new Pope at his accession, would be the first for many years in which the exigencies of the Temporal Power would no longer be paramount over all considerations of spiritual interests, the first in which foreign cardinals and prelates, as representatives of their clergy and laity, would meet their Italian brethren, if not numerically, at least potentially, on equal terms. They would have the first opportunity of holding their own; of standing up for the real universality of

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the Church; for a Church which should be Catholic and Apostolic, but no longer Roman; a Church, the head of which might still be the Italian Primate, in which there might still be a Pope; but one whose sway should be tempered by the sound views, by the wholesome checks, by the trusty guidance of advisers equally chosen by and fairly representing the faithful of civilised and free countries throughout the world.

The views and wishes of the Italian cardinals with respect to the expediency of carrying on the war with the Civil Powers were so discordant and evenly balanced as to offer a chance to their Transalpine brethren of having a casting vote in the Conclave. Among the Italian clergy, and even in the Sacred College, there was a party who longed for reconciliation with the Italian kingdom and for the abandonment of those claims to a Temporal Sovereignty which had involved the long Pontificate of Pius IX. in an unequal conflict as disreputable as it had proved disastrous. There were among the Italian cardinals 'moderate' as well as 'uncompromising' men. Had the foreign cardinals, who mustered twenty-six strong, been of one mind as to the necessity of a compromise, all the probabilities would have been in favour of a peaceful arrangement, and there might have been safety for Italy, and dignity, purity, and a more legitimate ascendency for the Church.

Unfortunately anything like unanimity was hardly to be expected among the Transalpine

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members of the Sacred College. There were seven French cardinals, and most of them ranked among the blindest and most implacable Ultramontanes. Were the Church truly universal and emancipated from baneful Italian thraldom, the 'Eldest Daughter' would be entitled to a decided preponderance, and the French cardinals would have more votes in the Conclave than the Italians themselves. The French had their own experience of a Pope-King within their boundaries, and their sympathies ought to have been enlisted on behalf of the country which has dealt with Rome and the Patrimony on the same principles as they themselves applied in the case of Avignon and the Comtat. But nearly all the French cardinals, like many of their Italian brethren, were swayed by political considerations. They also aspired to base on temporal authority a power which should rest on spiritual ascendency. To gain an undue preponderance in the councils of their own Government, they used it as an instrument in support of Papal pretensions. The French look upon Rome and Catholicism as the appanage of the successor of Pepin and Charlemagne, and the most sceptical among their statesmen uphold the Vatican throne as a matter of permanent French concern and an invariable rule of French policy. The greatest number of French cardinals living dated from the Second Empire, and were in most cases imposed upon the Pontiff's choice by the inconsistent ruler who thought he could make Italy and the Papacy

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equally subservient to his own purposes. French prelates were the loudest and most unscrupulous upholders of the dogma of Infallibility. Through them the emulous French nation sold its own birthright at the Vatican Council in its anxiety to doom its Italian sister to perpetual division and servitude.

Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, eighty-two years old, and a member of the Sacred College since 1852, owed his promotion to the zeal he, as a member of a Republican Assembly, displayed in support of the French expedition which brought back Pius IX. from Gaëta. Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, and formerly of Tours, now in his seventy-fifth year, deserved by his unlimited obsequiousness to the Vatican the preference he obtained over the abler and not less faithful, but more conscientious and independent, Dupanloup. The same merits rather than his undeniable learning in Oriental languages and his services as Librarian of the Holy Roman Church, which bound him to a residence in Rome, favoured the advancement of Pitra, a native of Champforgueil, who is a Benedictine monk. He was born in 1812, and was fifty years old when he received the Red Hat. Regnier, Archbishop of Cambrai, Brossais de Saint Marc, Archbishop of Rennes, and Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, all elderly prelates—Regnier, seventy, Brossais de Saint Marc seventy-four, and Bonnechose born with the century—were distinguished advocates of Papal Infallibility at the Vatican

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Council. They are men wedded to old-world ideas, ignoring the exigencies of the age they live in, very patterns of the most stubborn Ultramontanism. Bonnechose, a man of aristocratic birth, strongly attached to the privileges of his rank, made himself conspicuous in the Senate of the Second Empire by his vindication and almost apotheosis of the Pontifical Government, the institutions of which he contrasted with those of France, giving the former the palm not only of greater wisdom, but of more thorough liberalism. De Falloux, a Frenchman, and brother of that De Falloux who was a minister of the French Republic of 1849, when the French expedition against the sister republic in Rome was resolved upon, has been a fixture in the Papal city for the last forty years, and is well known as a good-looking Monsignore, elegant and even foppish in his clerical costume, addicted, it is asserted, to those practices which make human faces 'beautiful for ever.' The only moderate man among the French cardinals may be found in Caverot, Archbishop of Lyons, who was 'hatted' in the month of December, 1877. He is the primate of all the Gauls; his diocese was the last stronghold of Gallicanism, and it was only by an extreme strain of overbearing Pontifical authority that the Roman Missal was imposed upon it two years ago, thus effacing every rite and right, every trace of that primitive Church, to the great sorrow and disgust of its well-thinking clergy.

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From the Iberian Peninsula, the land of Dominic and Loyola, it would have been idle to expect light to be thrown on the deliberations of the Conclave. There were four Spanish cardinals—Moreno, Archbishop of Toledo, born at Guatemala in 1817; Barrio y Fernandez, Archbishop of Valencia, born at Jaca in 1805; Lastra y Cuesta, Archbishop of Seville, born in Cuba in 1803; and Garcia Gil, Archbishop of Saragossa, sixty-three years old, one of the last creations of Pope Pius IX. in the autumn of last year. To these may be added the colonial prelates — Benavides, Patriarch of the Indies; and Paya y Rico, Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. Portugal had also its cardinal—Moraes Cardoso, a native of Murca, of a noble family, Archbishop of Lisbon. Of all these seven Iberians hardly anything was known in Rome, or even at the Vatican itself, by which they were passively appointed on the recommendation of their respective Governments, or of the nuncios thereto accredited. They would all vote for Papal Sovereignty as well as for Papal Infallibility as a mere matter of duty.

It is only from the more earnest and stubborn Teutonic races, from the countrymen of Martin Luther and John Knox, that something like independence of mind and character might have been looked for; though it was doubtful whether, in Conclave as in Council, the courage which they might show during the contest would be followed by consistency in a protest after defeat; for an alternative

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between submission and schism was more than any of them had dared to confront when put to the test ten years before.

The fifteen to twenty millions of Catholics of the German Empire were represented in the College by Prince Gustavus Adolphus Hohenlohe, a native of Rothenburg, in Bavaria, born in 1823, of the younger branch of the Hohenlohe-Walsenburg-Schillingfurst family. He was created a cardinal priest in 1866, and was intended to be a resident at the Vatican Court, but ranged himself among the staunchest opponents of the dogma of Infallibility at the Œcumenic Council, and at its close withdrew to Germany, whence Bismarck proposed to send him back as German ambassador to the Vatican, a priest seeming to him the fittest person to be accredited to a priestly Court. Upon the Pope refusing to receive Hohenlohe in that capacity, the cardinal tarried in Germany till actually summoned to his post upon the same threat which brought back the refractory Cardinal d'Andrea. Hohenlohe had only a *pied à terre* in Rome at an obscure religious house, near the Trajan forum, but his usual residence was at Tivoli, in the famous Villa d'Este, made over to him by the ex-Duke of Modena. In Rome he was looked upon as an acknowledged foe to Jesuitism, and to that fabric of Papal authority, both temporal and spiritual, which Jesuitical intrigue reared on the packed vote of the Vatican Council. In a Conclave he might be presumed to be well acquainted with Bismarck's

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mind, and both able and willing to work it out to the full extent of his powers. Hohenlohe might, in all probability have relied on the co-operation of Prince Frederic Schwarzenberg, a brother of the head of that great Austrian family, who, born at Vienna in 1809, was created Archbishop of Salzburg when twenty-five years old, and promoted to the See of Prague by an imperial decree in 1849. He was already a cardinal in 1842, and, like Hohenlohe, was one of those magnates upon whom the Court of Rome is compelled, *nolens volens*, to bestow Church honours and dignities at their Sovereign's bidding. Schwarzenberg is also a member of the Austrian (Cisleithan) House of Lords. Learning, as well as birth and rank, gives him great influence among the clergy of the Empire, and his mere presence could not have failed to carry great weight at the Conclave. With Strossmayer and other prelates of his country, Schwarzenberg made a good stand against Infallibility in the Vatican Council, and at the sitting of May 18, 1870, he closed his speech with the following warning or threat, which may be fraught with no little significance for the future. 'It is asserted,' he said, 'that you are really convinced of the truth of this dogma; but, were it even so, you will not pretend that either I or my companions should acknowledge as truth what seems to us absurd, and if you insist on doing so you may be sure there will be schisms and apostasies in the Roman Church.' Schwarzenberg further proposed in an international

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meeting of bishops to send a deputation to the Pope to speak out their minds on the subject of Infallibility, and himself headed the deputation, having with him the then Archbishops of Paris and Lyons, the Archbishop of Milan, and the Bishop of Halifax. The Pope heard what they had to say, and did as he had intended. Cardinal Simor, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, was, like Schwarzenberg, forced upon the Pope by the Imperial Government, acting in compliance with the wishes of the liberal Andrassy Administration. His vote might be reckoned on as consonant with that of the Austrian primate. Simor was born at Stuhlweissemburg in 1813, and was made a cardinal in his sixtieth year. In opposition to the Germans, there was for a long time in Rome the Polish Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen, a fanatic politician, who played the part of a martyr at the Vatican, and offered himself as a forlorn hope in the contest between Church and State all over the world. The so-called Catholic League has been chiefly organised and is directed by him. He has been a cardinal since 1875; he was born at Gork in 1822.

Of one of the two English cardinals more was known in England than men knew in Rome. Manning was admitted into the Sacred College about three years ago, not without some reluctance on the part of the Vatican Court, who objected to him as a man who had been married; they besides still somewhat mistrusted his late and sudden conversion, and

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dreaded that *trop de zèle* which at Rome is deemed as ill-befitting a prelate of rank as an ambassador. His Italian colleagues also, strange to say, found fault with Manning's literary activity, and with the freedom with which he allows his name to appear in print in reviews or magazines known for their eclectic and therefore neutral and liberal character, risking companionship with such divines as the Dean of Westminster, or with such politicians as Mr. Gladstone. The pen, they think, may be as good as the sword to open the world's oyster, but when one has secured the prize, when one has reached a very high rank in the world with the chance of attaining the highest, a mania for scribbling simply evinces a disposition to gratify vanity at the expense of loftier ambition. This, I repeat, was the view current about Dr. Manning at the Vatican. The Italian party in Rome judged him more favourably; they knew him to be an Englishman; gave him credit for being a highly intelligent, practical man, inclined to accommodate himself to the spirit of the age and the necessities of a difficult situation. They asserted that this disposition to compromise had exposed him to remonstrances, annoyances, and even to a rather pressing invitation to Rome by the Pontiff, but they had no fear that his firmness and frankness would belie themselves, even in his intercourse with his Holiness. No one in Rome dreamt that Cardinal Manning would ever be Pope, nor is he credited with any ambition in that respect. His aspiration, the

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Italians thought, was merely to bring his country back into the Catholic fold. He was thought to be 'a Romanist, if you please, but an Englishman first,' and was supposed to be willing to renounce not only the hope of himself sitting on the throne of St. Peter, but even of ever seeing that throne restored to its former earthly authority, if he could only trust to be able in his lifetime to make good his fond prophecy about celebrating mass in Westminster Abbey. The Italians have learnt to know Manning better. Signor Bonghi, who placed this English cardinal's reputation above that of any other member of the College, and to whom he gave credit for great learning, an ardent and firm character, and rare ability as a writer, saw reason to alter the estimate he had made of his liberal tendencies: 'Nothing,' he says, 'better proves the power exercised by institutions on individuals, and the prevailing influence of a religious sentiment over all other instincts of human nature, than the fact that Manning, an Englishman, brought up with the ideas of a free nation, and by no means disposed to renounce for himself or for his countrymen any of those liberties and rights which are part of their existence, in any question concerning the Church and its connection with the State is one of the most obstinate, antiquated, and inflexible of men. At the present moment one of the weightiest points on which the Sacred College will have to deliberate is this: "Of what consequence is the Temporal Power in the exercise of the spiritual authority of

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the Church? Is it of such moment that the Pontificate should consider it the main aim and end of its policy?" And these two questions are already prejudged by Manning in his recent writings on "The Independence of the Holy See," where both are met with an affirmative answer.'

Cardinal Howard, formerly an officer in the Queen's Life Guards, a member of the Duke of Norfolk's family, came to Rome very young, and was known as the 'handsomest prelate of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.' He was for many years an attendant at the Vatican as one of the Household Monsignori, and became strongly attached to the person of the Pope, who, for his own part, showed the utmost regard to this scion of the most illustrious English Roman house. Howard was apparently less acceptable to Antonelli; and it was only after the death of his Secretary of State that Pius IX. was able last year to fulfil the desire he long harboured in his heart of bestowing the purple on his young English friend. Cardinal Howard is a right-minded liberal man, of a somewhat retiring disposition, but free-handed, charitable, and splendid in his liberalities, by which he made himself conspicuous, especially at Frascati, where he was for some time in charge of the diocese—and, I need hardly add, an accomplished gentleman in his address and behaviour. He has a good library, and spends most of his time in it. The Italians, among whom he has many devoted friends, look upon him as a

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thoroughly practical man, unlikely to cherish any delusions as to the real prospects of the Temporal Power, and convinced that the loss of it will be clear gain for the Church. Of Cardinal Cullen, who had been a member of the Sacred College for eleven years, and was then in his seventy-fifth year, and who is now dead, the Italians only knew that he was an Irishman, and in their opinion sure, therefore, to follow any course which could put him into total contradiction with his English colleagues; for it is a matter of general belief in Rome that antagonism to England is the only motive of Irish action. The Italians are convinced that Ireland stuck to Rome in the sixteenth century merely because England went asunder from it; and they take it for granted that Ireland would at once fall into Protestantism, or into no matter what other heresy, the moment England made a sign of going back to the Pope. MacCloskey, a man, it is supposed, of Irish extraction, but born in 1801 at Brooklyn, near New York, and archbishop of that diocese, was not long enough in Rome to enable people to form any estimate of his character. He was, they say, a cheerful, convivial sort of a man, very much astonished at many things he saw in that city, and above all things at seeing himself there.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE KING'S DEATH.

I.

New Year's Day 1878.—Expectation of the Pope's death.—Affairs in Italy.—Anxious thoughts on the King's mind—Weakness and incapacity of the King's Government.—Financial and administrative disorders.—Seeds of disunion.—The Army.—A thunderbolt from a clear sky.—The King's illness.—His death.

THE first of January, 1878, rose in Italy under ominous apprehensions. The King held his usual levée at the Quirinal, and following the practice which had been introduced by his late ally the Emperor Napoleon III., he allowed some dark political allusions to fall among the gracious and benevolent words by which he returned the greetings of the various dignitaries of the Court and State, and of the representatives of foreign Powers. What the King really meant was perhaps not very clearly spoken, or not very faithfully reported. An attempt was made to contradict or explain away some of his most pointed utterances, and a controversy arose about them in the public prints which was not calculated to allay the general uneasiness, and only made matters worse.

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The King had said, or been made to say, to the superior officers of his army and navy that it behoved them to keep themselves and their forces in perfect readiness, as 'events might arise in which Italy would have to put forth all her strength in order that she might be respected and feared.' As he had not, at the same time, failed to declare that all foreign Powers had given him full and constant assurances of their goodwill and friendship, and as in the Russo-Turkish war, then at its height, Italy had adhered to a policy of neutrality which had suited all parties, the impending collision which Victor Emmanuel seemed to look forward to could only have reference to one subject—the long expected Papal election, and the consequences direct, or indirect, that its issue might bring with it.

Speculation about the health of Pius IX. had nearly ceased. In spite of incessant contradictory reports it was now positively known that the Holy Father was rapidly sinking, and the opinion of most rational men was that, although he had been allowed to see the beginning of the first month in the new year, he could have no hope of prolonging his existence to its end. It was the height of the Roman season, and the idle strangers whom the place attracts at this time were not as numerous as usual, but ecclesiastics of high rank crowded their familiar haunts, and at their gatherings it was evident that they were only busy with one thought—the Conclave. Cardinal Manning and other Trans-

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alpine Church dignitaries had made themselves conspicuous at the Vatican, and they were supposed to be at the head of a party who advised that the Pope's death should be the signal for the migration of the Sacred College to Trent, to Malta, to some place in Spain or the Balearic Islands—to some spot where the deliberations of the Conclave should be allowed that freedom which would be denied in Rome, or anywhere in Italy. That an Ultramontane plot to that effect, if it really existed, and if it had any chance of winning over a sufficient majority of the members of the Sacred College, would cause King Victor Emmanuel some disquietude, was indeed intelligible, but it is not easy to see what good an appeal to the bravery and activity of his troops could do in the case, for Italy was certainly not prepared, and would in no event be tempted to use force to thwart the wishes of the cardinals if they were bent on travelling. But the idea that the Roman question would in the end lead to an open rupture between Italy and France was deeply rooted in the minds of both nations, and the attitude assumed by Marshal MacMahon at the time of his threatened *coup d'état* had inspired the clerical party in France with an assurance which did not fail to create a corresponding alarm among the liberals in Italy; and although the Marshal-President, placed in the alternative of having to '*se soumettre ou se démettre*,' had shown a disposition to kiss the rod, and bow to the manifest will of the nation, matters

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were not yet deemed so permanently settled as not to leave some room for serious complications, should the Conclave take such a turn as might revive the hopes of Ultramontanism and call down the animadversion of the Catholic nations against 'usurping and sacrilegious' Italy. For the Italians had '*mangé du Pape*' a food proverbially apt to cause lasting indigestion.

Against these difficulties, eventually fraught with dangers, the King could not help feeling that he had no valid support in his government. For the second Depretis Administration was scarcely installed, and it already gave signs of being more inefficient and rickety, and more universally unpopular than the first Depretis Cabinet had been. It had now become manifest to all men, as it had before been clear to not a few, that the Left, Progressive, or Radical party in Italy had not in itself the elements to form a government. It was noisy enough in opposition, because it made then common cause with Mazzinianism and Garibaldianism; but upon attaining office, it became aware of the necessity of cutting itself adrift from those dangerous associates, and even coming to terms with some of the less uncompromising politicians of the opposite, or Moderate and Conservative party. A Government of the Left under Rattazzi had in every instance been a coalition, something neutral and amphibious. But Depretis, though the rise of his party into power had been merely the result of a great split on the opposite side, had aspired to the

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glory of building a *bonâ fide* Cabinet of the Left, and the result had been that he had found himself rowing in the same boat with a set of incapable colleagues, and with them subjected to the pilotage of one Nicotera, who without any great ability carried everything by sheer audacity and unscrupulousness. Nicotera swamped the first Depretis Cabinet, and Crispi, who took his place, was equally sure to wreck the second, because although more capable, and on the whole, more honest, he also belonged to that exaggerated Danton school which carries daring to recklessness and foolhardiness.

The King's Government was weak, when the situation would have required a strong hand. Independently of any foreign difficulty or of any Church and State entanglement to which the long-expected Papal election might give rise, the country had to contend with its chronic financial and administrative disorders, a crushing taxation, a depreciated currency and other evils which people, however long compelled to submit to, had not yet become accustomed to bear, and was labouring under the new complaints of a Railway question which Zanardelli, the Minister of Public Works, had strenuously endeavoured and egregiously failed to solve, and of a Municipal distress in some of the most important cities, especially Florence and Naples, the first of which owing partly to adverse circumstances, but chiefly to the extravagance of its Syndic, Peruzzi, was now threatened with bankruptcy, and had applied to

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the Central Government for relief; whilst the other was in the hands of a Syndic or Mayor, the Duke of Sandonato, on whose brain the sense of power and greatness seemed to cause the same softening effect as it had on his countryman's, Masaniello; it crazed him, yet so gorgeously wrapt up and disguised him that the town never perceived his madness till it was ruined by the consequences.

The army to which the King alluded, and with the appearance, training and discipline of which he declared himself highly delighted, fully deserved his praises, but it had lately been hurt by the sweeping measures of General Mezzacapo, Depretis' colleague at the War Office, who had put on the shelf the ablest, bravest, and most popular generals—Cadorna, Petitti, and others—and promoted untried young men, alleging as a reason that these latter would better fall in with the views of the new system by which he intended to reform the service, but in reality, as it was thought, in obedience to feelings of professional and municipal jealousy, which indisposed him against those veterans, mostly Piedmontese, and inclined him to show preference to new men, who were for the most part Neapolitans, being himself a Neapolitan.

For it was a fact, and little good would come of concealing it, that the evil seeds of municipalism, provincialism, or, as it is now properly called, '*regionalism*,' which the happy tide wafting Italy to independence seemed to have smothered and withered, were

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beginning to break forth and bud afresh through the thin layers of the soil of the newly-united country, and a decided antagonism between North and South was especially perceptible.

The fine look and the substantial worth of that army could not hide from the King the fact that the costs of the military and naval establishments—the money wasted in mammoth guns and leviathan iron-clads—were among the chief causes of the exhaustion of the treasury, though the King was somewhat blind and deaf, sore and obdurate on the subject; nor could he be put into better humour by the thought that all that warlike machinery for which there might never be a chance of employment in foreign service, was of no very great use as a guardian of internal peace and security, and that all its bravery had barely been sufficient to put down brigandage and the *Camorra* at Naples, and had been an even less efficient instrument in overcoming the Mafia and the *ricatti*, or highway kidnapping for ransom, in Sicily.

All these grievances of the country, though they might weigh rather heavily on the King's mind, and on that of those who wished Italy to learn to *far da sè*, to be morally as well as politically independent, did not claim more than a passing thought from the generality of the King's subjects, for the all-engrossing topic was the Pope's fast-ebbing life, and the vague notion that his death would bring the removal of any anxiety as to the future of the

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country. During the latter days of December the King had regularly sent messengers to the Vatican to inquire into the state of the Pope's health, and there was even a report—which turned out to be unfounded—that he had himself, in a plain dress and a modest brougham, late at night been driven to the Papal Palace, had obtained admission, and spent an hour with the Pope in private conference. What seems more certain is that after New Year's Day, upon the second Depretis Cabinet being formed, the King, through a private messenger, assured the Pope that the ministerial modification would in no-wise alter the relations between his Government and the Holy See, and that the law of Papal Guarantees would be scrupulously respected. No doubt the reverence and affection the King had always felt for the Pontiff would have been sufficient to prompt these loving attentions, but mixed with them there must have been the interest which he felt in common with all his people about the consummation of an imminent and inevitable event which was to have so great an influence over the destinies of the country.

How far was the poor King from imagining that another and a more closely-impending catastrophe would give a sudden and new turn to men's thoughts, greatly modify and almost minimise the importance of the occurrence for which he was preparing, and enable him to advance by his own death that cause which he had always so bravely and so loyally

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served throughout his lifetime? Little more than a week from that New Year's Day had elapsed before the King was dead.

He had come to Rome on the 19th of November, when Parliament met, and in a few sittings settled the fate of Nicotera, and of the first Depretis Cabinet. There had been hard labour at the Quirinal to repair that shattered fabric, and the King had been greatly harassed by the complication of grave political questions, of which his advisers ill-knew how to compass a solution. On the 20th December, while the crisis still continued, he had been summoned to the North by the grave illness of Rosina, Countess Mirafiori, whom he had left behind at the royal hunting-lodge, *La Veneria*, near Turin. But he was back in Rome before the end of the year, and on the very last day he received the French ex-Dictator, Gambetta, who was heard to say at the close of the interview that 'such a monarch as the King of Italy was the best of Republics.' It seems Victor Emmanuel had been suffering during the previous fortnight, and was still somewhat indisposed at the New Year's reception. He complained of rheumatic pain in the intestines; but said 'it was nothing to signify.' He also felt 'extraordinary weakness in his legs,' a general sensation in Rome when the sirocco predominates. On Friday, January 5th, he had a slight attack of fever, but he nevertheless persevered in his intention to go back to Turin, where he had spent the Christmas, and preparations for

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a start were being made on Saturday, in spite of the doctor's objection, for in the morning he thought he felt better; but later in the day he had to lie down in the bed in which he died. It is supposed that on his last journey from Turin, on the 28th of the previous month, he felt chilly on the approach of day, and put on his overcoat—an article of his costume that seldom came into requisition, as he not unfrequently on his travels even divested himself of his coat. On the Saturday the long-expected tidings of the death of his old and faithful servant, General La Marmora, deeply affected him, and left him for a long time speechless, as if overwhelmed by a sudden calamity. There was little or no change during the three ensuing days. But at eight o'clock on the morning of the fatal Wednesday, the 9th of January, the physicians in consultation found that his illness was already exhibiting grave symptoms. During the night his breathing had become painful, his pulse was very irregular, and the eruption attending what is called in Italy a *miliaric*, or inflammatory fever, began to show itself. At noon this fever had risen to its acme, and the doctors from that moment looked on the case as hopeless. Then it was that the administration of the Sacraments was recommended. The ceremony was performed by the King's chaplain, Canon Anzino, in the presence of Prince Humbert and Princess Margaret. The Portuguese minister, at the request of the King's daughter, Maria Pia, Queen of Portu-

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gal, had been in attendance since the previous day, his mission being to transmit bulletins of the various stages of the King's illness to his Royal Mistress. This diplomatist was erroneously described as Baron Haymerle, the Austrian ambassador, whose alleged presence was in consequence variously commented upon as unaccountable. The King was, by his desire, moved from his bed and laid in an armchair; but at half-past one he was again in bed. Towards half-past two the oppression in the chest had greatly increased, and the doctors relieved it by making the patient inhale some oxygen, which temporarily revived his strength. The King turned then to the bystanders and nodded his head three times to them by way of recognition and salutation. He made an effort to throw himself back upon his pillow, made with the hand a movement as if to give one more habitual twist to his long bristling moustache, then uttered a deep sigh, and was motionless. All was over.

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II.

The King and his doctors.—The King's last moments.—The Pope's message.—The King lying in State.—Preparation for his burial.—Impression made on the world by the news of the King's death.—Aspect of Rome.—Attitude of the Clergy.—Expression of European sympathy.

It will be hazardous, even after all that has been said and written, to inquire by what conplication of diseases, and by what combination of physicians, King Victor Emanuel was brought to his end. A little more than ten years before the world had been startled by the intelligence of the illness, apprehended to be mortal, by which the stalwart frame of the Italian King was attacked at his hunting-box of San Rossore, near Pisa. The complaint was then described as a pleuro-pneumonite, and the attack seemed to acquire intensity and violence from the very resistance the robustness of the patient's constitution enabled him to offer. Though the case for some time was deemed desperate, and a priest was summoned from Pisa, that the King should not be deprived of the last consolation of the Sacraments, he pulled through bravely, and was soon able to leave his bed and betake himself to his favourite sports among the groves of Pollenzo and

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the Alps of Valdieri. More than ten years later the King found himself once more in the grip of the same dreaded enemy; the inflammation settled upon the lung which had been spared on the former occasion, and the San Rossore doctor, Dr. Landi, hastily summoned up to Rome by the Court faculty to give them the benefit of such acquaintance with the King's pathology as the incident of 1867 might have afforded him, declared that his Majesty was really suffering from his old complaint of a pleuro-pneumonite, but that the present symptoms were of a milder and less alarming character than those which the former outbreak exhibited. The evil was, that with the pleuro-pneumonite, which probably had been the only enemy at San Rossore, the King had now to contend with other foes, among which, it was said, must be numbered disease of the heart. Whatever the matter was, however, the Court doctors, Saglione, Bruno, Baccelli, unable to solve the knot, came to the resolution of cutting it. They had recourse to the lancet, and untimely bleeding was perhaps as fatal to the first King of Italy as it had been in 1861 to his great minister, Cavour.

Besides the doctors, the King was attended in his last hour by the Prince and Princess, the ministers, some of the officers of his civil and military household, General Medici, General Sonnaz, Monsignor Marinelli, the bearer of the last message from the Pope, and Count Mirafiori, the oldest son of Rosina, admitted by the special permission of Prince

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Humbert and others. Rosina, the King's second wife, was still ill at the Veneria.

There has been a long controversy as to the persons by whose aid the King prepared himself for his journey to the great unknown goal. The clerical organs came out with a statement that the Pope, upon being told of the King's danger, had sent Monsignor Marinelli, one of his household prelates, sacristan of the Apostolic palaces, to perform the last religious rites to the dying sovereign. The same organs added that the King 'had gone through his confession, and upon expressing a deep repentance of all he had done to the injury of the Church, had obtained absolution, and the Pope's benediction *in articulo mortis*.' This was contradicted by the liberal papers, as a pious falsehood of the *Osservatore Romano*, the object of which was to enable the Pope to overlook or repeal the decree of excommunication that weighed on the sacrilegious King, and to allow the use of one of the Roman churches for the religious ceremonies of the funeral. The truth seems to be that, owing to some blunder in the royal ante-chambers, Monsignor Marinelli was refused admission, and went back to the Vatican; that upon reporting his failure to the Pope, he had been urged to go back immediately and insist upon seeing the dying man; but it was now too late, and when Marinelli again arrived at the Quirinal, all the Sacraments had been administered by Canon d'Anzino, the King's Almoner, who, with a special permission of the Cardinal Vicar, had asked for and obtained the

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Viaticum from the priest of the nearest parish church. The King was granted 'general forgiveness for his sins,' but without any special mention of political offences.

At the end of the interview with the chaplain, the Prince and Princess were again called in and addressed by the King in loving words. He then expressed a wish to be alone with Prince Humbert, and upon the chaplain and Princess Margaret retiring, the King and his heir were for a brief space—about twenty minutes—left to themselves. The King's last words, when the Princess and the others were recalled, were: '*I figli! I figli!*' He is also said to have uttered a feeble '*Addio.*' At the moment he breathed his last, Baron Uxkull, the Russian ambassador, came in bearing a message from the Emperor Alexander, expressing hopes for the King's recovery, whereupon those present pointed to the dead body of the King. Victor Emmanuel lay on his death-bed with an expression of perfect calmness on his countenance, as if in a light sleep. He had no appearance of death but its pallor, his head being slightly turned to the left shoulder.

On the following Friday, the 12th, in the morning, the body was removed to the Chapelle Ardente in the hall of the Swiss Guards at the Quirinal, where it lay in State till Sunday evening. The Houses of Parliament and the Diplomatic Body were admitted to a private view between eleven and one. At two the doors were opened to the public, which was

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crowding all the avenues to the place. The walls of the apartment were hung with deep crimson velvet. At the farthest end from the entrance door a platform was raised, also covered with crimson velvet, and surrounded by rich chandeliers and vases of bronze. The King's body was laid on the scaffolding on an inclined plane, so as to be seen from every part of the very spacious hall. There was no other light than that of the burning wax tapers. The scaffolding was approached by a flight of steps lined with chandeliers and vases, and enclosed by a balustrade six feet high to keep off the crowd. In attendance were an aide-de-camp, two orderly officers, and two masters of the ceremonies of the civil and military household of the King, besides some capuchins. Decomposition had already set in. The King's face was swollen and disfigured, exceedingly white—a ghastly sight.

Deeply as men's minds throughout Europe were preoccupied with the affairs of the East, Rome, Italy and the whole world seemed for a few days to be entirely and exclusively busy with this great event of the King's death, which was as startling in its suddenness as portentous in its significance. The King's burial was of course made the occasion for a great display of civil and military pomp. Deputations came in from all the cities and provinces, from the Universities—150 students from Pisa and 450 from Turin—and large bodies of troops were summoned from distant garrisons. It was calculated that before three days were over the streets of Rome

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were crowded with more than 200,000 strangers, the population being nearly doubled.

The population of the city maintained throughout a most dignified and worthy behaviour. The shops, which were closed at a moment's notice and by a spontaneous impulse on the first day, were only partially opened on the second. There was evident dismay among all classes, and the suddenness, the gravity of the nation's bereavement were evinced by the Romans with a depth of emotion of which it was impossible to doubt the sincerity, and the expression of which might be taken as evidence of the people's wonderfully earnest and loving disposition. The same attitude of profound respect for the memory of the deceased, and of sympathy with the new King, was equally observable in all the cities of Italy, as might be ascertained from the numberless telegrams that came in night and day from all parts of the country, with a feverish activity the like of which was never witnessed before.

The death of Victor Emmanuel was equally looked upon as a great event throughout Europe. The assurances of the participation of all foreign Courts and communities in the mourning of Italy proved the value everywhere attached to the name of one from whom the title of King received, if not its highest, certainly its most becoming lustre. 'Victor Emmanuel,' the Romans said, 'did not care for the designation of "Puissant Monarch," "victorious Emperor," or "the Great," "the Fair," or even "the

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Good." He was the King Honest Man. The King whose word was sacred, who reigned by his people's will, and had no other will than his people's.'

It was observed by curious persons that the date of the King's death, January 9, coincided with that of the Emperor Napoleon III. who died at Chiselhurst precisely five years before. And in a popular almanac published in Rome it was predicted that on the 11th a great burial scaffolding (*catafalco*) would be erected in Rome. All these chance circumstances were discussed with great seriousness among the superstitious classes of the Roman people. The members of both Houses of Parliament were pouring in from all the railway lines. The two Houses were called together for the 16th, when there was to be a Royal sitting, and King Humbert would take his oath to the Constitution. Signor Tecchio, President of the Senate, arrived from Venice, and, as he was entitled ex-officio, proceeded to draw up the solemn Act certifying the King's death. There was everywhere great effusion of genuine feeling, a universal *rapprochement* of hostile parties and reconciliation of conflicting opinions; a great desire to show a compact front to the calamity by which Italy had been struck; an earnest desire to honour the memory of the deceased Sovereign and to comfort his successor by the expression of general sympathy, confidence, and affection. It is in circumstances such as these that the Italians are apt to show themselves a great nation; it is when they trust them-

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selves less to their brilliant than to their solid faculties and to their unerring generous instincts. What one then witnessed in Rome seemed a reproduction of the never-to-be-forgotten sight men had seen sixteen years before, at the time of Cavour's death in Turin.

There appeared for a moment to be a truce even to the animosity with which the King's name and character were made the subject of constant abuse in the clerical papers, the example and perhaps the express orders of the Pope disposing them to a more temperate language as best befitting the occasion. Thus the *Voce della Verità* declared it a 'mistake and injustice to deny the King great mental capacity and political foresight, of which latter he had more than Bismarck or Napoleon III. He had all the proverbial Italian finesse and political shrewdness characteristic of this nation of diplomatists, with the tact necessary to direct a political situation without appearing to do so, leaving the details to Parliament and to ministers, often the unconscious flies on the wheel. He had a keen intelligence, prudent courage, and steadiness of purpose in any path with a clearly-traced and well-directed aim, and it is a great advantage in politics to know where you are going and where you mean to go. . . . Events will show whether he had less judgment in his last and most hazardous enterprise—the coming to Rome and making it the capital of Italy. As far as lay in his power, he certainly did his utmost to restrain the in-

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temperate zeal of his supporters and to prevent its possibly fatal consequences.'

In Milan where the more implacable *Osservatore Cattolico* used expressions outrageous to the King's memory, the clergy sent a deputation to their Archbishop with a protest against the journal which disgraced the city and the Church. The Archbishop praised the patriotic attitude of his clergy and severely reprimanded the priestly editor for his want of Christian charity. The Archbishop of Turin, Gastaldi, issued a Pastoral devoted to a warm and unqualified eulogy of Victor Emmanuel. The same conciliatory feelings and the same forbearance were evinced by many members of the hierarchy throughout Italy. M. Veuillot, in the *Univers*, almost alone in Europe in his own venomous style, observed that 'the three conspirators against the rock on which Christ has built His Church—Cavour, Napoleon III., and Victor Emmanuel—were all gone. On Twelfth Day, like Herod, the King received the congratulations of that Magus (M. Gambetta), who perhaps asked him where was now the King of the Jews? but after dismissing this Revolutionist, the King was suddenly taken ill.' M. Veuillot added that, 'happily Victor Emmanuel had time to disavow his scandalous life and policy, asked pardon, and received the Sacraments.'

Great eagerness was shown by all foreign Courts and Governments to express their sympathy with the Italian nation by addressing telegrams to its new

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Sovereign King Humbert. The Queen of England was the very first to send an affectionate message referring to the friendship long existing between her Majesty and the deceased King. The Queen at the same time instructed the Earl of Roden to proceed to Rome as her representative at the King's funeral. In the same capacity the Prince Imperial of Germany came over from Berlin, the Archduke Rainer from Vienna, and Marshal Canrobert from Paris. This latter had with him M. Patrick Mac-Mahon, son of the Marshal-President, the only substitute it occurred to Republican France to supply for a Prince of the blood.

The King's funeral was to take place in the Pantheon: the day appointed was Monday, the 17th. The permanent place of burial had not then been decided upon.

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III.

The King's funeral.—Line of march.—The funeral as seen in the Piazza di Spagna.—The funeral in the Pantheon.—Victor Emmanuel as a man and as a King.

The King's funeral convoy left the Quirinal at ten in the morning. The route followed was by the Quattro Fontane, Piazza Barberini, Via Tritone, Due Macelli, Piazza di Spagna, Via Babuino, Piazza del Popolo, and the Corso, to the Piazza Sciarra, Via Lata, Collegio Romano, Piè di Marmo, Piazza Minerva, Via Minerva, and the Pantheon. People were astir from a very early hour in the morning, and troops of all arms, about 30,000 men, lined the whole route of the procession. The sky was overcast, and the weather damp and chilly, but there was no rain. Many people who had come by the late trains on the previous evening were still lying about in the streets where they had been awaiting the morning. The people were admirably behaved, their look and bearing betokening deep earnestness and emotion.

An eye-witness, who beheld the procession from a window in the Piazza di Spagna, furnished me with

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the following description:—'It was an imposing sight. The whole square, with its amphitheatre-like mass of buildings towering one above the other up to the hill terraces and the grand handsome double flight of steps leading to the twin-turreted church of Trinità dei Monti, was or soon became all alive with human beings at every window, on every roof, the green and red cloaks and scarfs favoured by the lower classes in Rome enlivening the sea of heads and eager faces packed together on every inch of ground, leaving nothing uninvaded but the avenue which a double file of glazed hatted Marines and a squadron of Guides laboured to keep open for the expected convoy. All along the line of march tall masts had been reared from which broad tricolour pennons were drooping; mourning flags and broad black cloths bearing oak and laurel wreathes were at every window, and rich festoons of the same foliage were thrown from house to house across the streets. The sky was overcast and wintry; but there was stillness in the air, and the gloom of the atmosphere harmonised with the frame of mind of the spectators and with the character of the ceremony they had come to witness. To the usual good temper and perfect breeding displayed by an Italian mob in all great gatherings there was added all the gravity and earnestness of demeanour befitting the mournful occasion.

'I chanced to be in London and saw the Duke of Wellington's funeral convoy march down Piccadilly,

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I was at Cavour's burial in Turin, and Manzoni's at Milan. I ought to know something about the humours of a people before whom the mortal spoil of Royal, or more than Royal personage is conveyed to its last abode, and I know how easy it is to exaggerate or underrate the interest the mass may take in ceremonies of this description. I am convinced that it is not by streaming eyes, by swelling breasts, and whining voices that the sense of a public calamity is evinced by a thronged multitude. It is rather by bated breath, a quiet behaviour, a look of awe and dismay, mutual regard and more than ordinary courtesy, a subdued eagerness to see, yet a bashful anxiety not to betray obtrusive curiosity, or indecent forwardness. Such was yesterday the appearance of the popular assemblage in Piazza di Spagna; such the bearing of the Roman population throughout the city and at all hours of the day. I believe the feeling was all the deeper and more genuine for being self-concentrated and undemonstrative. A proud reserve and composure is a peculiar feature in the Roman character, and I have observed it in all shows, no matter of what character, and even among the mad revels of the Carnival and the shrill riots of the Befana. Their Italian brethren of other provinces did not, perhaps, yesterday sufficiently take these peculiarities of the descendants of the Quirites into account.

'At the stroke of ten, according to the programme, the cannon from Castle Sant' Angelo informed us that the procession was leaving the Quirinal. At

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twenty minutes to eleven a moving mass was descried advancing in serried ranks and filling the avenue kept open between the pent-up crowds for its free passage in Via dei Due Macelli. It issued forth into the square, a squadron of Lancers, a battery of Artillery, an Engineer company, a battalion of Bersaglieri, one of Alpine Chasseurs, then infantry, then the youths of Military and Naval Colleges, then a motley mass of officers of all ranks, of all arms, of all colours, several hundreds of them —a glittering array of tasteful uniforms, fine countenances, an easy, martial, gentlemanly bearing. The Commander of the Roman garrison, with his Staff, all mounted, closed the array. The civilians followed; the Institute of the Fine Arts, the Corporations of Rome and Turin, the former escorted by their *Fedeli*, attendants in mediæval costumes, looking like Kings-at-Arms or knaves of clubs in a pack of Spanish cards; then long-robed minor magistrates, then deputations of the Roman University, of the Roman Academies, of the Provincial Council of Rome, and the officials of the various Ministerial officers. Close upon this long line of black coats came a crowd of Generals, about 150 of them, most of them with the white plumed helmet of the late King's own pattern, some of them veterans wearing uniforms which had been seen at Novara and San Martino, and among them, hobbling on his stick, disabled by years and wounds, Giacomo Durando, the man who obeyed Pius IX., when he

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sent him in command of the Pontifical troops and volunteers to the fields of Lombardy in 1848, but who refused to comply with the Pope's behests when bidden to come back and to leave the Piedmontese alone to fight for the Italian cause against the Austrians. In the rear of the Generals, preceded by gold and silver macebearers, came the Judges of the Supreme Courts in scarlet robes lined with ermine, and after them the Court of Exchequer, the Council of State, then the Deputies and Senators, a numerous attendance. Of the men, many of whom had been the King's dear and intimate friends—of those who had striven and suffered with him for the cause of Italy, and fought and won the good fight—not one seemed to have absented himself. A cross, with about a score of priests, not of high rank, bearing lighted tapers, escorted by livery servants also with tapers, were the only representatives of the clergy. Close upon them followed the State Ministers, and the Envoys and Ministers of minor Legations in full uniform—Greek, Turkish, and Japanese costumes blending with European laced coats, epaulettes, and tight nether garments. The Knights of the Supreme Order of the Annunziata occupied the next rank: General Cialdini, the ex-Ministers Lanza and Minghetti, the blind Duke of Sermoneta, stooping as he leaned on the arm of his son, the tall Prince of Teano. The Ambassadors followed — Baron Uxkull, the Russian; Keudell, the German; Le Noailles, the French; D'Haymerle,

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the Austrian; Sir Augustus Paget, the English, all glittering with gold embroidery. With them was Marshal Canrobert, grey-haired and aged, resting rather heavily on his stick, attended by or in attendance on Patrick MacMahon, a sprightly youth, who probably had not heard much good in his domestic circle of the King he was following to his last abode.

'There was then a subdued murmur, a forward movement in the crowd, and the hearse, drawn by eight horses swathed in black, escorted by some of the hundred Guards, Cuirassiers, on foot, came on. The officers of the Royal Household surrounded it. The cords of the pall were held by the President of the Council of Ministers, Depretis; the President of the Senate, Tecchio—the first, a rather mean-looking personage with a shaggy head of grizzled hair, the latter, a Venetian, with the majesty of all the doges on his high, wrinkled forehead, and snowy white, long-flowing beard—and by General Della Rocca and Count Sclopis, the deceased King's old and trusted friends. Close to the car walked Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, as chief mourner—Humbert, late Prince of Piedmont, and now King, being by Court etiquette prevented from appearing in the *cortége*—on his left, the Archduke Rainer, in an Austrian Marshal's uniform; on his right, Charles of Braganza, Prince Hereditary of Portugal. These were the blood-relatives of the deceased—his son, his brother-in-law, his grandson; the Prince Imperial of

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Germany and Prince William of Baden came a little behind them. Prince Napoleon Jerome did not attend. The Prince of Carignano and the Duke of Genoa were also absent. In the rear of the car came General Medici, bearing the sword of the deceased, and Signor Cesare Correnti, secretary of the chivalrous orders of the State, carrying on a black velvet cushion the iron crown of Theodolind, brought here purposely from the Cathedral of Monza, a diadem enclosing the iron circlet supposed to have been forged with the nails of the Crucifixion, first used by the Lombard Kings for their coronation, and subsequently usurped by many foreign Kings and Emperors, yet never worn by a King of United Italy before it was produced on the present mournful occasion. After the crown followed the King's war-horse, pacing slowly under the encumbrance of his sable trappings. Next came a large display of weather-beaten flags, all bearing traces of the battles in which they had been engaged. Then followed a long line of Provincial and Municipal deputations, of Guilds and Trade Unions, with mourning flags and eagles and she-wolves and other devices and inscriptions, all democratic institutions showing the utmost eagerness to honour in death the high-born Citizen-King, who promoted their interests and befriended their development. On the convoy followed the State carriages of the Syndic of Rome, and other conveyances pressed round by

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a packed mass of human beings to which there was no end for hours.'

Here follows a picture of the Pantheon and the procession as it entered it, for which the reader is indebted to another hand.

'Turning from the Corso, the procession passed through the Piazza of the Collegio Romano—crammed, like every other portion of the route, to its utmost limits—and entered the narrow defile of the street of the Marble Foot. Beyond this point the crowd was not allowed to penetrate. In the Piazza della Minerva all was silent. The windows, the roofs of the houses, every available spot was crowded with eager, solemn faces; even the dome of the Pantheon, seen now through the opening at the farther corner, had occupants on the summit and on the ledge of the cornice; but the Piazza itself was empty, with the exception of the soldiers lining the route. A few moments more—it was now one o'clock, and the procession came in front of that "relic of nobler days and noblest arts, despoiled, yet perfect," once part of the Thermæ of Agrippa, then the Temple of Jove the Avenger and all the Gods; later, and still, the Basilica of Santa Maria ad Martyres, and now also to become the tomb of Victor Emmanuel II. of Savoy, and first King of United Italy. On the summit of the pediment, where first stood the Thunderer in a bronze quadriga, is a great eagle, with outspread wings; in the pedi-

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ment once filled by the bronze alto relief of the revolt of Titans, the work of Diogenes of Athens, is a shield bearing the cross of Savoy, and below it the inscription, "Vittorio Emanuele, Padre della Patria," forming a line immediately above that which reads "M. Agrippa L. F. Cos. Tertium Fecit," carved on the frieze of the cornice just twenty centuries ago. From the cornice hangs black drapery bordered with gold, and the bare beams stripped of their bronze by Urban VIII., the Barberini, who did worse than even the barbarians had done, are hidden with drapery of the same material. Between the columns swing great lamps of bronze, from which lambent flames, some red, some green, are springing, and on each side within the portico stand gigantic tripod candelabra also burning. The sides of the portico are closed with ancient tapestries hung from column to column, and the great lateral niches wherein once stood the statues of Augustus and Agrippa are filled to their summits with trophies of arms—flags, muskets, side-arms, pistols, breastplates, surmounted by helmets, and at the base of each a heap of drums, and on a mount of sand a picturesque group of cannon, with piles of shot and shell.

'We move on between the great columns of the portico, the road strewn thick with box and laurel, except along the carpeted path, we glance aloft at the inscription—

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'"Italia,
Con orgoglio di madre,
Con dolore di figlia,
Prega
Al Gran Re,
Che fu cittadino fedele e soldato vittorioso,
L'immortalità dei giusti e degli Eroi"—

placed above the great bronze doors, and pass from the cool grey of a January morning into what seemed, as it were, a great sphere, where at first nothing was distinguishable but thousands of glittering golden lights. I cannot describe to you the flood of memories which rushed irresistibly through my mind—through our minds—for I am sure all felt the same, and there was abundant evidence that even those of the coldest temperament were moved. How could it be otherwise? We had been living for a week in a state of almost religious excitement, and in the midst of a degree of mournful hurry and bustle all around which not even the wildest carnival could have surpassed; and for three hours we had been passing slowly along the streets of old Rome, through dense masses of people all in black, between houses draped in the deepest mourning, and accompanied all the time by the deep tones of the funeral marches and the booming of minute guns.

'In the midst of the glare of lights, in an atmosphere of gloom, and beneath "the glorious dome," whose "circle spreads a holiness appealing to all hearts," rises the catafalque. On a rectangular estrade some forty feet square, and two steps in height, are

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ranged on pedestals six gigantic candelabra along each side. Upon the estrade and within the lines of the candelabra stands a lofty platform, with slightly inclined sides, and upon it other pedestals with candelabra like those below, their double range of spreading branches carrying on each candelabra a pyramidal group of some fifty candles, and, finally, upon the platform rise from each side three great steps, on to the summit of which the coffin will be carried up a flight of eighteen steps, forming the ascent on the front, and flanked by a double range of pedestals one above the other, on which lie couchant lions.

'But there is one speck of white, clear light in all the golden glare. It is from the great circular opening in the summit of the dome, across which a transparency representing the Silver Star of Italy is seen on an azure field or firmament. The edge of the opening—the eye, as it is called, of the dome—is lined with gold-bordered black velvet, and from around it hangs a great ermine, or what is intended, and very successfully, to represent ermine, canopy lined with black and edged with gold, and which, opening as it descends, is looped, tent fashion, in eight broad strips up to the higher cornice from which the dome springs, and through the divisions of the ermine the sunk coffers of the great vault are seen vanishing high aloft, a dream-like vault, for the vapour from the candles makes it all unreal. The ends of the broad strips of ermine hang down upon

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the entablature between the upper cornice and that lower one the columns support, and form, with the equidistant spaces of wall between, a series of panels, on each of which is a shield bearing the arms of one of the great Italian cities, each set out by two of the national flags placed crosswise behind. These are illumined by flattened pyramids of candles in regular series around the full circuit of the cornice, and behind them, on that giddy height, there stand, like statues, at equal distances apart along the ledge, men of the Roman fire brigade—the Vigili—which dates its institution from Augustus, their uniform and bright brass helmets harmonising perfectly with the gold edges of the hangings and the colours on the shields. I may mention here that the Vigili have claimed the right, which has been theirs for centuries, of closing the dead Sovereign's tomb. The walls of the six great recesses—chapels they are now called—which open from the circular area of the building are covered throughout with black velvet, divided into panels by bands of gold lace. Between the columns of Phrygian and Numidean marble which support the cornice above each of these recesses hang great lamps of bronze—three before each recess—lighted with spirit lamps, their ghostly flames being alternately red and green; on each of the altars, alternating with the recesses, are many candles burning; each altar is flanked by pedestals bearing lofty candelabra, like those around the catafalque, and the great niche of the Tribune

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and the opening of the doorway are festooned with hangings of black velvet edged with gold, and cloth of gold edged with black, draped as only the church decorators of Rome know how to arrange them. In the recess on the Gospel side of the high altar a spacious orchestra has been erected for the two hundred voices of the St. Cecilia and Philharmonic choirs. Upon the pavement on the Epistle side, but out on the area of the floor, and to the right of the upper end of the catafalque, looking at it from the door, are six gilt seats of state without backs, with kneeling cushions of crimson velvet edged with gold lace placed before them, and standing on a splendid carpet of the same material bordered with two broad gold bands. These are for the foreign princes of royal blood, and behind extends a carpet of green cloth for the diplomatic corps, the ministers, and other dignitaries of State.

'Taking my stand on the side steps of one of the farther altars, I was able to look across towards the door while the procession came winding in, or rather that portion of it which the area of the Pantheon, great as it is, was capable of accommodating. First come the deputies, the senators, and the civil officers of various departments, a mass of black, almost filling the space to the left of the catafalque, and then follow all those many personages in the order already described spreading away to the right. The Hereditary Prince Charles of Portugal, Archduke Rainer, the Imperial Crown Prince Frederick Wil-

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liam of Germany, the Prince of Baden, and Prince Amadeo take their places on the seats. Lord Roden, her Majesty's representative, Marshal Canrobert, with young MacMahon, and the other representatives of foreign Governments, come up and stand immediately behind them, and as the resident ambassadors, the ministers of State, and the Knights of the Annunziata are advancing into the church we hear the solemn monotone, "*De Profundis clamavi ad te, Domine,*" and the Camerlengo of the Chapter of the Basilica, followed by the clergy, issues in procession from the sacristy to receive the coffin at the door, where it is surrounded by a blaze of wax torches carried by the servants of the royal household, and the flags of all the regiments, shrouded in crape. Slowly the Royal Cuirassiers carry it in, and, ascending the steps, place it on the summit of the catafalque, the crown and sceptre, the helmet and decorations, lying on the crimson velvet coffin, are lifted off until the rich black velvet pall, covered with stars of gold, and intersected by a great gold cross, is drawn over it; the wreaths sent by the many Italian cities, by foreign princes, and by public bodies, are hung around the platform, over the necks of the lions, or wherever there is room for them; Canon Anzino, Victor Emmanuel's private chaplain, ascends the catafalque, and places by the side of the coffin that sent by her Majesty Queen Victoria, with her autograph dedication attached to it. Other wreaths are laid upon the steps, while in the mean-

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time the suites of the foreign princes of the blood, and of the foreign representatives, the members of the military and civil households of the late King, and the hundred and more generals of the Italian army are advancing into their places, followed by the members of the municipalities of Rome and Turin, the academical and judicial authorities, and others, who having preceded the funeral car have, with the exception of the deputies and senators, been drawn up in a richly coloured group on the rising ground of the Piazza until the coffin should be carried in. The Royal Cuirassiers, in their splendid uniform, fall into line as a guard of honour around the catafalque. There is a moment's pause, and then the choir bursts forth in slow, deep tones—"*Libera me, Domine, de morte æternâ in die illâ tremendâ,*" rising higher and higher, and with gradually increasing movement, until the words, "*Quando cæli movendi sunt et terra,*" ring and re-echo through the dome again and again. The music of these versicles has been expressly composed for the occasion by the Maestro Terziani. It certainly surpassed anything he has done before, and rendered by the united force of the splendid choirs of St. Cecilia and the Philharmonic, which include the best voices in Rome, and given in such a place, was wonderfully impressive.

The last notes echo mournfully through the dome, the officiating priest, Don Luigi Lauri, followed by the clergy, passes round the catafalque, sprinkles

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holy water upon it, incenses it, the choir sings the music expressly composed by the Maestro Orsini for the "*Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*," and with the antiphon "*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis*," prolonged until the sound dies gradually away, the short ceremony is concluded; all those present leave by the sacristy door, opening on the street behind the Pantheon; the majority stoop as they pass the catafalque to pick up a leaf or flower from among the many scattered at its base; the Rev. Canon and Cavalier Anzino, wearing his decorations, and among them the Crimean medal, gives orders for the stationing of the Vigili and Guards, so that the people may circulate regularly through the church, and in five minutes more it is filled by what is but a mere fraction of the multitude crowding in from all the streets to look at the pall under which the mortal remains of the first King of United Italy are lying.

'The procession was three hours on its march through the streets, but its various groups suffered frequent interruption and came on at long intervals. Thanks to consummate good management, the ceremony was saddened by no accident.'

Thus passed the glory of Victor Emmanuel, a model King in many respects; a character moulded by nature without a flaw; with no blemishes that could not be traced to the careless education he had received; a man not without frailties, but those of a kind which it was customary to condone, and almost

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to admire in a man of royal rank, and which in his case had not the serious consequences on the public welfare or on the people's morals attendant in many even recent instances on the gallantries of *Grands Monarques* with *maîtresses en titre* of high rank, taken from other men's domestic establishments. Victor Emmanuel's slips were *bourgeois* sins against good taste even more than against the Ten Commandments, and were expiated by a burdensome constancy which brought their punishment along with them. And for the rest a King of whose bounties thousands had partaken, against whom personally no complaint was ever raised, to whom no injustice, no arbitrary act was ever imputed—a conqueror never impelled by his own lust of territory; never for himself a gainer but always a grievous sufferer in all his habits and comforts by every addition to his domains—a sovereign playing his part from a sense of duty, fulfilling a task which his birth imposed, yet never shrinking from its conscientious and thorough discharge, redeeming an hereditary pledge, and acting on the principle of '*Noblesse oblige*,' as if on his self-denial, on his energy and endurance depended the honour of his long royal line.

Little as he cared for kingship in his own person, and happy as he always was when allowed to lay aside his royal trappings, Victor Emmanuel was never unmindful of his rank, never remiss or slovenly in his public exhibition; never dropping the mask while on the stage. Before the world Victor Emmanuel

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always appeared as the Savoy Prince, jealous above all things of the dignity and lustre of his House. Those mere words '*La ca' d' Savoia*' were a talisman to guard him against any act that might seem derogatory to the past, or to urge him to any measure that might turn out profitable to the present or future greatness of his kindred. And it was this instinct of family pride, this vicarious as it were, or second-hand ambition, that mixed itself up with his honest patriotism at every stage in his career of conquest: it was the proud consciousness that by making Italy he was only fulfilling the destinies of *La ca' d' Savoia*. It was, unfortunately, to this same feeling that he yielded when tempted to give up his second son, the Duke of Aosta, or even his nephew, the Duke of Genoa, a mere school-boy of fourteen—to the Spaniards on the look-out for a king. The idea of a double sceptre for his Royal House, of such an appanage for its younger branches as all the realms of Castile and Aragon, seemed to fascinate his imagination irresistibly, and make him deaf to the outcry of public opinion, as well as to the advice of his statesmen, all of whom warned him against the possible consequences of his blunder—all with the exception of Cialdini, Menabrea, and Gualterio, and other courtly friends, whose attachment to their master was stronger than their power or inclination to hear reason.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW KING.

I.

Impression made by Victor Emmanuel's death.—His best and worst qualities. — King Humbert, IV. or I. — Victor Emmanuel's burial-place.—Superga or the Pantheon.—The dynasty sacrificed to the nation.—The King's feelings and the people's aspirations.—Priestly reverence for kingly graves.

'So King Victor Emmanuel died and King Humbert reigned.' Such was the sum of all conversation in Rome at the close of the fatal afternoon of January 9th. People spoke the words, but found it hardly possible to realise the meaning. Since the day of Cavour's death the population of no Italian city had looked so utterly stunned by a sudden blow as Rome appeared to be, as soon as the official announcement of the King's death removed every doubt as to the fearful loss the nation had sustained. Rome and Italy were visited by tremendous storms throughout the few days' period of the King's illness; heavy showers and fierce gusts of southerly winds incessantly disturbed the atmosphere, and on the

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Wednesday between two and three p.m., just when Victor Emmanuel breathed his last, a furious fall of pelting hailstones rattled against the window-panes of the awe-stricken death-chamber. All that, however did not, as it otherwise usually does in southern climates, clear the Corso and the adjoining streets of the anxious crowd whom the hourly bulletins were preparing for the worst. When all was over, there was a momentary lull of mute consternation, and then the various groups fell again to their speculations about the King that had gone and the King that had come in.

Great as the loss was it would have been less than manly to call it irreparable. The notion that there are in the world indispensable men cannot be upheld, either on the theory of an all-seeing Providence or on that of a blindfolded fortune: for on the one hand an all-wise and an almighty Ruler ought always best to know what is most expedient for us; and, on the other, whatever rests on mere chance lies out of all human prevision or provision. Whatever is, is always for the best, and every man must be proclaimed 'happy in the opportunity of his death,' nor should too much commiseration be wasted on his survivors.

Victor Emmanuel was a good King, and as universally respected and beloved as he deserved. But no doubt lately his immense popularity had from a variety of causes been on the wane, and it is doubtful whether anything better than his death could have

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been devised to revive the King's *prestige* and embalm his memory. His work as a soldier was done, and his real abilities as a statesman were to a great extent unsuspected. He had never entirely weaned himself from his early Subalpine associations; he felt himself a stranger in Rome; dreaded the enervating effects of the climate, and did not sufficiently conceal his dislike to the place as a residence. His extravagance seemed to grow upon him as years advanced; his Parliament had had more than once to pay his debts, and to vote additions to the Civil List, and although it was well known that there were heavy claims upon his liberality, although the great bulk of his income was devoted to the relief of men's sufferings and the encouragement of needy talent, it could not be denied that much money was also squandered on useless horses and disreputable favourites of both sexes. People, moreover, never felt easy on the score of the King's religion, which was based on little knowledge of God and much fear of the priests, and few felt quite sure that he might not from sheer bigotry strike his colours in the end and prove the truth of Mazzini's ungenerous prophecy, that Victor Emmanuel 'was the son of a traitor, and that he would sooner or later betray the country's cause as Charles Albert had done before him.'

Some untoward particulars, damaging, without any fault on his part, the King's reputation, had lately come into light, especially during the trial of one

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Mantegazza, a disreputable man, convicted of forgery, whose connection with persons of rank at Court, and even with the King's son-in-law, the Marquis Spinola, husband of Rosina's daughter, were only just 'not proven' because the magistrates deemed it expedient to suppress part of the necessary evidence, and the prisoner himself refused to exculpate himself at the expense of his alleged accomplice, this unwise and guilty reticence naturally deepening public suspicion, and causing some evil talk about the King, who, in this matter, was only in so far to blame that he was as usual in need of money, and those whom he commissioned to get it were not sufficiently careful as to the choice of their financial agents.

The King was now dead, and of course all his faults were forgotten and his deserts proclaimed to exaggeration; but that was no reason why men should despair or imagine that 'there was not more water in the sea than was ever drawn out of it.' Only two hours after Victor Emmanuel's death, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont and heir of the throne, was waited upon by the ministers, who hailed him as King of Italy, and pressed upon him the necessity of announcing his accession by Royal proclamation. King Humbert expressed his readiness to sign such a manifesto, and presently a sketch of it was drawn up by the Ministers in Council and handed over for the King's approval. It was of course to the effect that both he and the country had suffered a grievous loss, but that he would endeavour to repair it by

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following his father's policy and emulating his virtues. The manifesto was returned to the ministers for publication, with only one alteration—but an important one—where it said, 'Italians! your first King is dead, his successor *must* prove that institutions do not die,' the King substituted, 'His successor *will* prove' (*proverà* instead of *deve provare*). It was no longer the mere expression of a sense of duty, but that of a firm determination to fulfil it. These modifications, it is said, were adopted at the suggestion of the Princess Margaret, now Queen of Italy, who had placed herself by the side of her Royal Consort, and thus undertook the functions of his good angel.*

Some uncertainty presented itself about the name by which the manifesto was to be headed, for at the time of Victor Emmanuel's proclamation as King of

* The following are the words of the new King's proclamation: 'Italians! the greatest of misfortunes has suddenly come upon us. Victor Emmanuel, the founder of the Kingdom of Italy and its unity, has been taken from us. I listened to his last wish, which was for the happiness of his people. His voice, which will always be echoed in my heart, commands me to overcome my grief and tells me my duty. At this moment only one consolation is possible, that of showing ourselves worthy of him—I by following in his footsteps, you by continuing to be devoted to those civic virtues with which he has been able to accomplish the undertaking of making Italy great and one. I shall follow the great example he has set of devotion to his country, of love for progress, and confidence in our free institutions, which are the pride of my house.—My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my country. Italians, your first King is dead; his successor will prove that institutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of grief. Let us confirm that concord which has always been the bulwark of Italy.'

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Italy, in 1861, there arose a great conflict whether he should be styled Victor Emmanuel I., as first of a new line of Italian Sovereigns, or whether he should retain his former designation of Victor Emmanuel II., as the successor of a long line of ancestors of the Savoy dynasty. On that occasion, after three days' discussion, in which a just regard for the King's feelings and for the susceptibilities of his old Piedmontese subjects prevailed over the national aspirations of the representatives of the newly annexed provinces, the Chamber by a large majority decided that the dynastic appellation should be adhered to. That vote of the Chamber, it would seem, should have been binding on the nation on all future occasions, for the principle at issue was unreservedly established, and on the strength of that the new King should have been and should be Humbert IV., unless a new Parliamentary vote reversed the former decision. But the men whose wishes were overpowered in the debate of 1861, and the majority of whom were natives of the lately annexed provinces, were now very numerous in the Ministerial Council, and Signor Crispi, a man whose ascendency over his colleagues was irresistible, easily prevailed upon them to settle the question by a mere scratch of the pen, abrogated the law, and headed the Proclamation 'Humbert I., by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of Italy.'

It was asserted in justification of what was decidedly an arbitrary and illegal act that the cases of the two

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Kings were not parallel, inasmuch as Victor Emmanuel was second of a name which had been borne by a King, while the three Humberts were only Counts of Maurienne, and the first of them, he of the White Hands, is almost a mythical personage. But the argument is hollow, for the roll of the reigning Princes of Savoy was unchanged throughout, whether they were mere Counts, or Dukes, or Kings; and Victor Amadeus II., who as Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont had reigned for several years under that title, retained it after he was acknowledged King of Sicily and later of Sardinia, as his ancestors had done when they became titular Kings of Cyprus and Jerusalem. The matter is not of much gravity, but the slight on the dynasty and on its old hereditary States was manifest and intended, and it almost confirmed the saying of Mazzini, who said to Crispi in a moment when the Republican faith of the latter waxed faint, 'You will be the last Minister of the House of Savoy.' At all events, even if the law of succession was to be altered in this respect and a new title to be adopted, it should not have been done by a minister's *coup de tête*, but should have been left to the decision of the Chambers, which alone had a right to rescind and reverse their former vote. For all present and even all future purposes, it would have been sufficient to designate the new King simply as Humbert, as was done in the case of Napoleon, Gustavus Vasa, and other founders of new dynasties. It was at the time the proclamation

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appeared positively asserted that the Queen raised strong objections to this arbitrary course, which had escaped her husband's attention, but that she gave in at last, too overpowered by recent emotions for a prolonged resistance, but convinced against her will.

On another subject there was divergence of views between the King and his ministers. The remains of Victor Emmanuel were to receive the last obsequies in the Pantheon, but nothing had been settled about the place of the late King's permanent burial. The *Popolo Romano*, a paper devoted to the interests of the people whose name it bore, had thrown out some hints as to the necessity that the remains of the first of Italian Sovereigns should have their permanent resting-place in the capital of Italy, but Victor Emmanuel himself had often alluded to Superga, the votive church on the hills near Turin, as his last abode; and it certainly would never have occurred to the King his son, to the Queen his niece, or to any member of the Savoy family, that any of their blood, in whatever place they might die, should be laid anywhere but in the vaults of that lofty monument of the piety of the first King of the dynasty, which, besides recording one of the greatest glories of the reigning race, and sheltering the ashes of its most illustrious scions for above a century and a half, rose on one of the sublimest spots men ever chose for a royal sepulchre, in sight of all the Alpine chain where the Savoy Princes had their cradle, in the very heart of the rich and verdant plain, every square rood of which

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is marked as the scene of some of their exploits. The city of Turin from which the centre of national life had twelve years before been taken by fraud and violence, was now to be robbed of the spoils of Royalty which constituted its pride, and the bluff soldier King who had never loved Rome, and 'never made his bed' in it, was now to be stowed away somewhere under the pavement of a half-ruined Pagan temple, in the midst of the noise and stench of a low neighbourhood, subject to the floods of the muddy Tiber, within sight and hearing of the half-priestly half beggarly rabble who will never perhaps relinquish their hold of that quarter of the old Papal city. The Turin population were stirred to the inmost depths of their hearts by the intelligence of the new slight that was to be put upon their town, and it became necessary for the young King to soothe their wounded feelings by an autograph letter addressed to their Municipal authorities, expressing his deep regret at the disappointment of his Piedmontese, and declaring that it was the nation's desire that the late King's remains should be interred in Rome 'as a new affirmation of Italian unity.' He, however, by way of some compensation engaged to send his father's sword, the dearest and holiest gift, and most cherished relic of Victor Emmanuel, to Turin where he was sure it would be best guarded; he promised to erect a monument to his father's memory within the walls of his native city, and announced his intention to visit Turin at no distant period.

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It would be idle to inquire how much the penning of that letter may have cost King Humbert. 'To forsake the tomb of our forefathers,' he said, 'seemed to myself and my family unbearable. But Italy asked that Victor Emmanuel should abide in Rome. This solemn request moved my heart as a King and as a son. The deliberations and the advice of my Government determined me to order the sepulchre of the glorious King in Rome as a fresh affirmation of the indivisibility of Italy and a new sanction of our country's unity. I ask of you the same sacrifice I myself accepted.'

The King had no choice in the matter, and yet deserves credit for his noble resignation. But it would be impossible to say how far the King himself, or any man about him was convinced that 'Italy asked that Victor Emmanuel should be buried in Rome.' Not one word was spoken about it till the subject was broached in an evening paper devoted to the ministers. On better grounds the King adds that the matter was decided 'upon the deliberations and advice of the Government.' On these advisers rests all the responsibility of the resolution, for assuredly, the first universal impression was that Victor Emmanuel's body should be conveyed to Superga for interment, as the first instinct prompted every man to hail his son and successor as King Humbert IV.

The Cabinet on these, as on many other points, might claim all the honours of the initiative. Very

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possibly they made themselves the true interpreters of the people's will. The King had taken Rome from the Pope; he had said, 'Here we are, and here we will abide!' and it was necessary that, alive or dead, he should make good his emphatic boast. Moreover that Rome should be truly Italian, that the Papacy should for ever relinquish all hope of ousting Italy from her new seat of Government, it was deemed a wise policy to renovate the dynasty, to make it Roman by adoption, to give the first King a tomb where his successors were to have their cradle. The sacred remains of the dead were to be a link of union for the living; a fresh pledge of concord between Rome and Italy, between the nation and the dynasty.

All this sounded sufficiently plausible, but many persons still thought matters of such gravity might as well have been left to the vote of a National Parliament, and Signor Crispi, the Minister of the Interior, who was at the bottom of all this agitation, excused himself for whatever there might be informal in his proceedings on the plea that circumstances required prompt and decisive action, and that such resolutions would be of no weight unless they bore all the semblance of spontaneousness and unanimity. Mere sentiment and clap-trap prevailed in this case over sound sense and genuine feeling; for the thing was done, little could have been gained by untimely discussion, and it is one of the most distinct gifts of the Italian race that they

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know how to accommodate themselves to accomplished facts, and to acquiesce in the inevitable with a good grace. The Piedmontese and their friends, when all means of resistance were exhausted, chimed in with the policy which had led to their disappointment and took credit for a resignation of which the young King had given them the noble example. Their motto was *Pazienza per forza.* But people shook their heads nevertheless; they found fault with the stratagem and sleight of hand by which the nation's judgment had been surprised and its decision forestalled; and they questioned whether after all the end would justify the means; for unless the Italians make good their claim to a permanent possession of Rome by firm and valiant conduct, unless they show the world that they love the great city 'wisely and too well,' unless they bring a fresh, more stirring, more laborious, and thrifty population within its walls, unless they concentrate the intellectual and moral living forces of the nation upon the spot they have chosen as a seat of government—it is perfectly idle for them to trust to the dead for the fulfilment of a task to which the quick do not feel equal; it is idle to think that if the priests either by their own cunning, or by the extraneous aid of some new Charlemagne or Napoleon, ever have a chance of recovering their ascendency, and re-asserting their sovereign sway over 'the ground hallowed by the tomb of the Apostles,' they will be stayed by mere reverence for the bones of an excom-

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municated King; that they will scruple to break open and desecrate that royal sepulchre, unearth the King's remains, and deal with them as they did with the ashes of Manfred of Swabia, King of Apulia, which they scattered to the winds on the banks of the Verde, near Benevento, on the battle-field where he had been betrayed, overpowered, and slain.

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II.

Italy at Humbert's accession.—Humbert and his army.—Humbert and his Parliament.—A Royal Sitting.—A Coronation Oath and Address.—A baby exhibition.

It was, however, done. Victor Emmanuel lay incorruptible in his walled-up niche in the Pantheon. The myriads of strangers who had flocked to Rome to attend his funeral were leaving day by day, and the new King of Italy would soon be left alone with his subjects. On the 12th of January, only three days after his accession, he held a grand review for the administration of the oath to the troops. The Roman garrison was assembled in the *Place d'Armes* of the Macao or Castro Pretorio, on the Esquiline, the usual parading ground, a vast open area in the midst of the buildings of the new city rising round the Central Railway Station. There were about 5,000 men under arms. All the troops looked to great advantage; their accoutrements were in perfect order as they issued from their barracks, and by a well-concerted movement proceeded along the broad Via Nazionale, the narrow Via del Tritone, and other avenues to the place of *rendezvous*. The

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military bands and trumpets were all hushed, and no sound was heard but the tramp of the soldiers' feet; their silence giving the scene an aspect of solemnity which impressed the multitude and called up deep feelings suited to the occasion. The young King rode to the field through the thronged mass of people, attended by Prince Amadeus, his brother, and a very numerous staff, in which, mixed with the native blue, were many uniforms of different colours betokening the presence of the suites of the Imperial and Royal Princes who were still Italy's guests. King Humbert looked pale and out of health; but he sat his horse firmly and gracefully, King-like and soldier-like, and had all the resolute and almost fierce look of his father; the same irregular features and strong expression, the same prominent rolling eyes, the same brushed up, bristling moustache; only not the stature, not the stalwart frame, not the appearance of the same lusty exuberant health.

The King rode into the square amidst enthusiastic cheers, and a great outburst of military music and loud artillery. He reined in his horse, and sat still in the centre of the field, the troops being drawn up in close array on the four sides of the square. The General in command of the Roman garrison read the form of oath, upon which a unanimous *Giuro* rose from all the soldiers' ranks and was echoed by the thronged and sympathising popular mass. It was a short, speechless ceremony. The King's mind was

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conveyed to the army through a Royal proclamation, the last words of which were: 'Soldiers, I was with you in your hour of danger; I witnessed your bravery, and I know I can rely upon you. Strong in your virtues, you will remember that where your colours are, there is my heart, the heart of a King and a soldier.'

It was probably owing to the disregard of constitutional forms to which democratic statesmen like the members of the Depretis Ministry showed themselves prone throughout this momentous crisis, that the swearing of the troops, which had originally been appointed for the 18th, was gone through six days earlier, and before the King himself had taken his oath to the Constitution in the Chamber. Parliament had been dismissed in December, in consequence of the ministerial crisis, and the members, who never tarry one minute in Rome beyond the time required by their duty—when they comply with it—were scattered all over the country, and were only brought back in a great hurry by the tidings of the national calamity. It was on the 16th, the day before the funeral, that the official announcement of the King's death was made in the Chambers, and the ministers as well as the speakers of both Houses showed so much want of proper feeling, and spoke so flatly and so little to the purpose, that the performance was by the unanimous opinion of all present pronounced a sorry failure. But there was a very different exhibition on the 19th at the Royal sitting, when the King

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stood before the representatives of the nation to take his coronation oath.

The sacred solemnity took place in the great hall of the Chamber of Deputies at Monte Citorio, where the members of both Houses were united. The hall and galleries were crowded to an unprecedented excess, and there was such an assemblage of conspicuous personages as no previous Italian Parliament had ever brought together. There was no seat high or low for the Queen beside her Consort; the gallery to the right of the throne had been prepared for her, a gallery perched up too high near the ceiling to allow the fair countenance of its beloved occupant to be seen with sufficient distinctness. There Queen Margaret sat with the Queen of Portugal, Maria Pia, the King's sister, attended by their ladies of honour and waited upon by the German Crown Prince, by the Austrian Archduke, and a few of the officers of their suites. In the gallery left of the throne were the Diplomatic Body and the special representatives of foreign Courts. At 2.10 p.m. the King entered, preceded by the Princes of the blood, Prince Amadeus and Prince Carignano, attended by the Court officials and ministers. The throne was guarded by the King's Cuirassiers. It occupied the place of the Presidency of the Chamber, and was erected on three steps, all covered with scarlet cloth, with a lofty canopy hung with black. The whole House was draped with mourning. After entering, the King took his seat on the throne and bade all

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present be seated. Signor Crispi, Minister of the Interior, then announced that the King would take the oath to the Constitution; whereupon the King rose, and, with a clear, ringing voice, read the form of oath:

'In the presence of God and before the nation I swear to maintain the Constitution, to exercise the Royal authority in accordance with the laws, and on the strength of them to have justice rendered to every one according to his right, and to conduct every act of my Government with the only object of the interest, the well-being, and honour of the country.'

The oaths were then administered by the Minister of Justice to the senators and by the Home Minister to the deputies. The King then read with a firm voice the following eloquent address:

'The words which in the first moments of sorrow I addressed to my people I come now to repeat to their representatives. I feel encouraged in reassuming the duties of life by seeing how the mourning of my House has found a sincere echo in all parts of our country, how the blessed memory of the Liberator King has made of all Italian households one family. So great a unanimity of feeling was also very soothing to the heart of my beloved consort, Queen Margaret, who will educate our well-beloved son to follow the glorious example of his great grandfather. Nor did we in our sudden sorrow find less consolation in the sympathy of all Europe, the concourse of the august foreign Princes and illustrious

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personages which lent solemnity and significance to the honours paid our first King in the capital of the kingdom. These pledges of respect and sympathy which reconsecrate Italian rights, and for which I must express my profound gratitude, strengthen the conviction that free and united Italy is a guarantee of peace and progress. It is for us to keep our country up to such high destinies. We are not new to the difficulties of public life. These last thirty years of our national history are summed up in alternate trials of undeserved misfortunes and of well-prepared successes. This is the thought which encourages me in taking up the duties imposed upon me. Italy, which well knew how to understand Victor Emmanuel, proves to me to-day what my great father never ceased to tell me—that the religious observance of free institutions is the best safeguard against all dangers. This is the faith of my House; this will be my strength; and the Parliament, faithful to the national will, will aid me in the first steps of my reign with that loyalty of intent which the glorious King, whose memory all men celebrate, knew how to inspire, even amid the earnest emulation of parties and in the inevitable conflict of circumstances. Sincerity of purpose and concord of patriotic love will accompany me, I am sure, in the arduous way which we are about to tread, at the end of which I only aspire to deserve this praise—"He was worthy of his father."'

Immense applause greeted the King on his en-

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trance, frequently interrupted his speech, and followed him on his withdrawal. The emotion of the King and all present was very strong and genuine. Vast crowds followed his Majesty to the Quirinal with frantic shouts and applause. At the Quirinal balcony the King, Queens, Princes, and illustrious strangers appeared, the Prince Imperial of Germany —a novel sight in such a pageantry!—holding the little Prince Royal of Italy in his arms. There ensued an indescribable excitement. It was in all probability a mere movement of genuine good feeling and tenderness for children which prompted the good Prussian Prince, himself the father of a large family, to snatch up the little Duke of Naples and lift him up high above the balustrade of the balcony before the astounded and delighted multitude, while the slightly alarmed mother, by a natural instinct, stretched forth her arms as if to prevent the child's fall. But the effort was electric, and the people's cheers were loud and frantic and prolonged for several minutes. All faces looked up to that tall fair German, in whose hands the frail scion of Italian Royalty looked almost dwarfish by contrast, and men gave the act a meaning and importance which was perhaps hardly intended; as if by it the future German Emperor had taken that infant and his parents and their country under the protection of the big battalions with which he won Sadowa and Sedan, and intimated that whoever dared to touch Italy

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would have to settle with Germany; for those were days in which the jealousy France harboured against the Power which had humbled her was suddenly rekindled, and the reproach of Italy plotting, or at least coquetting, with hated Prussia had been again and again conveyed in clear hints by the French ambassador to the statesmen at the Italian Foreign Office.

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III.

King Humbert and Queen Margaret.—A reclaimed husband.—King Humbert and Victor Emmanuel.—King Humbert and his father's ministers.—The first and second Depretis Ministry.—Nicotera and Crispi.—Difficulties of the new reign.—Disregard of Constitutional rules.—The scandal about Crispi.—A new Ministerial crisis.—International affairs.—Germany's goodwill to Italy.—France's jealousy and ill-will.—The new King and the old Pope.

So far as the King himself and his family were concerned, the new reign might be said to begin under favourable auspices. Like his father, Humbert had, as a Prince hereditary, borne a character for gallantry which he managed to maintain even after his marriage with his first cousin. That marriage had been contracted very hastily, and without consulting the feelings of the parties chiefly interested, and it was the result of an after-thought; for when, after the war of 1866, Italy had rid herself of the Austrians in Venetia, and a reconciliation with her former oppressors came to be considered a provident policy, an alliance of the Savoy dynasty with the House of Hapsburg had seemed practicable as well as desirable, and Prince Humbert was betrothed to a lovely

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Princess, daughter of the Archduke Albert, the hero conqueror at Custozza. The Archduchess Matilda, however, came to a tragic death by fire, and the Prince, looking for a mate in his own country and family, made choice of the daughter of his uncle, the late Duke of Genoa, wooed and won her in the well-approved royal way, by merely conveying an intimation of his desire to the Princess's mother, who immediately approved his suit, and prepared the bride-elect for the wedding. The Princess Margaret had been carefully but very simply educated in her mother's house, far from the Court, which she never accompanied to Florence, and had passed her early days in quiet retirement at Turin, or for many months in the year at Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, where the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, now married to M. Rapallo, lived in strict privacy. Prince Humbert had in his choice of a wife merely obeyed the will of a father who in his household reigned absolute; and unable, as it seems, to wean himself from the idle fancies of his bachelor's life, did not show his consort the attention to which she thought herself entitled, and there seemed to be reasons to fear for the permanent domestic peace of the young royal couple. As the Princess was lovely, and known to be accomplished, charitable, and sweet-tempered, and had won all hearts on her first appearance, being hailed at her wedding as the 'Star of Italy,' she found a strong partisan in public opinion, and the alleged neglect by her husband made this latter the

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object of a somewhat strongly-marked popular displeasure. The Prince, however, like many another heir of a throne, was only sowing his wild oats. Long before his father's death he had come to a better understanding with his Princess, with whom he did the honours of his father's Court at the Quirinal, or spent the summer months in the coolness of the royal park at Monza; and basking, as it were, in the rays of 'the Star,' he succeeded in having his juvenile sins condoned and forgotten, and regained a popularity which partook of enthusiasm, especially in the ranks of the army, with whose officers he chummed or 'fraternised' as a commander of the yearly autumn manœuvres.

Although Humbert was not credited with all the clear head and strong good sense of his father—possibly by those who did not reflect that such faculties admit of slow growth before they attain maturity—he was not considered and he certainly did not show himself deficient in intelligence; and he had this advantage over the deceased King, that he was known to be free from bigotry and superstition, and to harbour no great goodwill to the priests, who had been rash enough to treat both himself and his unblemished young Princess with disrespect. He had lately been well-behaved, methodical, of a wisely saving disposition, free from debt, in spite of the incessant calls upon his resources, caused by the expenses of representation imposed upon him by his father; and he was now almost invariably seen in

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the world with his wife by his side—that Princess who, it was said, had by her charms reclaimed and, as it were, conquered her husband, and fitted him for that exalted station which she was to share with him. On coming to the throne he engaged to settle his father's liabilities, 36,000,000 lire, out of his own private purse; he dismissed some of the late King's unworthy favourites, sold the superfluous stud of Arab and English horses which his father bought at a high price, and for which he had no use; determined to part with Castel Porziano, the vast hunting estate bought by the nation as a present to Victor Emmanuel; and, in short, in all his acts the young King seemed prompted by wisdom and generous self-denial.

So far as Humbert was concerned, there was every chance of his filling the place assigned to Henry V. of England by his father Henry IV. in the famous death-scene of Shakespeare's history. Like Bolingbroke, Victor Emmanuel, in the qualms of his remorse for robbing the Church, might have said to his heir:

> 'God knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways,
> I met this crown, and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head.
> To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
> Better opinion, better confirmation,
> For all the soil of the achievement goes
> With me into the earth.'

Unfortunately in other respects the transition from

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father to son occurred in Italy at a trying moment. The ministers of the late Sovereign were maintained in their office by his young successor. But what ministers! A Cabinet, which was a mere *vifacimento* of an administration fallen a few days before, at the close of the late reign under an irresistible outburst of public indignation, forsaken by nearly all the sections of an immense parliamentary majority which it had brought together, by fair means or foul, at a recent election; and hampered by a variety of rash engagements which it had shown itself neither able nor even willing to fulfil. The Depretis Cabinet all over again, with no other important modification in the *personnel* than the substitution of a Crispi in the place of a Nicotera, the two men being well known for never having been able to act together, precisely because they always were, and always must be, too much like one another—each of them too dictatorial and overbearing and impatient of a companion who might prove a rival by his side. These new ministers had as yet made no sign; they had put forth no programme, given no explanations as to what they intended doing with the measures which had foundered in the Houses at the prorogation of the Session, most of which they must be aware could not be re-presented without re-awakening the animadversion which determined their rejection, and which, nevertheless, related to questions to which a solution must needs be found.

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The ministers were dumb, and it was expected that their mind, if it could be made up in a few weeks, would be conveyed to the people in a King's speech at the opening of the new Session. But now before a new Session was opened, or an address from the Crown could be prepared, another King was on the throne, one who knew hardly anything about his father's ministers, and had little reason to like what he did know about them, and who might be supposed to harbour views and principles in opposition to those which were attributed to them.

There were also no precedents to go by at this painful juncture. Italy was a new country. Her Constitution was a thing of yesterday; in a great measure an untried social machinery; and the only experience of the demise of the Crown and of the elevation of a Royal heir was that of Victor Emmanuel's succession to Charles Albert, which occurred before the Constitution could be said to have come into actual operation, and in the midst of a disaster and confusion which made men indifferent to forms and inclined to accept any arrangement by which the State could be made to weather the storm. But now Italy was in perfectly normal conditions. One would fain have proceeded according to rule, if one had known how, but how it was all to be managed with so inexperienced a King, so discredited a Ministry, and so discordant a Parliament, was more than the most knowing persons seemed able to foretell.

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The death of a Sovereign in a Constitutional country ought to have involved a dissolution of Parliament and the election of a new Chamber charged with the limitation of the Civil List for the new reign, and with several provisions relating to the management of the Court and Royal household, in order to put the private establishment of the Sovereign into harmony with the policy of the party which should obtain the upper hand in the new legislature. But in Italy the Parliament, though young in date, was decrepit in feeling; vitiated and rotten at its birth, divided into petty knots and factions all sprung from the bosom of the same progressive party which had been just able to combine in its effort to attain power, but was utterly incapable of that joint action which would have been necessary to maintain it.

'Will King Humbert govern with his present ministers? Will he put up with the existing Chamber? And if there is to be a general election, is it to be carried out by these men who abused the power placed in their hands by the limited suffrage which they condemned, and who had bound themselves to provide a remedy by the proposal of a new electoral law based on a right of democratic equality, which found but little favour with the opinion either of the Chamber or of the country?' Such were the questions of which no one in Italy seemed in a hurry to seek a solution.

Besides the extension, and what mattered more,

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the genuineness of the popular suffrage, there were, as I hinted, several measures pending before Parliament which the Depretis-Nicotera Cabinet had been equally unable to carry and unwilling to relinquish, and which the Nicotera-Crispi Cabinet neither dared to take up nor could consent to drop. Such were the convention with the railway companies, and the acceptance or rejection of the Mancini Penal Code, with its total and final abolition of capital punishment, and other schemes and contrivances for the encouragement of crime; besides the sanction to be given to the suppression of the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Trade, and the creation of the new portfolio of the Treasury, all illegal as well as improvident acts resting on mere local decrees, to which Parliament should have been called upon to give the force of law by granting the ministers a bill of indemnity. If ever there was need of a Providence to shape the ends rough-hewn by man, it certainly was felt in the position into which Italy had been put by the death of Victor Emmanuel, coming so unexpectedly at the end or beginning of a most unsatisfactory Ministerial crisis, and the almost hopeless division of parties in an unfairly elected and still more unscrupulously corrupted Parliament.

With that Parliament the second Depretis administration showed little inclination to come to close quarters, and were suspected of harbouring some intention of maintaining a state of suspense by pro-

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longing the recess till a late day in February, hoping, by procrastination and by making hay while the sunshine of the King's countenance was in full radiance, to bring together the scattered links of the ill-forged chain of the Left party. With that view Signor Crispi, the new Minister of the Interior, had long and frequent interviews with some of those leaders of the Progressive majority which had seceded from the former Depretis Cabinet, at the late crisis, and determined the fall of Nicotera. This latter, however, was determined to be avenged upon Crispi, and, as he had enlisted in his interests three or four scores of members whose partisanship he had with an unprecedented effrontery rewarded by a shower of the commander-crosses of knightly orders, he had still the power to give many a battle to his victorious adversary, and was determined to use any weapon, fair or unfair, that chance might bring to his hand. It was not long before the opportunity of dealing a telling blow presented itself to Crispi's enemies. The rumour spread that the minister at the head of the Home Office had many years before been guilty of bigamy, and the charge, debated at great length in the public prints, was in so far proved to be true that Crispi, whether his various marriages were legitimate or not, could only have been fair to one woman by wronging another, or two; moreover, he had brought one of these women, whom he now would not acknowledge as a lawfully wedded wife, into the palace of his Sovereign at Turin and Florence under

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the designation of Madame Crispi. Against the uproar that this low scandal caused among the public, no political reputation could make a stand, and Crispi had to resign the Ministry. The second Depretis Cabinet being thus overthrown, not on any measure of the least weight connected with the public business, but on a matter of mere personal gossip, into which the Chamber had no right to inquire and of which the Courts of Law ultimately did not deem it worth while to take cognizance. And thus the new King, who had come in at the unsatisfactory close of a Ministerial crisis, saw himself confronted by another, almost before the first month of his reign was over.

Had home matters been capable of a better arrangement, international affairs would not for some time have presented much difficulty; the undoubted personal friendship of the Imperial House of Germany, being at that time a tower of strength for the Italian dynasty, especially in any difference arising between the Court of the Quirinal and that of the Vatican, or in any collision of Italian with either French or Austrian views or interests. On the good disposition of the German Government the Italian Ministers had presumed too far when in September, 1877, they planned that mission of Crispi to Paris, Berlin, Gastein, and other places, which after creating curiosity, suspicion, and heart-burning in many quarters for several weeks, ended by covering both the messenger and those who had sent him on his

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errand with inextinguishable ridicule, when the President of the Italian Chamber thought it his duty to telegraph his regret to the German Emperor for having just missed seeing him on his—Crispi's—way through Berlin.

Everything connected with the dynastic change occurring in Italy at this period tended to place in full evidence the great uses Royalty can be put to in a free community, for certainly no elaborate contrivance of statecraft, no subtle scheming of consummate policy could have achieved so much towards reconciling the people to such men as constituted the Depretis Cabinet even for a few days, as was done at once by the mere earnestness and heartiness with which King Humbert uttered some of the well-rounded sentences in his Crown speech. And on the other hand, no profound combination of cunning diplomacy, and even no liberal interchange of solid mutual benefit could have had better results towards establishing a friendly intercourse between two nations than the Prince Imperial of Germany accomplished between Italy and his own country by his exhibition of the little Prince of Naples on the Quirinal balcony. To an envoy from a Republic, were he even a Marshal or the son of a President, the very thought of so simple and yet of so touching an act would probably never have occurred, and in any such person it would have been accounted sheer impertinence.

The thing was so felt in France, and the success of that ingenuous German impulse was resented as a

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slight to Canrobert and young MacMahon, and was a fresh item added to the long score of unfriendly feeling that France had always harboured against Italy since her former helpless neighbour became a nation, and even won her capital and put down the Pope-King in spite of France's express veto.

With respect to the Pope-King, it would be difficult to decide whether the animosities which had for a long time set the Church at war with the State in Italy were more likely to be aggravated or soothed by the sudden stroke of fate which removed the victorious spoiler still in the pride of his manhood, leaving the vanquished captive to linger on in his helpless decrepitude. The Pope, who, it was said, was daily gaining fresh strength, on the first announcement of Victor Emmanuel's death certainly gave signs of some disposition to relent. But any benevolent instinct on his part, if it really existed, and if its expression was sincere, was counteracted by the rabid Ultramontane party, who held the Vatican keys with even a stronger grasp than the Pope himself wielded those of Paradise, and whose attitude and utterances in some of their clerical organs revolted the better feelings of many of the clergy, especially in Northern Italy, and thus brought into evidence the limit beyond which even a priest's submission to Papal authority would clash too dangerously with a citizen's allegiance to king and country. Although King Humbert had been at great pains to assure the Pope that the ecclesiastical

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policy of the new reign would be based on that of his predecessor, the well-known liberality of religious views of the King himself and of his well-educated consort, and the suspected tendencies of their 'godless' Ministry, were only too likely to create an uneasiness in the Pope's mind, which would render him amenable to the suggestions of those Vatican fanatics who preferred endless war and even annihilation to surrender or compromise.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE POPE'S DEATH.

I.

The Pope's agony prolonged by the King's death.—His anxiety for the King's eternal welfare.—Rome in January.—The Pope's sinking condition.—Vatican fanaticism.—Its influence on the dying Pope.—The Pope's death.—How the news was spread.—The Pope's last night.—The stir in the Vatican.

It may seem a paradox to say that Victor Emmanuel's illness and death prolonged the life of Pius IX. But it is an established fact in medicine that any great and sudden mental emotion may have power to paralyse and thus allay and lengthen out bodily agony; and there is also no doubt that the King's unexpected seizure, and the threatening aspect which it immediately assumed, caused a tumult of strong and various sensations in the Pope's mind, which, in the enfeebled state of his faculties, he would have found it difficult to analyse.

Pius IX., in the opinion of many men, was not above all human feelings of spite and resentment, but he was not implacable in his vindictiveness, and he was as good, and consequently as forgiving a Christian as in his own conceit he believed himself

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to be. Above all things, his convictions were not firm; he was not for any length of time of the same mood of thinking; and he usually viewed things less through his own naked eyes than through the spectacles those around him lent him. His feelings towards 'the Subalpine King' were certainly benevolent. He had sense enough to perceive that the 'usurper' in his career of conquest was not a free, therefore not altogether a responsible agent; and he had not been able to parry Massimo d'Azeglio's blunt retort when, in answer to the Pope's taunting illusion about his (D'Azeglio's) political consistency, that *Piltor-cavaliere* replied, 'Holy Father, I am still as *we all* were in 1846.'

The Pope's first instinct upon hearing the news of the King's danger was to save the man's soul, and one cannot doubt that the instructions he gave to Monsignor Marinelli when he sent him to the Quirinal to perform the last rites at the death-bed, were to bestow upon the King his Papal benediction *in articulo mortis*, which means upon a general expression, however mute, of the dying man's condition, and independently of any verbal confession or retractation. Marinelli, as we have seen, came back *re infectâ*, and the Pope insisted upon his immediate return, which was equally bootless; but the eagerness shown by the good Pontiff for the King's happy release proves that his interest was for the man's eternal welfare, not for the paltry satisfaction of a victory over a prostrate enemy, nor for the pleasure

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a recantation extorted by terror could have afforded the Pope himself.

I have said this because it reflects great credit on the Pope's character for sterling goodness and generosity, and because he acted in this case upon his own impulse and without an after-thought, not only consulting no man, but not even accepting the excuses of the Monsignore whose wish was perhaps that the blame of having deprived the King of the Pope's blessing should rest on the obduracy of Victor Emmanuel himself, or on those who with or without the King's consent had shut the Quirinal doors in the face of the Pope's messenger.

The important fact at this moment is to note that the poor Pontiff, on receiving the fatal tidings, became a prey to very strong emotions which galvanised his mind, and deadened the effect of the complicated ailments to which he had been so nearly succumbing during the latter months of the previous year. That in the midst of the real and earnest concern he felt in the King's fate there might be blended some wonder that he, Pius IX., in his great age should outlive one still in the prime of mature manhood, and even a doubt whether indeed his own last hour was drawing near, or whether the miracle that had been operated in his favour was to be indefinitely continued—all this is possible, and is consistent with the Pope's curious mixture of piety and self-complacency; but these speculations could not fail to have a strengthening, however ephemeral effect

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on him, and it was only when the Royal burial was at an end, and Victor Emmanuel's heir sat amid cheers and plaudits on the 'usurped' throne, that the Holy Father's beneficial and life-nursing excitement collapsed, and Death at last claimed what had been for a long time his due.

Rome was then in the depth of her short winter. After two days of storms and showers at the end of the third week in January, the sky recovered its wonted brightness on Sunday, the 27th, but the wind from the north-east set in with a keenness pleasingly, but not safely, tempered by the sun, which in sheltered places blazed forth with the warmth of May. Not a flake of snow had fallen in Rome, but the whole range of the surrounding mountains and even the Alban Hills were swathed in their spotless white mantle almost down to their feet. The edge of that cruel *tramontana* cut through walls of flannel and bulwarks of furs, and smartened the pace of loitering pedestrians and broken-down hackney-coach cattle. It gathered intensity as its violence subsided in the night, crept in at every chink and cranny of even the most solid dwellings, and chilled the air of the very best stuffed and wadded apartments. It affected the ambient of the innermost Vatican chambers and put the strength of the tenacious but helpless frame of Pope Pius IX. to the severest test.

The Pope had been 'ailing' for several days: not at home even to his ordinary red-hatted visitors; troubled with an invincible distaste for food, living

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through the day with no other nourishment than broth and a few glasses of generous wine. He was somewhat better on Saturday the 27th, and the officious cardinals were re-admitted. In the evening of Sunday the news was again unfavourable. He might, people thought, pull through the season nevertheless, but the want of locomotion lowered his spirits, and lately, when the death of a wonderful old woman in Via degli Avignonesi, known to Roman urchins as '*La Befana*,' at the great age of 104, was announced to his Holiness, he calmly observed to his attendants, 'You will see that this year I shall be off too.' ('*Vedrete che quest' anno me ne anderò ancor io.*') The presentiment might yet, in the doctor's opinion, have been erroneous, and it was thought that 'the Holy Father might yet live to see the new leaves of the coming spring and of a few more.' But matters had come to that point that not the friends, but the enemies of the Church would rejoice in the prolongation of the Pontiff's sufferings.

It was amazing to see what battles priestly parties were fighting besides that invalid's bed; what blunders and scandals were committed in that decrepit man's name. I have already said how the Milan clerical paper, *Osservatore Cattolico*, not to be confounded with the *Osservatore Romano*, the Papal organ, had used some foul, un-Christian language on the subject of King Victor Emmanuel's death, which outraged the feelings of the Lombard clergy among whom the journal circulated and called down upon its priestly

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editors the severe reprimand of the humane Archbishop of Milan. Those literary priests came to Rome, made a show of appealing to Papal authority, and obtained, as they asserted, from the Holy See a Brief praising and thanking them for their spirited championship of the Papal cause against the God-stricken usurper. This Papal Brief was published in the Milan clerical organ and reproduced by the whole Italian Press, which of course charged the Vatican with complicity in the guilt of the scurrilous priests and set the Pope's authority at open war with the Milanese Archbishop's. The Milan *Perseveranza*, however, whose editor looked deeper into the subtleties of priestly tricks than his *confrères*, pointed to the date of the Brief, and showed, upon incontrovertible intrinsic evidence, that its praises of the journal's conduct could not by any possibility refer to its recent brutal abuse of the late King, but to some previous instance of its general devotion to the Papal cause, and especially to the zeal with which its priestly editors had collected Peter's pence, a large sum of which they had laid at the Pope's feet on the very day of the King's death. By a little legerdemain about the date of publication and a well-timed journey to Rome, those pious Churchmen, with the connivance of the fanatic Ultramontane party at the Vatican, without actually forging the Brief, made it, in the apprehension of the generality of careless readers, answer quite a different purpose from what it was intended for.

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That fanatic Ultramontane party had lately regained an irresistible ascendency at the Vatican, though it would be difficult to say whether it was by swaying the Pope's mind and bending it to their own views and wishes, or by using his name and putting forth his authority, either without consulting his opinion or by boldly contradicting and misrepresenting it. That qualm of momentary tenderness which the Holy Father evinced upon receiving the tidings of King Victor Emmanuel's mortal danger had been followed by a fresh outburst of ruthless enmity, directed not only against the heir of the deceased Sovereign, against whom he was said to be preparing a Bull of excommunication, but equally extending to all the foreign Princes and other conspicuous personages assembling in Rome to honour the memory of the departed, to all receiving hospitality at the Quirinal, or in any manner having intercourse with that Palace. The funeral service which the Pope himself had ordered, first in St. John's of Lateran, then in Santa Maria in Trastevere, was countermanded. Archduke Rainer of Austria, Prince Amadeus, the Duke of Aosta, and even Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, the Pope's own goddaughter, had been refused admittance to the Vatican, the order against the last-named Royal lady being only modified by an intimation that 'her exclusion from the Pope's presence would only continue so long as she presented herself as a guest at the Quirinal; for if she would go on a short journey, say as far as Naples, or

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Florence, and on coming back quietly take up her quarters at Count Thomar's, the Portuguese ambassador's, the Vatican door and her holy godfather's arms would be lovingly opened to receive her.' We were even told that Monsignor Jacobini, the Nuncio at Vienna, had received an upbraiding note from Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary of State at the Vatican, for having, on the occasion of the King's death, left a card with condolences at the door of Count Robilant, the Italian ambassador. Between the worshippers of the Vatican God and the servants of the Quirinal Belial, there must be war to the knife all the world over, in defiance of every rule of diplomatic courtesy and Court etiquette, and in utter contempt of all humane and Christian feelings.

Ill and helpless as the Pope was, the Vatican, according to common report, was preparing an Allocution against Humbert, condemnatory of his assumption of the title of King of Italy, and another intended as a declaration of open hostility to St. Petersburg, a signal proof that the work of the Roman Curia proceeded uninterrupted under an utterly disabled Pope, as in former times it was known to have continued under a dead one so long as his death could be concealed.

In the case of Pius IX., however, no secrecy about the end was attempted and none was needed. The old Pontiff had, like Charles II. of England, 'been such an unconscionably long time dying,' that even the Vatican was weary of him, and the public

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was more likely to anticipate the news than to suffer itself to be baulked of it when true. The Holy Father, it was said, was somewhat indisposed on Sunday, the 2nd of February, in the evening. That day was the *Candelara*, or Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and the Pope, feeling better than usual, had himself conveyed to the Pauline Chapel to hear mass. On his return to his apartments he complained of weariness, and was restless throughout the day and night. He had, however, rallied, and on the following Wednesday he seemed so well that Dr. Ceccarelli, the physician in ordinary attendance, had deemed it safe to absent himself from the Vatican, where he had been for some time permanently established. At four o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 7th, the Pope, who had not slept since midnight, summoned his domestic attendant, who, seeing his master labouring for want of breath and very faint, sent for the Secretary of State, Cardinal Simeoni, and for the doctor. The latter only made his appearance at six, and was soon joined by his colleagues, Drs. Valentini, Antonini, and two assistants; but Simeoni and the Cardinal-Vicar, Monaco La Valletta, whose apartments were at hand, had gone almost immediately to the Pope's bedside, and their alarm was so great that the Cardinal-Vicar ordered the Holy Sacrament to be exposed in all the parish churches of Rome, and prayers to be offered up to aid the Sovereign Pontiff

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through the crisis which presented such grave symptoms.

Meanwhile the oppression at the chest continued, and, at the Pope's own request, towards eight o'clock, the Sacrament was brought in, and the patient administered the communion to himself with his own hands. At ten, or soon after, the intelligence of the precarious state of his Holiness was conveyed to the Quirinal, the Queen being even, prematurely as it turned out, advised of the Pope's death. At noon, Cardinal Amat, a man only four years younger than Pius IX., sent word to the Propaganda in the Piazza di Spagna, that the Holy Father had received extreme unction, bidding the printing office to be ready, on the first news, to shut up the premises. About that time tidings of the Pope's death were again freely circulating. Towards three in the afternoon a bulletin to that effect, signed by the Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, Signor Della Rocca, was stuck up in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies. It was followed by another despatch from the same source, contradicting the report. At six a third document, bearing the same signature, gave an equally positive assurance that Pius IX. had expired at 5.45, and the evening papers confirmed the report of the death, some mentioning a quarter to six, some twenty-seven minutes after six, as the fatal hour.

Men of a sceptical disposition went to bed that night without the actual certainty whether the Pope was

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dead or only dying, the repetition of so many false reports being easily explained either by the fact that the spark of life in that enfeebled frame flickered and wavered for many hours between the mere semblance and the actual reality of death, or by the desire of the attendants to keep the world in suspense, and to withhold the knowledge of the demise by mere paltry attempts at bewildering, contradictory information. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, removed all doubt on Friday morning by stating that the Pope had died in the evening at 5.45.

Of what actually took place within the Vatican apartments the following was published as an authentic account:

'On the evening of the 6th, the Pope appeared in his usual health. He read the *Italie* newspaper, and at six o'clock received several cardinals. General Kanzler, who was present, observed however that the Pope's mind wandered. A little later Dr. Ceccarelli was called, and, finding the Pope had an excess of fever, ordered blisters to be placed upon the closed sore on his leg. The blister acted well, and matter issued, but the Pope felt no relief. Early on the morning of the 7th he received the Holy Communion. At eight o'clock the secretary of one of the most important congregations, not knowing that the Pope was ill, appeared as usual at the Vatican with his papers. The Pope received him, transacted business with him, and gave him

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general advice as to the way in which his department should be conducted. Immediately afterwards the Pope received extreme unction. Meanwhile, all the cardinals, foreign ambassadors, and ministers accredited to the Holy See were sent for, and remained at the Vatican until the end. The Pope was perfectly conscious until about an hour before his death, but for some time previous he was unable to speak. For two hours his agony was very painful, the struggle against suffocation being very severe. Immediately after his death the Vatican was closed. Colonel Sonnenberg, Commander of the Swiss Guards, who had charge of the gates, ordered all avenues to the Vatican to be carefully guarded, and admittance granted only to cardinals, foreign ambassadors, officials of the Papal Court, and such persons as presented orders for admission, signed by the Vatican authorities. Directly after the death was announced the cardinals and ambassadors assembled, entered the Pope's bedroom, and kissed the hand of the corpse. The Cardinal Camerlengo then gave the order *extra omnes* and, together with the Cardinal Dean, affixed seals upon all drawers in the Pope's room, having first taken possession of Pius IX.'s last written instructions, of the existence and place of deposit of which they were only informed by a Monsignore in the late Pope's confidence.'

From very early morning of the fatal Thursday the narrow line of streets leading to the bridge of St. Angelo and to the Vatican quarter was alive with

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carriages of the cardinals who had been summoned to the Pope's death-bed. De Falloux, Chigi, Nina, Mertel, Guidi, Di Pietro, and others appeared among the first, and with them a crowd of Monsignors, with some the Roman nobles, Prince Borghese, Prince Massimo with two sons, Prince Chigi, Prince Potenziani, Count Macchi, and some of the old State servants of the Sovereign Pontiff, among whom the Marquis Cavalletti, whilom Senator of Rome, made himself conspicuous. Some of the foreign envoys accredited to the Holy See, Señor Cardenas, the Spanish, and Baron Baude, the French ambassador, were also driven to the spot; but it was observed that while priests in black, red, or violet were let in without hindrance, some of the lay personages, both native and foreign, and all their ladies whatever their rank, were, till a late hour, politely but inexorably refused admission.

It was understood that the veil or curtain that was drawn before the Sacrament at the lighted altar in the southern transept of St. Peter's Church was to be withdrawn the moment the breath was out of his Holiness's body, and it was expected that at that same moment the ponderous bronze door at the main entrance of the Palace, leading to the Scala Regia should be closed, and the great bell of the Vatican Basilica should be tolled; but up to the closing of the church at a quarter to six the veil was not removed, the bronze door remained open, and the bell was not heard, at least not on the other side of the Tiber, at any hour

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of the evening or night; so that, if the Pope was actually dead, there was on the part of his attendants at the Vatican a settled purpose to dispense with all the signals which should convey to the outer world an intimation of the great event. The crowd, not very dense, but eager and animated, of senators and deputies of the Italian Parliament, of Government officials, of courtiers of both sexes from the Quirinal, of English and other tourists from the hotels, and of newspaper editors and correspondents, which gathered at the court behind the colonnade of the vast Basilica, or lounged under its great dome, after long wondering, conjecturing, asking questions and exchanging harmless jokes with very solemn faces, drove off in their hackney carriages back to the places they came from and as wise as they were before they came. Of the very lowest classes there was hardly any appearance, the illness and death of a Pope having apparently ceased to be a matter of interest to the Roman populace either in the city or the Trastevere. At the barracks adjoining the Vatican, where on the first occupation of Rome by the Italian Government Bersaglieri battalions had been quartered for the Pope's protection, an unusual display of force was deemed advisable, but there was nothing in the attitude of the people to suggest the thought that the least disturbance could be apprehended.

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II.

Past and present ceremonies observed on the occurrence of a Pope's death.—Attitude of Rome on the death of Pius IX.—Effects of the immediate succession of the Pope's burial to the King's funeral.—Delusive hopes of better feelings springing up between the modern Guelphs and Ghibelines.—Advances of the Italians.—Inconsistent demeanour of the priests.

Some of the ceremonies observed on former occasions of the same nature were omitted, or modified, either owing to actual circumstances, or more naturally to the desire of the rulers at the Vatican bent on keeping, no matter for how short a time, the Pope's death as a domestic event. The announcement of the Pope's death when the Pontiff was a temporal Sovereign, was made by tolling, not the bell of the Vatican, but that of the Capitol, a bell of great historical importance, as it was taken by the Romans from the rival city of Viterbo, in the heat of their mediæval feuds, in 1200, and called the *Paterina*, or the heretic, as a reproach to the heterodoxy of the Viterbese, and it used to be under the control of the Senator of Rome, who allowed it to be used only on the mournful occasion of a Pope's death, or the merrier one of the opening of the Carnival.

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It was for the Cardinal Penitentiary to attend the dying Pontiff in his last moments, though assisted by the Pope's Confessor, if wanted; the Extreme Unction had to be administered by the sacristan of the Pope's private chapel. Upon death ensuing, the Cardinal Secretary of State was bound to convey the information to the Camerlengo, who from that moment became the Vice-Pope, the sole supreme ruler within and without the Palace. It was for him to repair to the Pope's death-chamber, to knock at the door with a silver mallet, and, upon receiving no answer, to step up to the deathbed and 'tap the corpse on the forehead, fall on his knees before the motionless body, and pronounce the words "*Dominus Papa meus mortuus est.*"' It was only then that he sent orders to the Senator to have the Capitol great bell tolled.

Through as many of these ceremonies as the altered times permitted, Cardinal Pecci, as we have seen, went regularly; and upon returning to his own residence, he summoned the senior members of the Sacred College, the Deans of the three Orders, of Bishops, Priests and Deacons, and these three, with the Camerlengo, constituted a special Congregation representing the executive of the State during the nine days usually elapsing between the Pope's death and the opening of the Conclave empowered to appoint his successor. Every day, however, a council of all the cardinals assembled in Rome was held, to arrange matters for the Pope's funeral, for the

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opening of the Conclave, and for the appointment of the officers who were to provide for the maintenance of order. The maintenance of order in the city, the command of the Castle Sant' Angelo, and the management of the police were now taken from priestly hands; but there was still a little community, a whole population within the precincts of the Palace; and over these the authority of the Camerlengo, of his three assessors, and of the Council of Cardinals might be presumed to be as absolute and unlimited as it ever was.

There was still within the Palace a Swiss Guard and a little army of ex-dragoons, Zouaves and gendarmes, with a numerous staff of officers and a Generalissimo of the forces. These, many of whom had their abode in the Vatican, while others were lodged here and there in the purlieus of the Trastevere, were mustered under the banner of the Cross Keys, and bidden to do duty within the shrunken limits of what remained of the Pontifical dominions. The Camerlengo and his Council appointed a Marshal of the Conclave, the man who was to act as gaoler to the cardinals when busy at their election and deprive them of all means of communication with the outer world. This office, which was at first almost hereditary in the Savelli family, had been handed down by the same traditional, but not legally established, or acknowledged right to their descendants, the princely Chigi, and the dignity was at this juncture confirmed in the present very faithful head

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of that house. The Marshal took up his residence in the Vatican and exercised an authority second only to that of the Camerlengo, his apartment being just outside the barriers that shut in the cardinals, and his duties to watch over their strict confinement and to inspect everything that was sent into them, as articles of food, or clothing, or other indispensable objects. These rules of strict seclusion, which of late years had been greatly relaxed and reduced to a mere sham, were not however deemed perfectly obsolete and unnecessary, and could not wholly be dispensed with.

The matter which required immediate attention, however, was the burial of the deceased Pontiff and the solemn obsequies performed in his honour. As events proved that both this funeral ceremony and the election of the new Pope could be carried out without any difficulty, or inconvenience, the perfect independence and freedom enjoyed by the Church and its Hierarchy under the new dispensation, which deprived it of its earthly sovereignty, was demonstrated to the full satisfaction of the most incredulous. The attitude of the city of Rome upon the announcement of the passing hour of the long-lived Pontiff was that not only of the most perfect order and security, but of actual apathy and passivity. The animosity which divided the upper and middle ranks of the population, arraying them in hostile factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines, seemed not to have reached the lower orders to any perceptible extent. The Ro-

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mans were satisfied that, 'one Pope being dead, another would be made.' The funeral of a Pope following so close on the funeral of a King, struck them—at least their hotels and shopkeepers—as a providential dispensation intended to bring grist to their mills and to make amends for the suppression of that rich Carnival harvest which so many mournful catastrophes seemed this year to have conspired to place beyond all possibility.

Upon the upper and middle classes the Pope's death, so long looked forward to as imminent, came, nevertheless, as an unexpected and almost unnatural event. The Ultramontane Princesses who up to the end of January were flaunting gay colours and preparing to throw open their drawing-rooms for Carnival frolics with ostentatious disregard of the feelings of their liberal adversaries, had now in their turn to put on sackcloth and ashes, and attune their voices to the notes of the common sorrow. There was mourning in Rome both for Guelph and Ghibelline. The King was dead and his son reigned in his place. The Pope was no more, and another had to be made.

It was, however, impossible even for Italians and Romans to keep up excitement beyond the period of twenty-nine days. The Vatican burial and election found the town worn out and jaded by the dissipation—for such it became in the end—attendant on the funeral and consecration which were just over at the Quirinal. The myriads of strangers were gone,

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and no imaginable interest could at so short a notice bring back many of them. The baked meats could not well be warmed up again. The order of things had been strangely reversed. There was something unlooked for and as it were illogical and preposterous in the arrangement of those two ceremonies, following so close and so inconveniently resembling each other, and the untoward coincidence was fatal to the one which seemed purposely to have been delayed till it came in at the fag end of the other. The Papal party were at a visible disadvantage. The King had knocked all the wind out of the Pope's sails.

Some of the phenomena which it was natural to expect as immediate consequences of the Pope's death were nevertheless manifesting themselves. A better spirit was for a day or two springing up between the Church and the people. The Italians gave again in this instance evidence of that innate statecraft which never fails them at any momentous juncture. They were now making political capital of the close of the Pontificate of Pius IX. with the same tact and adroitness by which thirty-two years before they had contrived to turn Mastai-Ferretti's accession to their own purpose. As on that occasion their enthusiastic applause took the facile and vain nature of the benevolent Pontiff by storm, so at the present crisis they endeavoured to win the goodwill of those who were preparing to appoint his successor by a spontaneous exhibition of reverence and love to his memory. The calmness and almost indifference

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with which the Romans received the tidings of the Pope's mortal danger on the Thursday evening were changed to deep and earnest interest when, on the following morning, they had realised the great fact of the Pope's death. Up to ten o'clock in the forenoon the shops in the Corso were open as in ordinary days; half an hour later they were all, or nearly all, closed, as if by magic. The theatres, the schools, and the Exchange were also shut up. All the morning papers appeared with black edges, and in them and in a variety of flying sheets and prints were likenesses and biographies of the deceased, loud in their praises of whatever could be said to his advantage, and indulgently reticent or subtly apologetical wherever blame might seem deserved. The people's good instinct needed little guidance in this able behaviour, but neither was there a whispered word from their wise rulers wanting at the right moment. The Court and the Cabinet, now under the influence of Signor Crispi, were made aware of the expediency of holding out the olive branch to the priests at the Vatican. They were determined that if the Conclave was not to be a period of truce, to be followed by durable peace at the new Pontificate, the world should see that the fault lay with the Church, not with the State. The watchword was sent round, and it fell among a race of men whose intelligence and docility can in great emergencies invariably be relied upon.

On Friday the crowd at the Vatican doors and in St. Peter's was immense, and its attitude was as

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solemn and almost awe-struck as it had been a month before at Monte Cavallo. Men spoke of the rapid succession of those blows of fate which removed La Marmora, Victor Emmanuel, Pius IX.—all actors so conspicuous in the historical drama the upshot of which was the raising of Italy from the dead; and with the reflections their disappearance suggested were mingled gloomy tidings about Garibaldi's serious illness at Caprera, a subject at that moment of considerable uneasiness among the hero's many friends. The great leveller, the great peacemaker, had been at work. Men who had warred with one another through life were now beyond reach of human strife; should their survivors indulge hostile passions over their still open graves and fight over again old battles, of which it seemed natural to believe that Providence had ruled and decided the portentous issue?

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III.

The Pope's burial.—In the Sixtine Chapel.—In St. Peter's.—Lying in State.—All Rome at St. Peter's.—Nailing of the coffin.—The Pope's temporary burial.—Striking funeral scene.—The Pope's character.—Castelar's opinion of the Pope's character.

For their own part the cardinals assembled in council under Pecci, the Camerlengo, had in their first deliberations shown some disposition to act in unison with the popular feeling. After performing the usual rites to the body of the deceased Pontiff, a statement of his death being drawn up, the Fisherman's ring being taken from his finger, and his testament—fourteen pages, all in the Pope's own handwriting—intrusted to safe keeping, the body was removed by the Noble Guards from the small, cell-like chamber where it lay into a hall adjoining the throne-room, an apartment eight metres by seven, with two windows opening on the Court of Belvedere. It was laid on a little bed of cast iron hung with red damask and covered with a white sheet, having at its four corners four great candelabra, each bearing a large burning taper. On either side of the bed was one of the Noble Guards on duty. No crucifix or other religious emblem was on or about the bed. The body,

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which was already rapidly decomposing, was soon after embalmed, the viscera being removed and separately embalmed, to be laid with those of other Popes in St. Peter's. The body itself was then conveyed to the Sixtine Chapel, there to be dressed in full Pontifical robes such as the Pope wears when he celebrates High Mass, with the golden tiara on his head, and laid on a lofty bed surrounded by burning tapers and attended by Noble Guards. From the Sixtine Chapel it was removed to the great Church and laid in state in the Sacrament Chapel in the south transept, the corpse within the altar railing, but with the right foot projecting to enable the faithful to kiss the cross embroidered on the slipper. The body was thus to remain for three days exposed to the public gaze; but the crowd during the appointed period was so great that it was deemed advisable to prolong the exhibition for a fourth day. It may be said with perfect confidence that all Rome went to St. Peter's. Some trampling and hustling occurred on the first day when the Papal Swiss and the servants of the Church had alone the management of the show, but all disorder ceased the moment Cardinal Borromeo, the Arch-priest of the Basilica, called in the King's Bersaglieri, who brought their usual intelligence, gentleness and firmness to bear on the impatience of the thronging multitude. The popular tide was stemmed at the steps outside the Church, admitted in a narrow stream at the right-hand door, allowed to

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go along the aisle up to the Chapel, and after a peep or two at the richly-bedizened Papal corpse, bidden to 'move on,' and then let out into the open area and allowed to find their way out at the other doors. Like the King, the Pope was laid on an inclined bed raised on a scaffolding, which lifted the body high up above the Chapel railings, and made him a conspicuous object, while at a distance from many parts of the Church the body looked tall and large and was probably swollen. The face was darkened almost to blackness. A handsome dignified face, with something like sternness in the lofty brow strangely contrasting with that set smile, so winning in the living Pontiff, but which was merely the result of a muscular contraction, a dimple which even death could not smooth.

At the end of the fourth day, the 13th of the month, the body was placed in its coffin and enclosed in its niche above the little door on the left of the Chapel of the Choir, where it was to have its resting-place till relieved by the death of his successor, when it will be removed to San Lorenzo outside the walls, there to be permanently interred according to the instructions left by Pius IX. himself in his will. To make room for him in the niche, the body of his predecessor, Gregory XVI., had already been taken from the place it had occupied for nearly thirty-two years, to be buried in the vaults of the Great Basilica.

The cardinals, on a first impulse of good nature,

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and in return for the sympathetic behaviour of the Romans on this mournful occasion, had led the world to believe that all the ceremonies connected with the Pope's burial would be public; but they seemed to have changed their minds at the last, especially as the report spread that a hint had been conveyed to them from the Quirinal that the King and Queen would be in attendance if special accommodation should be reserved for them. The nailing of the coffin, and its removal to its temporary abode, was done with closed doors, kept strictly private, and I am therefore compelled to borrow the description of that very striking scene from an eye-witness, who obtained an admission which was denied to the profane.

'The deep gloom in the interior of the Basilica,' he wrote, 'is broken only by a few tall wax torches placed at distant intervals along the nave. The many lamps around the Confession in front of the Tomb of the Apostles glimmer like a group of bright stars in the absolute darkness, the six lights on the high altar like others of greater magnitude above. At the entrance end the obscurity is complete; the nave appears to extend far beyond, but at each side a glow of light is seen. In the Chapel Choir great wax torches are burning, and on the ground in front of the altar lies an open leaden coffin, within which is another of cypress wood lined with crimson satin. By the side of the altar is the outer case of highly polished elm, with a large cross

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of darker wood upon it. Monsignor Cataldi, no longer Master of the Ceremonies to his Holiness, but to the Holy See, is busy giving directions to his assistants. Cardinal Bartolini enters and looks for a few moments into the empty coffin, takes his place in one of the canons' stalls, reserved on this occasion for members of the Sacred College. As I leave the Chapel I hear the sound of a pick, and there in the wall above the door leading to the organ-loft is a great ragged hole some nine feet in length, four in height, and equal in depth, and in it a mason crouched at work by the light of a tallow candle, a most Rembrandt-like picture. In front is a movable scaffolding, and from above an iron block is suspended, with tackle run through another fastened to the floor, and carried on to a capstan rigged up near the Chapel baptistry. To show the line of tackle, candles in common earthenware sconces are placed at distances along the pavement. On the ground by the door is a heap of mortar, a spade stuck in it, a pile of bricks, a pail, a hod, and sundry builders' tools. In the Chapel of the Sacrament, immediately opposite, is the body of Pius still lying in State, the Noble Guard, with drawn swords, are standing in a line on each side, with great wax torches blazing behind them; the Swiss Guard, with halberts, and wearing breastplates, are guarding the entrance. In front is grouped a crowd of ladies and gentlemen in the deepest mourning, looking on the dead Pope for the last time. Meanwhile the Chapel

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is gradually becoming filled by members of the Sacred College, the Chapter of St. Peter, and the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See. One by one, the cardinals go up to the feet of the corpse, press their foreheads against them, kiss them, and then between the lines of the Swiss Guard drawn up across the Basilica pass to take their places in the Chapel Choir on the opposite side, each attended by his Conclavists.

'Manning goes by with dignified step, his face a little bent down. Howard passes with head erect and that dignified bearing which enables him to wear his robes with such grace. Some of the College have handkerchiefs to their eyes, and one old cardinal is sobbing. The choir now bursts forth with a solemn funeral chant, and issues from the Chapel followed by the Cardinal Arch-priest of St. Peter's, Borromeo, the Chapter of the Basilica, Monsignor Folicaldi, Archbishop of Ephesus, officiating, and the body of Pius is borne shoulder high by the Noble Guard. The procession turns to the left, passes before the bronze statue of Peter, sweeps slowly round in front of the Confession, and passes down the other side to the Chapel of the Choir. All people kneel as the dead Pope passes; and as choristers give forth their solemn notes, the pick of the workman in the cavity above is heard with regular stroke, far more significant and full of meaning than any passing bell could give. The religious ceremonial within the Chapel being completed, some of

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the Noble Guard advance to the sides of the couch, and, taking the edges of the crimson velvet coverlet woven with gold on which the body is lying, lift it reverently, dressed as it is in the Pontifical robes, and wearing the mitre, into the coffin. Monsignor Ricci, Maggiordomo to the dead Pope, receives from the hands of Monsignor Cataldi first a rich velvet bag embroidered with gold, containing thirty-one gold, thirty-one silver, and thirty-one bronze medals, one for each year of Pio's Pontificate, the thirty-second not having been completed, and then a tube containing a roll of parchment, on which a eulogium and life of the deceased Pontiff has been written by Monsignor Mercurelli, which he places in turn at the feet of the corpse. Monsignor Cataldi covers the face with a veil of white silk and the body with one of crimson, and then all laymen, minor ecclesiastics, and cardinals alike stretch forward to take a last look; then the attendants step forward with the lid, and all that remains of Pius is hidden from sight. Nothing is now heard but the first carpenter forcing the screws of the cypress lid down, then the hissing of the solder fusing the leaden cover. Again the Monsignors gather round the coffin, and this time affix the seals on two of the corners. That of the Cardinal Camerlengo is placed by Monsignor Cataldi, but Monsignor Ricci will not depute any other. He comes forward himself, places one, and sinks down in a fit of weeping. They have to wait some minutes until he can impress the second. The fifth

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seal, that of Cardinal Borromeo, is imprinted on the side by his secretary; the sixth, that of the Chapter of St. Peter's, by the Archivist, Signor Wenzel. The pens of the Proto-Notary Apostolic, the Chancellor of the Apostolic Chamber, and the Notary of the Chapter of St. Peter's are heard writing the *procès verbaux*. They are read in a loud voice. The lead coffin is placed in that of polished elm, and Monsignor Cataldi, in the names of the Cardinal Camerlengo and the Sacred College, formally consigns the care of the coffin and its contents to the Chapter of St. Peter's. The coffin is now placed on a platform with wheels, the cardinals descend from their stalls and surround it, and as the choristers chant the Benedictus it is slowly moved from the Chapel. Monsignor Folicaldi, who was Dapifero to Pius IX. when he entered the last Conclave as Cardinal Mastai, pronounces the last absolution, the tackle is fixed, the capstan and rope creak with the heavy strain, and slowly the coffin is raised aloft and slipped into the hole, for niche it cannot be called. There is a moment's pause, and then the head of the Church during the *sede vacante* is surrounded by the Prelates of the Apostolic Chamber, and, attended by two palafrenieri, with scarlet liveries, and four Swiss Guards, with halberds, returns to the apartments in the Vatican he has inhabited since the death of Pius and until the election of his successor. Meanwhile the masons are busy bricking up the wall where the coffin has been placed. Four

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cardinals linger to look on, while the Noble Guard and the Swiss keep watch around. The great majority of those invited gradually depart, and at ten o'clock the sarcophagus, shaped in front with a cushion and a tiara upon it, is hoisted up and fixed in its place. On it are inscribed in capitals, "Pius IX., P. M."'

Such was the *exit* of Pius IX. A man raised by circumstances to a station far above his capacity, but placed by adversity in a position in which his very weakness won him sympathy and his shortcomings were accounted virtues; a man in whose feelings there never was much depth, in whose very religion, though never insincere, there was hardly sufficient earnestness, as he delighted in playing at mysteries, and countenanced La Salette and Lourdes miracles, even when ecclesiastical as well as lay authorities had irrefragably demonstrated and loudly stigmatised them as impudent forgeries.

The repeated failures of Pius IX., both as a spiritual and a temporal ruler, were in some measure redeemed by his character as a private man. He was benevolent, liberal, affable in his general intercourse, sharpwitted, sanguine and cheerful, chatty and sociable, never so happy as when he could doff his Apostolic dignity, and come down from his Pontifical pedestal. Even among the stiffness of his State receptions he would indulge in a little by-play, and would turn to his trusty attendants with an occasional aside, which did not always escape the

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visitors among whom he chose the butts of his numerous shafts. At the fag-end of one of these *levées* his chamberlain informed him that some young ladies were still in the ante-chamber, waiting to be admitted to the honour of kissing the Apostolic ring, and the Pope, nodding his consent, and looking towards the door, presently descried the damsels who were being ushered in, conspicuous for the towering head-gear with which Fashion, at that season, cumbered her female votaries. '*Santo Padre,*' said the chamberlain, preceding and announcing the fair bevy, '*Le Signorine Guerrieri!*' '*Me ne sono accorto dai cimieri,*' quoth his Holiness, and forthwith he put on his most winning smile, and bestowed on the high-crested maidens his most solemn benediction. There was almost something personal in the puns and quibbles he was fond of perpetrating, even at the expense of his best friends, and quite without a shade of bitterness or malice. He wondered at De Angelis, the Cardinal Bishop of Fermo, '*da tanti anni in-fermo senza morir mai.*' The dying state of Cardinal Barili suggested to him the consolation that '*Se anche si perdesse il barile rimarrebbe sempre la botte,*' the 'butt' or cask in the case being the Falstaff-like corpulence of Cardinal Bartolini. The jokes were harmless and almost childish; but it should be borne in mind that Pius IX. was eighty-six years old, and that sternness, or, as I said, even great earnestness, was no part of his idiosyncrasy.

Naturally joyous and buoyant as was his disposi-

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tion, the Pope was, however, subject to fits of sudden irritability; touchy and impatient, and above all things resentful of any presumption on his condescension, any approach to disrespect towards his person or dignity. He was easily ruffled by direct and frank contradiction. If it came to any divergence of views, who should know better than the Infallible? His instincts tended to goodwill to all men, and in youth he had friends; but there was something indiscriminate and somewhat unstable in his affections, and, after his elevation, he was too full of himself to be capable of much expansion to other men. It was attested to his credit that he was free from the besetting sin of other Popes; he was no Nepotist. But it is well to observe that, after his return from Gaëta, it was not he who would not befriend and promote his relations; the estrangement was owing to his brothers, who condemned his reactionary policy, and would not come near him. On the throne Pius IX. found solitude. That same necessity of his position which compelled him to put up with men whom he feared, like Antonelli, closed his heart against those whom he might have felt prompted to love.

On the other hand, he was severe and even terrible to those who had justly or unjustly incurred his displeasure; but it must be said, to excuse him, that the implacability of his enmity arose from his conviction of his unerring judgment, and from the belief that opposition to him was as unpardonable a

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sacrilege as rebellion to Heaven. The world has not forgotten his treatment of Cardinal d'Andrea, but has not heard much of his harshness to more obscure persons, upon whom his wrath was poured out with even more unsparing measure. Not naturally strong in argument, and not provided with a large stock of knowledge, the Pope relied on vehemence for the means of overcoming his adversaries in controversy. Many of the Italian and even some of the foreign prelates were convinced against their will about the dogma of infallibility; some because unable to withstand his cajoling, some because unwilling to expose themselves to his wrath and reproaches.

In the character which Castelar has drawn of Pius IX., the Spanish patriot who, however strong a radical, was a still stronger Catholic, attributes to the late Pontiff the temperament of a poet and an artist. He might perhaps with greater propriety have described the Pope as a dramatic actor, and he himself, Castelar, depicts the nightly exhibitions of young Mastai-Ferretti, during his missions at the revivals in Romagna and the Marches, when the future Pope was seen standing in the market-square, lighted up with links or torches, bearing a large crucifix on his shoulders, and having before him on a table a grinning skull, on which a burning yellow taper was stuck, and alternating the blessings with the curses of the Church with a really tragic action, a sweet and imaginative expression, and on his lips

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an eloquence which 'carried away his southern audience.' 'Like all artists,' Castelar continues, 'Pius IX. is fond of emotions; his popularity and the sense of his achievements fascinated him to the end.' And he paints with what joy the Pope's countenance was beaming when deputations came to him to lay the nations' homage and tribute at his feet, and adds that 'even pomp and luxury, the rich Pontifical vestments studded with diamonds, his crosses, his tiara, and all the trappings of his sacred ministry were a greater joy to him than her jewels and silks and laces ever could be to a Court beauty.'

'True it is,' he concludes, 'that such clouds of incense as constituted the Pope's usual atmosphere would have flushed the soberest heart and darkened the brightest intelligence: all those humble prostrations and genuflexions, those legions of bishops paying him court, the choruses of priests singing his praises, their various strains keeping up an incessant concert in his ears, the bands of pilgrims coming from the remotest corners of the globe for the sheer chance of hearing one word, catching one smile, or seeing the gesture of his two fingers imparting benediction, all this universal homage was only too sure to foster in the Pope's mind the conceit of his being not only a singular and privileged mortal, but a very God upon earth.'

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CHAPTER IX.

THE CONCLAVE.

Conclaves, past and present.—Interest felt in the Conclave of 1878 owing to the long expectation of the Pope's death.—New conditions of the Papal State and of the Church at the Pope's death.—The Conclave made the subject of many recent works. Incidents and manœuvres characteristic of former Conclaves.—Flagrant evidence of their corruption.

THE chronic, lingering illness which for many years kept the Roman Catholic Church and the world in a state of alarm and suspense, had had at last that termination which all human ailments, moral or physical, are sure to come to. Pope Pius IX. was dead, and the cardinals were about to meet in Conclave for the election of his successor. The choice of a new Pontiff was to be made in unprecedented circumstances, and under influences which have never before been at work; for, although the assembling of the Papal electors had in former instances, and especially at the death of Pius VI., occurred in days of dire calamity, when the Church was labouring under the evils of banishment and captivity, the present was the first instance of a Pope dying at peace and in perfect security at the Vatican, yet deprived of that Temporal

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Sovereignty which was by many people deemed necessary for the independence of the Holy See; hurled from that throne which men considered built on an immovable foundation, and which, however, was overthrown without one sword being drawn in its defence, without one authoritative voice being raised against the spoliation or sacrilege.

The cardinals joining in consultation at the present Conclave had to deal with questions which had arisen in no former instance. They had to deliberate on preliminary matters on which no uncertainty arose at any other Pope's election. They had to settle among themselves whether they would be able to abide where they were, or whether they should turn their backs upon that hallowed spot where the Papacy had had its home for eighteen centuries, from which it never was driven except by irresistible violence, leaving it now for the first time in history when no force expelled it, no danger threatened it, and its departure, if it occurred, would be the free act of its leaders or advisers—a mere pretence of groundless fears, a matter of disingenuous policy. That the Conclave would be more free at Trent, at Nice, or Malta than near the tomb of the Apostles was a statement which the cardinals would never have brought the world to believe, because they certainly did not believe it themselves.

That point being disposed of, the next subject for consideration was whether an Italian, or a non-Italian candidate should in the present position of affairs best

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claim their suffrage, for the reasons which for the last three hundred and fifty-six years, since the death of Hadrian VI., of Utrecht, induced the Sacred College to look upon Peter's chair as an Italian or Roman inheritance were no longer at work. The Papacy, since 1870, had ceased to be a State; it had been brought back to its original dignity of a Bishopric, and whatever pre-eminence the Roman See might still claim over all other earthly dioceses, its emancipation from the thraldom of that temporal dominion which localised it had restored it to its original character of a Catholic, or world-wide institution, and revived the titles which the whole clergy had a right to put forth to the supreme distinction. The Pope might continue to reside in Rome; he might call himself, as he had always done, a Roman Pontiff; but his Rome was henceforth to be a new Jerusalem, as entirely separated from anything Roman or Italian as heaven is from earth, and as infinitely raised above it. All these problems, with many others, were expected to find their solution in the actual doings of this Conclave. No new Pope, it was thought, could be installed without setting all these doubts for ever at rest. Many of the rules and customs, many of the formalities observed in former Conclaves, would, from the very force of circumstances, have at once become obsolete. The order and peace of the city during the sitting of the electors would no longer be intrusted to a prelate. The authority exercised by the Camerlengo, once unlimited in Rome during

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the interregnum, was restricted to the walls of the Vatican. The security of the Palace from external attack or insult was guaranteed by a police having no connection with its interior. The tolling of the big bell of the Capitol, the Benediction from St. Peter's balcony, the gorgeous progress of the newly-elected Pontiff to the Lateran would, if they took place, be accomplished under the same protection. The State would see that its Bishop was treated with all the reverence and honour to which he was entitled. The Infallible would be as inviolable as he ever was. Only, while on former occasions he relied on his own means to enforce respect and obedience, he would receive all homage from mere spontaneous veneration and from the self-imposed duty of the Italian Government and people. In every other respect the Conclave would be precisely the same event as it ever was, though probably no Papal election was ever looked forward to with as great an interest, or attended with such eager expectation and anxious conjecture.

From the time the campaign of Solferino and the victory of Castelfidardo stripped the Sovereign Pontiff of his wealthiest provinces, the attention of politicians had been steadily directed to the Conclave. It was to the inability of Pius IX. to perceive when adroit concessions and when stubborn resistance might have been advisable that all the calamities of the Holy See were justly attributed. Victory and compromise were equally impracticable under him, and

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it was understood that the question as to the future of the Papacy which convulsed the world throughout his Pontificate must necessarily await his decease for its solution. Pius IX. was already an aged man eighteen years before. He laboured under infirmities which seemed to give him little chance of long surviving the 'three score and ten' which he had already attained; and, at all events, there seemed no reason to anticipate a deviation in his favour from that rule which had suffered no exception in the cases of his two hundred and fifty-six predecessors—the rule that limited the utmost duration of a Pontificate to the twenty-five years of St. Peter. 'One Pope dies,' says the old Italian adage, 'and another steps into his shoes' (*Morto un Papa se ne fa un altro*), and the settlement of the great controversy between Rome and Italy, and, indeed, between the Church and civil society, was left to the cardinals charged with the appointment of Mastai-Ferretti's successor. Admitting that in the Sacred College, as in all other human associations, there might and must be divergence of views—that, while they all agreed that Pius IX. was at different periods of his career too lenient or too unyielding, some of them still set their hearts against concession, while others acknowledged that it was now too late for resistance—admitting, in short, that there must be parties in the expected Conclave, it was natural that men should speculate on the conditions of these parties, on their relative forces, on their aims and principles, so as to conjecture with

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which of them victory might eventually rest, and to what extent the victors might feel disposed to pursue their advantage.

Up to the outbreak of the war of 1870, the Conclave could hardly be expected to deliberate on a footing of thorough independence. Had the death of Pius IX. still found Napoleon III. in the fulness of his power, the cardinals' choice must necessarily have been swayed by the wishes of the only protector on whom the Church then relied; and, indeed, the only possible candidate was already clearly and irresistibly designated. But after Sédan the Church had been placed between an impotent 'Eldest Daughter' and a whole family of undutiful younger ones. The Vatican had been left to its own devices as well as to its own resources. There was no 'Most Christian,' 'Catholic,' or 'Faithful' Sovereign whose veto need be deprecated, or solicited. The Church was independent to the full bent of her own desires.

It was in anticipation of the great importance that the world attached to the present Papal election that able men in various countries had for several years deemed it desirable to look back upon the records of former Conclaves. Whatever change time might introduce into the conditions of human affairs, the past would always be the light by which the present and future should be read; and although the choice of a successor to Pius IX., as every one felt, necessarily occurred under circumstances in many respects utterly unprecedented, still there was

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enough in the passions and intrigues of which the Vatican and the Quirinal have at similar crises uniformly been the theatre to give men some notion of the turn the new performance might be expected to take. The nature of the actors was too constant and too well known to allow any one to suppose that the upshot of the play could be greatly affected by any modification of the stage.

Every thorough work on the Conclaves is, necessarily, a thorough history of the Papacy, for the Pope is the effect the cause of which must be studied in the Conclave. The Papal policy was essentially traditional, eternal, while the Pope was a mere mortal, and very frequently an aged and feeble one. Even in cases in which the short-lived occupant of the throne presumed to have a mind of his own and ventured to propose, he knew that it was for those who came after him to dispose, and hence the common saying that 'whatever is done by one Pope is invariably undone by another.' Every Pope at his accession is the immediate reflection and, as it were, the incarnation of the Conclave which chooses him, and the influence of his electors over him must needs, in the nature of things, be always stronger in the earlier than in the later years of his Pontificate, so that whatever divergence from the line traced out by the electing body may occur in the interval between the elections is easily corrected by new instructions given, or by new conditions imposed at each successive election. What however

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gave the policy of the College of Cardinals a general and consistent tendency, what laid the basis of that permanent Roman system which has gone through so many ages and weathered so many storms, is the selfish instinct at the bottom of every cardinal's, as of every man's, heart. What each member of the Sacred College pursued was his own interest; but from the conflict of individual interests there sprang the common interest. As every one of the Seventy could not be Pope, they generally gave their vote to the one whose promotion was least likely to clash with what all considered the real welfare of their Institution. It little mattered whether they chose the best man, or the worst. All they cared for was to ensure the election either of him who could most ably lead them in the way they wished to go, or of him who would most passively follow the lead of the born rulers among them. Next to a stern Hildebrand or a domineering Sixtus V., what best answered their purpose was a profligate, Julius III. or a tipsy Gregory XVI. Often, as we have seen, in the perplexity of counsels, the election was virtually adjourned—*i.e.*, choice was made of what they called '*un Papa di tomba*,' some decrepit valetudinarian, a mere stopgap, who should fill the vacant throne only as long as might be necessary to enable the College to come to an understanding and to proceed on a new and more practical plan of operations. The anxiety of the cardinals to keep the thread of Roman tradition in their own hands

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nad to break through the continuity of individual policy was so great that the Cardinal Nephew, the Cardinal Secretary of State, or whoever else had really conducted the Government under the deceased Pope, or the Camerlengo who wielded it in the interregnum, whatever influence he might exercise in the Conclave, whatever part he might play as a pope-maker, hardly ever dreamt of aspiring to be himself a pope. The Sacred College was jealous of the exercise of its collective authority; it insisted on recovering its power, absolute and undivided, every time it was called upon to delegate it. There was nothing to be gained by a candidate engaging to 'tread in the footsteps of his predecessor.' The Pope might go the full length of his tether, but there must be nothing hereditary in his pretensions. They held at his accession a bundle of burning tow up to his face, with the warning, '*Sic transit gloria mundi*,' to remind him, not only that he must die, but that every trace of his supremacy as well as of his worldly greatness must die with him. Let him make the most of his time, for after that nothing of what he had done, or of what he fancied he had done, would remain. The eagerness of the real rulers of the Papacy to limit in time, if not to curtail in extent, the power of their domestic Sovereign was all the greater as they found themselves under the necessity of counteracting the encroachments of foreign Potentates. Rome was the 'Head of the world;' the centre of a Republic of which

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every Catholic was a citizen; a community in which every Christian Government claimed to be represented. The cardinals in choosing the Pope had to please—first, themselves; then the Romans; next the Italian princes; finally, the European Monarchs, A Conclave summoned up all these various and generally antagonistic interests. It had to act on local, national and international considerations; it had to bow to acknowledged rights, to listen to disputed claims, to obey secret, indirect and yet positive influences. It was now the genius of a man, now the ascendency of a family, now the tact of a diplomatist, now the gold of a prince, now the will of a monarch, that preponderated; not unfrequently also the mere craft of an obscure subordinate agent.

The party leaders in a Conclave were some of them men of energy, prevailing by the mere strength of individual character; others men of business, putting forth the authority of the foreign Governments of which they were the agents; others again men of rank, exercising the *prestige* of the princely or royal blood that flowed in their veins. And yet hardly of less consequence than the Cardinal Nephews, Cardinal Protectors, and Cardinal Princes were often the 'Conclavists'—private secretaries, valets, sick nurses, and other attendants, acting as scouts, spies and messengers of the locked-up cardinals, and in many instances by a timely warning, by a lucky stratagem, forwarding, or frustrating the combinations of their

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employers and determining the chances of a contested election.

With respect to these combinations, with respect to the intrigues and corruption that so often signalised transactions which were said to proceed by Divine inspiration, the works dealing with the subject supply only too abundant evidence.*

'The narratives of Conclaves,' we are told, 'are filled with accounts of election manœuvres practised by plotting cardinals with the view of bringing about, by underhand tactics, some preconcerted result. The whole system of these proceedings bears the visible impress of that cautious and cunning temperament which never operates but under a mask, and never contemplates working otherwise than by stratagem.'

Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Burgos, in the sixteenth century, who had been present at three successive Papal elections, and had twice a narrow escape of being himself proclaimed Pope, in a report he made to his Sovereign, the King of Spain, said: 'I have attended three successive Conclaves, and I must declare that a Papal election is a school of deceit and malice rather than that of religion. Princes at a distance do not know the thousandth part of what a Conclave is, inasmuch as the cardinals, no matter of what country, are too jealous of the honour of their

* Cartwright, W. C., 'On the Constitution of Papal Conclaves,' Edinburgh, Edmonston and Douglas, 1868. Petruccelli della Gattina, '*Histoire Diplomatique des Conclaves*,' 4 vols., 1864-66, Paris, Librairie Internationale. Bonghi, '*Pio Nono e il Papa Futuro*,' Milan, 1877, Treves.

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order to reveal what goes on before their eyes. They even, to the best of their abilities, labour to withhold the truth from the ambassadors present at Rome; and were they even to tell all they know, they could never be fully believed, for it would be supposed that they were speaking under the smart of disappointment, either to account for and extenuate their failure, or to exaggerate the merit of their success in everything they attempted in their master's service. Most assuredly were a prince of the earth to behold the proceedings of a Conclave with his own eyes, he could not fail to be convinced, if he were a pious, God-fearing man, that it is to the Papacy, shamefully bought and sold as it nowadays is, that all the evils of Christendom should be ascribed.'

These may seem rather strong words, and it might be supposed that they only apply to the disorders of a remote age; but things did not seem to have much mended in days nearer to us, if we may believe the Marquis of Crosa, Ambassador of Sardinia, at the time of the election of Pius VIII., in 1829, who in a letter to his King confirms every word of the old Spanish cardinal's statement; and be it observed that this De Crosa was himself an Ultramontane, and wrote to Count la Tour, the Prime Minister of Charles Felix, at a time when the Sardinian Government was under Jesuit influence, and in the full tide of anti-liberal policy. De Crosa thinks 'he ought not to speak of the disgraceful transactions connected with the Conclave, arising from the impulse of human

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passions so powerfully at work under similar circumstances. Flatteries, deceptions, treacheries, pledges and promises given and broken without a shadow of shame—all the ordinary incidents occurring at every Conclave did not certainly fail to reproduce themselves in the present instance; so that I heard more than one pious, upright, and noble-hearted person declare, that it would be impossible for any man of character to take an active part in a Conclave for more than once in his lifetime unless he were compelled to do so by the strongest sense of duty.' Chateaubriand, who was at Rome at the same period, describes the Conclave in equally unflattering colours.

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II.

Better character of the Conclave of 1878.—Alleged posthumous instructions of Pius IX. to the Cardinals.—Preliminary discussions about the expediency of a removal to Malta.—Cardinal Manning.—Strong opposition of the Italian Cardinals.—The Conclave to be held in the Vatican.—Advantages and disadvantages of Rome as the Pope's residence.—Attitude of the European Powers.—The right of veto.—The French Ambassador.

THE Conclave which assembled on the death of Pius IX. exhibited nothing like the repulsive features characterising former elections. I have in a former chapter given the enumeration of the members of the Sacred College, and I think it would be safe to draw the conclusion that with one or two exceptions, the cardinals were not much worse and not much better than any other set of men in the same position would be expected to be, either on the score of intellectual powers, or in point of moral conduct. The College of Cardinals, as I said, was comparatively a body of *parvenus*. There were now no Cardinals de' Medici, no Farnese, or Este; no Cardinals of Guise, Lorraine, or Hapsburg, to awe their colleagues with the *prestige* of the Royal families from which they

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issued. There were no Cardinal Princes, and hardly any Cardinal Protectors; for the influence of the petty Italian States was at an end, and that of the Great Powers, more or less in open hostility with the Court of Rome, was either not likely to be put forward, or not likely to be obeyed. The Italian Government had pledged itself to non-intervention, and its policy was almost sure to be followed by most European States. Pius IX. himself cut the Church adrift from its worldly moorings when he excluded the representatives of the Powers from the late Œcumenical Council. The principle of a 'Free Church in a Free State' was acted upon at least on one side. The Conclave had become a matter of purely ecclesiastical interest. There were at the Papal election only two parties, both ecclesiastical parties. Nevertheless when it is said that those two parties were the Jesuits and the anti-Jesuits, even the secular Powers of Europe might well perceive that the Conclave was not a matter in which, however they might stand aloof, they could affect to feel no concern.

Pius IX. had died on the 7th, and the Papal election was to be held on the 18th. But congregations, or preliminary councils, or consistories of the cardinals present in Rome, were held in the intervening days, in which important matters were disposed of. In the first place, whatever might be the contents of the papers found in the desk of the late Pope relative to some instructions about the Conclave,

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and authorising the cardinals to deviate if necessary from ancient established forms and rules, it seems that little or nothing was said on the subject. The intentions of the deceased were only carried out when what he proposed happened to suit the views of the majority, and for the rest the documents were read in silence and afterwards burnt. The Conclave took place under peculiarly favourable circumstances, being the first in which railways to any great extent sped and smoothed the journey of the eminent members of the College. Nearly the complete number of the sixty-two living were at the opening. The Italian cardinals, of course, always constituted a large majority among them, but there was already at the preliminary sittings a considerable Transalpine or foreign party, at the head of whom was the zealous and energetic Cardinal Manning, a man who, after receiving his hat, had no ostensible business to keep him away from Westminster, but who having had a clear foreboding of the mournful event so long impending, was fully bent on controlling its consequences, and had been indefatigable in his attendance at the Vatican and in the Pope's death-chamber. In the preliminary meetings held on the Friday and Saturday immediately following the Pope's death the question of the place where the Conclave was to be held was discussed, and was at last settled in the only way that it seemed possible for worldly-wise men to anticipate. The foreign prelates were not of one mind on any point, and though the Italians listened to the argu-

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ments of Manning advising a removal to Malta, or to the suggestions of those who proposed a migration to Trent, or Miramar, they only did so out of deference to their colleagues, but were by no means likely to venture on a measure fraught with trouble and danger, and which might be irretrievable. They were too wise to imagine that a flitting in such a crisis could be justified in the world's eyes by the plea of their safety or independence. As the Italian and other Governments had quietly intimated to them, there had hardly at any time been an instance of a Conclave allowed a more thorough freedom of deliberation than the present was sure to enjoy. Unless housed at Montecristo, Lampedusa, Pantellaria, or any other remote isle in mid-ocean, the Church of Rome, so long as it insisted on being a State, must find itself at the mercy of mightier States, opposition to whose arbitrary will and pleasure might involve invasion, and could, at the utmost, only be deprecated by political manœuvre and diplomatic contrivance. But deprived of its earthly sovereignty, the Church was now isolated in Italy, relying for its liberties on a Law of Guarantees, the observance of which rested on the Italian Government itself and on the jealous attitude of all European Powers. There was no further spoliation, no violence to be apprehended on the part of the Italian Government. Daring contempt of its laws, withering abuse of its Sovereign, reckless defiance of its displeasure, and actual war *à outrance*—all had been attempted and

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carried on with doubtful success, but with perfect impunity by the late Pope and by the injudicious advisers who goaded him on to implacable enmity. When did an Italian soldier ever violate the threshhold of the Vatican? What intimation of the wishes of the Italian Government on any subject was ever conveyed across the barriers within which Pius IX. proclaimed himself a prisoner? No island in mid-ocean, no enchanted castle on the top of inaccessible mountains could be safer from intrusion or outrage than the Vatican had been for the last seven years, or was at that very moment. In Malta the Conclave would have to sit under the British, at Trent or Miramar, under the Austrian flag. In the Vatican alone its own banner with the cross keys had a right to wave undisturbed.

It was impossible that such arguments should have no weight upon the Italian cardinals, most of whom were shrewd men, and all of whom, with the exception of some crabbed monk, like Panebianco, were rather remarkable for their knowledge of the world and their fondness of quiet living than for wild enthusiasm about any earthly or heavenly cause.

The result of any discussion on the subject could not be doubtful for a moment, and Cardinal Manning, who raised the question, did not show any amount of good English common sense in the matter. No doubt the uprooting of the Catholic Church from such a hotbed of Pagan traditions and practices as

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that Papal city where Christian churches still bear the names of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, San Lorenzo in Lucina, Santo Stefano del Cacco, and the like, might be conducive to the interests of true religion. But cardinals in Italy and bishops all over the world are, and must be, actuated less by religious than by political motives. The Italian members of the Sacred College may one day renounce all hope of recovering their earthly sovereignty, but they will not deliberately incur the danger of breaking up the unity of the establishment, and they naturally think that the *prestige* of universality claimed by the Church is inherent in that combination of circumstances which has made her for so many centuries both Catholic and Roman. So long as the Pope was a King, however lax and accommodating he might be in his relations with foreign Powers, he could always claim the right of enforcing uniformity of creed and worship among his own subjects; he could, within the boundaries of the Pontifical dominions, wage war against freedom of inquiry, oppose the installation of heterodox congregations, and enact penal laws against any spirit of innovation, at least among the clergy. Rome was the standard of Catholic belief, and it was for the interest of Catholic States, especially in despotic times, to compel their subjects to conformity with their precepts and practice. Religious convictions in our days can no longer be made to rest on coercive measures, it is true; but the old fabric

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still stands, and may long continue to stand, by its mere force of cohesion, its corner-stone resting on that submissiveness and apathy with which the Latin races, and especially the Italians and Romans, have always accepted the doctrines which were so long maintained among them by sheer strength of discipline. The evangelical chapels which for the last seven years have been freely opened in Rome, and for thirty in the north of Italy, cannot boast many *bonâ fide* converts. The Italians may or may not be Christians, but they will never be Protestants.

For the Italian cardinals, men of the world, who cared very little for realities and very much for appearances, in the absence of true faith, this passive submission, this lip-service of the masses, was the next best basis of clerical ascendency; it was all that remained after the loss of direct and absolute Pontifical authority. Come what may, they thought, Roman Catholicism will always be the national religion in Italy. There will be in that country 'no God but God, and the Pope will be His Prophet.' Take the new Pope to Trent, to Malta, to Avignon, to Oxford, or Salamanca, and he must certainly lose ground in Italy and everywhere else, even if he gained it in Austria, in England, or wherever he might establish his new see. The removal of the seat of Catholicism from Rome, in the opinion of the Italian cardinals, would have broken up the universality of the establishment and led to the formation of separate national churches—in other words, to uni-

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versal schism and heresy. It might be urged that the same division and confusion were equally threatening the Church wherever her visible Head might take up his residence; that Italy was now as much a nation as France, or Germany, or England; that the Church, by becoming Italian, ceased to be Roman; and that, whatever independence may be insured to the establishment by the Law of Papal Guarantees, the influence of language, of legislation, of the mood of thought and feeling, must needs exercise a moral ascendency over religious belief, and must tend to give it a local and national character; that Catholicism will be as surely Italianised in Italy as it would be Gallicised in France or Anglicised in England. Cardinal Schwartzenberg when he wished to announce his departure from Prague on his way to Rome, did so by a Latin telegram. The good German Prince affected to look upon that obsolete idiom as the common organ of the Catholic world, and Conclaves and Œcumenical Councils may still use a dead language for life purposes in their meetings. But a jealousy of Italianism in the Church was prevalent beyond the Alps, especially among men of Teutonic blood, even long before the aspirations of Italian nationality could harbour any hope of success, and the feeling finds a vent in the words placed by Shakespeare in the mouth of King John—

> 'That no Italian priest
> Shall tithe and toll in our dominions.'

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It was the nation, and not the office of priest, that was obnoxious in England in the days of King John, or Queen Elizabeth. The idea that any free race of men should be tributary to the foreigner for religious thought was far more repugnant to the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon mind than that of having Peter's pence levied for Rome's benefit. In that most reasonable pride lay the main cause of the reforming movement in the sixteenth century, and the same most natural and justifiable jealousy will be found at the bottom of Gallicanism in France and of *Deutsch* and *Alt-Catholicismus* in Germany. They are all vain efforts to repudiate Rome in fact while adhering to her in name; just as, *vice versâ*, the spirit of ritualism and sacerdotalism in some of the reformed communities reveals a regret for the loss of the old connexion and a hankering after it. Could Cardinal Manning have succeeded in bringing the Conclave and the Pope to England, he might possibly have realised his long-cherished scheme of saying Mass in Westminster Abbey; he might have extended his Catholic Church all over Great Britain and the whole Anglo-Saxon world; but he would have lost the allegiance of all the countries where other languages than that of England are spoken.

Italian Churchmen felt that they had possession on their side. They had the majority in the Conclave; they were aware that Italy was the country where the spirit of religious inquiry was most utterly and irretrievably dead, where spiritual

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authority was least likely to be disputed, and where, whatever might become of temporalities, the lay powers would be least able and least willing to interfere with Church government. The Sovereign in Italy never would be even nominally pope, or 'defender of the faith,' as he is in England, in Russia, or Germany.

For all these reasons which ought to have been obvious to so clear-headed a man as Manning, the vote of the College went against him—indeed it was then said in Rome that he was left in the minority of one—and the Conclave abided in Rome by the cardinals' own free choice. All the myths about the captivity of the Church, about the mouldy straw on which the Apostolic prisoner had to lie in the Vatican dungeons, were at once dispelled, and the great fact that the independence of the Church need not rest on her earthly sovereignty, nay, that the loss of temporal power has placed her spiritual ascendency on a freer basis, was now established on a fact outweighing all imaginable arguments.

There was a longer but not more profitable discussion about the right of Veto, supposed to be vested in some of the Catholic Powers and especially in France, Austria, Spain and Portugal. A large party in the Sacred College contended that no such right existed, and that the privilege had merely been granted in certain instances and to some of those Powers as a special favour, in return for important services rendered to the cause of the Church.

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It was observed, not unreasonably, that the map of Europe had of late years been considerably altered; that, for instance, the German Empire which had exercised the right of Veto, and the seat of which was formerly at Vienna, had now its centre in Berlin; and that Italy, which, when divided into several States, had always, directly or indirectly, swayed Papal Elections, was now one State and one nation, and might as a whole claim to have her influence as powerfully felt in the Conclave as her fractions ever had. It, however, turned out that the cardinals were merely fighting the air and wasting time to little purpose, for none of the Powers felt tempted to interfere with their deliberations. The Italian Government declared that their principles bound them to ignore the Church and her doings, and that the choice or appointment of its head in no way concerned them. The German High Chancellor expressed his intention to abstain from all interference with the proceedings of the election, and only reserved the free power to abide by its results if he approved of them. The other Powers, and especially France and Spain, both of which, no matter under what form of Government, evinced Ultramontane tendencies, professed the utmost deference to the Sacred College and were evidently disposed to leave to their respective Crown cardinals the task of guarding their national interests. Some suspicions, it seemed, were entertained about Count Thomar alone, the representative of Portugal, who had lately, and as

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it was supposed, purposely been raised from the rank of a minister to that of an ambassador; and who, on account of the family connection between the Portuguese and the Italian Crowns—the Queen Maria Pia being a Savoy princess—might have been instructed to veto in the name of Portugal any candidate particularly obnoxious to Italy. It was however, soon ascertained that such apprehensions were absolutely groundless, and that Portugal also would maintain a strict and observant neutrality.

All the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See had of course repaired to the Vatican on the first report of the Pope's danger, and continued as daily visitors during the interval preceding the election. It was asserted that one of them, probably the French Envoy, Baron Baude, as the most officious, speaking in his own name and in that of his colleagues, in very guarded language, and in private conversation, politely intimated to some of the cardinals how desirable it would be that the system of seclusion to which the Vatican had condemned itself since the catastrophe of the 20th of September, 1870, should at last cease, and that henceforth the spiritual power of the Pontiff should be exercised with its usual becoming solemnity, the terms offered to the Court of the Vatican by the Italian Government amply providing for the security, dignity, and independence of the Holy See. The same diplomatist, it appears, added that if the same sullen and hostile

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attitude were persevered in, the Power by him represented might deem it advisable to dispense with the presence of an Embassy at the Vatican Court. It seems that this declaration contributed in no small degree to the determination the cardinals had come to with respect to the public and solemn character to be given to the Pope's burial. Thus, it was hoped, would end the alleged captivity of the Church at the Vatican.

If, however, the French ambassador really spoke in this sense—and there is no reason to believe that the Government of MacMahon, after the defeat of its intended *coup d'état*, could hold a different language—it is evident that his Excellency only addressed his exhortations to some of their eminences, and to those who might be best disposed to listen to them; inasmuch, as with respect to the late Pope's burial it was seen that the idea of celebrating the main ceremonies in St. Peter's and with open doors, entertained at first, was ultimately abandoned, and preference was given to the Sixtine Chapel and to the strictest privacy. With respect to the election, even if it were true that Baron Baude advised a choice which should, if not terminate, at least indefinitely adjourn the disputes between the Holy See and the Italian Government, one may believe that his admonitions were spoken to men who, if they differed from him, did not think it necessary to tell him so; for, whether or not bent on hostilities, the greatest number of the cardinals were not inclined to absolute peace or even to a truce.

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III.

Parties in the Conclave.—Manning and the Ultramontanes.—Pecci and the Moderates.—Views of this party.—Manning and Curci.—Unpopularity of Manning in Rome.—The proceedings of the Conclave.—The Sixtine Chapel.—The manner of voting.—The crowd in the Piazza.—Election of Pecci.—Leo XIII.

It happened in this Conclave, as at the election of Pius IX. that the Sacred College was arrayed in two opposite parties, one of these, in 1846, was headed by Gizzi, and convinced of the necessity of important reforms in the Government of the Papal State; the other, following the guidance of Lambruschini, was bent on opposing innovation, tooth and nail. In 1878, the same parties, the Conservative or Ultramontane, and the so-called Moderate or Liberal, were again in presence; but the point at issue was now, not how the Papal State was to be governed, for that state was no longer in existence, but to what extent the cardinals should show themselves resigned to its loss, and on what terms they should live with the Power whose ambition had led to that loss.

The Conservatives or *Intransigenti*, as their name implied, were against all compromise with Italy, wished for war to the bitter end, and their Candidate

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was supposed to be Panebianco. The leader of the party was at first Manning, but as he was beaten in the matter of the removal of the Conclave to Malta, and as his refusal to allow a funeral service in behalf of Victor Emmanuel in one of the London Catholic churches, except on unacceptable conditions, had seemed even to Italian priests too inhuman and un-Christian, he had now lost not a little of his ascendancy, and his place was filled by Ledochowsky, a Pole, who, though a Prussian subject, and at odds with the Government of St. Petersburg, owed allegiance to no earthly Power and could act with perfect independence. Manning, as an Englishman, enjoyed the same freedom, for Great Britain had no representative at the Vatican; but it was said that Sir Augustus Paget, the Queen's ambassador at the Quirinal, at the time in which Malta was proposed as a place of refuge for the Conclave, gave the Italian Government to understand that Her Majesty's Government had nothing to do with that proposal, and thus, indirectly and officiously, disavowed the Cardinal of Westminster.

The ideas of the other side, the so-called Moderate or Liberal party, the leader of which was Cardinal Pecci, the Camerlengo, were somewhat hazy and undefined; but they were not inaccurately summed up as follows:

'The cardinals of the Pecci party objected to a political Pope willing to exercise ecclesiastical supremacy for purely temporal objects. Their candidate

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in that respect, if living, would have been Riario Sforza, a prelate dear to the Roman hierarchy, and enjoying the sympathy of influential foreign cardinals and diplomatists, and generally of the Italian clergy. A fanatic ignorant cardinal, who should obtain the purple through underhand intrigues at the Vatican, and who should insist on an aggressive, uncompromising policy, could never have the support of Baron Baude, the French ambassador. The Austrian and Spanish ambassadors' behaviour to the Italian Episcopate and clergy on the occasion of Victor Emmanuel's death proved their disposition with respect to a future Pope. Curci's ideas were shared by many Catholics in the priesthood, as proved by the frequent manifestations reaching the Vatican. It was advisable, therefore, to elect a Pope wedded to these ideas, which were also those of the Austrian, Spanish, and most French cardinals. The new Pope should follow in the footsteps of the late Pontiff, avoiding, however, those errors into which Pius IX. was led by his great age and by the intemperate counsels of the uncompromising Jesuit party. The new Pope should elevate the Church, restore her credit by favouring, not discountenancing, scientific progress and its promoters. Church dignities and offices should be bestowed on men calculated to throw lustre on the Church by their talents and acquirements. The new Pope, above all things, should reassure the minds of the Italians without pretending to renounce the rights of the

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Church, by acknowledging Italian nationality and repudiating every idea of joining foreign Powers to its injury. The Conclave should imitate the example of the electors of Pius VII. at Venice in 1800, who, in an epoch of great political convulsions, chose one who, as Bishop of Imola, had heralded democratic ideas from the pulpit and never hesitated to declare the people's cause to be the cause of the Church. A reactionary choice of the present Conclave, even if not vetoed by the Powers, would be blamed by Catholic and Protestant Governments, by the Italian clergy, and all good Catholics.'

The Veto of the Powers was expected to fall on Simeoni by the Spanish Government, in return for his intrigues with the Carlist party in the last war—intrigues withheld from the knowledge of Antonelli, who, when he knew, severely blamed them. Parocchi would, it was thought, be vetoed by Austria in consequence of the ill-feeling he roused at Bologna by his support of the most violent Ultramontane party. The same objection would be raised to Oreglia, whose indiscreet zeal as Nuncio in Belgium supplied the fuel to hostile political factions in that kingdom, and who was recalled from Portugal lest he should be expelled. To the Moderate party, to the ideas by which they were animated, and the influence they exercised, were ascribed the milder measures adopted during the Conclave, such as the publicity allowed for the lying-in-state of Pius IX. in St. Peter's, while it was believed that the exclusion of the public from

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the final ceremonies and obsequies was owing to the suggestions of the Manning party. The Moderates were especially displeased with Manning because, as they stated, and as they showed by Manning's letters to Curci, which were published on this occasion, it seems that Manning approved Curci's conciliatory views in 1876 to such an extent as greatly to irritate Pope Pius, who ordered Franchi to address to Manning a letter of very severe condemnation, after which the English Cardinal changed his policy and became an inveterate Ultramontane. The Moderate party mustered very strong from the beginning, and were confident in the success of the election of one of their number. The proceedings of the Conclave, according to established usage, were as follows :

In the hall of election—in this case the Sixtine Chapel, on the first floor of the Vatican—there were the cardinals' seats arranged on three sides of the hall, surmounted by canopies, violet for cardinals created by the late Pope, green for those—now four only—of an earlier date. Upon the new Pope being elected all the canopies were at once lowered, that of the chosen Pontiff alone being left standing. A writing-table was placed before each cardinal, besides six more in the middle. The senior cardinal-bishop—Amat—who was in attendance in spite of his many years and ailments, occupied a seat on the Gospel side of the main altar. The senior cardinal-deacon—Caterini, also very old—sat on the other, or Epistle side. The other

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cardinals, bishops, priests and deacons, were arranged round the three sides in the order of their date of creation. The cardinals, either in their places, or at any of the additional tables, filled their *schede*, or voting papers, folding down and sealing the top-end of the paper where the voter's name is written, and the bottom-end, where each voter writes some Scriptural motto, which becomes his distinctive mark and which is used by him throughout the election. In the middle of the paper, between the two folds, each elector writes the name of the candidate for whom he votes, that name alone being unsealed and open to view. On the main altar at the communion-table stands a large chalice covered by a pix. When all is ready, each cardinal in turn steps up to the altar, swears aloud that his vote is given upon conscientious conviction, then lays his paper on the pix, raises and tilts the pix, letting his paper slide into the chalice.

When all have voted, the scrutineers examine the papers, read and tell the candidates' names, breaking no seals. Should none of the candidates obtain the legal number of votes—two-thirds of the votes with one additional—another ballot, the so-called '*accessit*' ballot, becomes necessary. Each voter is then allowed to change his mind; to forsake his former candidate, whom he may consider hopeless, and 'accede' to or join his vote in favour of any other candidate who has already secured votes in the previous ballot and may have a better chance of

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success. If he wishes to abide by his first vote, and to cling to his original candidate, he simply writes '*accedo nemini*,' thus confirming his previous vote.

The scrutineers again read and tell the votes, unsealing the bottom-end of each voting-paper to establish the identity of the two successive votes of each elector by the Scriptural motto distinguishing him, without however breaking the seal at the top-end where the voter's name is written, which remains a secret. If neither at the first nor at the second ballot any of the candidates has obtained the legal number of votes, the papers are burnt with damp straw, emitting a dense smoke, and this *sfumata* (arising formerly from the well-known chimney at the Quirinal) informs the outer world that no Pope has been made, and that a new election has become necessary. Should any candidate obtain precisely two-thirds of the votes, his own voting-paper must be singled out by him, and the seal concealing his name broken to make sure that he has not voted for himself. If he has not done so his election is valid.

These formalities were followed to the letter on this occasion. The Mass of the Holy Ghost and *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the discourse, '*De Pontifice Eligendo*,' and other preliminaries were performed on Monday the 18th in the Pauline Chapel, where the cardinals took the oaths to the Apostolic Institutions, including the oath respecting the maintenance of the integrity of the Pontifical State—the

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oath as introduced by Pius IX. in 1861. Every cardinal on becoming Pope is thus bound beforehand to the principle of the Temporal Power without the need of the new oath which is exacted from him at his accession.

On Tuesday, the 19th, the cardinals, sixty-two in number, were locked up in Conclave. The American, MacCloskey, was expected on the morrow. Brossais St. Marc, Archbishop of Rennes, had been given up, his ill-health compelling him to remain in his diocese. It was observed that so many cardinals had never been present at any former Conclave.

The cardinals met in the morning in the Sixtine Chapel, but apparently nothing decisive was done; all that was ascertained being that there had been no election by acclamation, as indeed none was expected.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before the cardinals, after a few hours' rest, reassembled, and by that time the vast area before St. Peter's was thronged with a multitude for the most part well-dressed, all gathered in groups, eager and inquisitive, but by no means excited, enjoying the novelty of a scene for which many had long been waiting, and the like of which had not been witnessed for many years, but, on the whole, taking the thing very coolly, indulging a little chaff and banter at each other's curiosity, but good-humoured, well-behaved, and prepared for the exhibition of any amount of patience.

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There were two hours' waiting, and the *sfumata* did not ascend until a quarter to seven, when it was too late for the people in the Piazza to distinguish the smoke. The crowd which had been waiting all the afternoon began to disperse, and went home as wise as when it came, and only with some vague notion that the day's election had led to no result. It was however soon reported in the town that two of the moderate candidates—Pecci and Franchi—had received the greatest number of votes, and a decisive ballot was expected on the morrow.

On the morrow, February 20, the decision came.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the *sfumata* was seen issuing from the chimney, and it was therefore concluded that the morning's scrutiny had produced no results. In consequence of this belief the greater part of the crowd outside the Vatican had left the spot, and very few remained, when at a quarter past one, the door in the grand gallery of the Vatican Basilica was thrown open, and Cardinal Caterini, the Dean of the Order of Cardinal Deacons, proceeded to the balcony of the central window in the façade of St. Peter's overlooking the Piazza, the Pontifical cross being carried before him, and from there he read the customary formula:

'Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum; habemus Pontificem, eminentissimum ac reverendissimum Dominum Joachinum Pecci qui sibi imposuit nomen Leonis XIII.'

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CHAPTER X.

THE NEW POPE.

I.

Result of the Conclave.—Pope Leo XIII.—Anecdotes of his early life.—His character.—His conduct during the Conclave.—His behaviour on the day of election.—Nature of his liberality.—The old and the new Pope.—Vatican reforms.—Reduction of the war establishment.—The 2½d. largess.—The Swiss.—A flaw in the Pope's character.

What took place within the walls of the Vatican Palace on that 20th of February was only known a few days later. The parties in the Sacred College had had ample time to come to a clear understanding of their wishes, and to a just estimate of their respective forces, thanks to the rapid means of locomotion and inter-communication furnished to them by steam and electricity. The Ultramontane party, damaged by Manning's inopportune rashness, had lost heart, and a good number of the Italians on that side had formed a third or middle party among themselves whose candidate was Billio, a man less bigoted than Panebianco, but also less moderate than Pecci. The Moderate party had, however, clearly the upper hand, even in the ballot of Tues-

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day, for Pecci had already thirty-five votes, the remainder being divided between Franchi and Billio, with a few to Panebianco. Manning never had one single vote at any of the ballots.

On the morning of Wednesday, it was understood that Schwartzenberg with his Austrians and Germans would vote for Pecci. At the ballot, at noon, Pecci had already obtained forty-four votes, when Franchi, who was now his only competitor, threw himself on his knees before the Camerlengo, proclaiming him Pope and asking his blessing, a movement which was immediately followed by the whole assembled College. Pecci was thus, strictly speaking, elected by acclamation, or adoration, but not till after every doubt about a legal majority in his favour had been satisfactorily ascertained.

I have said something about this Pecci in the muster of cardinals given in another chapter, and I stated that Signor Bonghi, in his '*Pio Nono e il Papa Futuro*,' at the end of a long examination of the living candidates who were expected to appear at the Conclave, had, five months before, settled on Pecci as the man combining all requisites desirable in a good Pope at that crisis. And there was a general opinion that if ruling powers, energy, blamelessness of life, true piety, charity, talents and acquirements, moderate views and moral virtue could fit any man for the sacred office, Cardinal Pecci would be the best of all possible Popes.

His election confirmed the prediction that the

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Conclave would not choose a young cardinal, for Pecci was fifteen years older than Pius IX. was at his accession. Cardinal Pecci at his election was nearly sixty-eight years old, tall, very thin, with a fine head, a high forehead, narrowing at the temples, a long face and straight features, a large mouth with thin compressed lips, and prominent chin; a cheerful, open expression of countenance, and large, well-shaped ears. His face reminded one of Consalvi, the renowned minister of Pius VII. He had a fine, sonorous voice, great dignity, and even austerity of manners in public life, but privately he was affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty. His family belonged to the patrician order, and had its seat at Carpineto, near Anagni; but one of its branches flourished at Sienna, probably the cradle of the family, and boasted members of distinguished piety and learning in every walk of public life. One ancestor, the founder of a religious order in Spain in the fourteenth century, received the first honour of canonisation as Beato Pecci. Giovacchino, the new Pope, studied in the Roman College of Divinity, and became domestic prelate of Gregory XVI.

The reader has already been told something of Pecci's early career as a delegate in some of the provinces, of his elevation to the Archbishopric of Perugia, and of the jealousy of Antonelli, which had till very lately kept him away from Rome.

Of the energy with which he rooted out the brigands at Benevento, then a Papal *enclave* on the

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frontier within the Neapolitan territory, where, in his twenty-seventh year, he was sent as delegate or sub-prefect, I have also already spoken. But there is an anecdote connected with this period of Pecci's life which is well worth adding as evidence of the character of the future Pope at that early period. Brigandage in that mountainous border region was then exhibiting all the features it now bears in the provinces of Palermo and Girgenti, flourishing under the patronage of the petty nobles and landowners of the district. The Cardinals Pacca, Pedicini, and De Simone, who belonged to Benevento, appealed to the Pope, condemning the too severe and resolute measures by which the delegate was providing for the public security. Pecci fought the brigands tooth and nail, pursued them in their mountain fastnesses, and stormed them, regardless of the complaints of the landowners, who stood upon the inviolability of their domiciles and domains. One of these, the most powerful, called upon the delegate, blustering and menacing, and telling him he was going to Rome, where he had interest enough to have him removed from his office. 'It is very well, my lord marquis,' quoth Pecci, 'but meanwhile I will shut you up in gaol for three months, where I will keep you on bread and water with your friends the brigands.' And he was as good as his word, and during the nobleman's imprisonment his castle was taken by storm, the brigands were all killed or sent to the galleys, and the people blessed the brave dele-

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gate. A prelate who had the learning of a Bellarmine already showed the courage of a Montalto.

Although almost a stranger in Rome, the Camerlengo was from the beginning the most conspicuous figure in the Conclave. As temporary ruler of the Vatican Empire, now limited to the walls of the palace, Pecci had many high qualities fitting him for command. He had only been appointed to his office in November and knew little of the Vatican and its ways, and Pius IX., who was no judge of men, had considered him only 'good enough to be a bishop;' but he both directed the operations of the Conclave and the arrangements of his party with an energy and activity which gave a far different impression to those who were now looking for Pius's successor. The determined, or as his colleagues said, 'impetuous' manners of the Camerlengo struck dismay among the Vatican functionaries accustomed to the extreme leniency of the late Pontiff in his declining years, and raised against him an outcry of unpopularity during the vacancy of the See which very nearly cost him his chance of an election. To several of the well-known courtiers of Pius IX. Pecci very plainly intimated that he would not put up with the liberties they had been long allowed to take with the supreme authority, and in a signal instance, when the body of the deceased Pontiff was being removed from the death-chamber to the Basilica, where it was to lie in state, espying among the few distinguished persons whom he had allowed to attend the ceremony one

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or two ladies to whom he had given no tickets, he summoned the Master of the Ceremonies, upbraided him in very strong terms for his presumption in departing from his instructions, and before the very body of Pius IX. told him emphatically, 'I am not Pio Nono.' The Clerical papers, and especially Don Margotti's *Unità Italiana*, of Turin, had predicted with great assurance that the new Pope should be Pius X., a hint that the policy of the new Pontificate should be based on that of the one which had just come to an end. Pecci, upon his election, declared that his name should be Leo XIII., a clear determination that the new reign should usher in a new era being thus conveyed in the mere choice of his name.* A few hours after his proclamation, when the cardinals, crowding round him, were silently watching his movements, he suddenly rose and, without consulting them, said, 'Andiamo alla loggia,' and proceeded to the balcony, whence, according to custom, a newly-elected Pontiff is expected to give his benediction to the multitude assembled on the Piazza to acclaim him. There is another balcony looking out upon the church and fronting the main altar. Had he chosen the outer balcony the ice would have been broken, and the accession of the

* The new Pope was evidently not afraid that Pasquino would twit him with the epigram he applied to Della Genga when, upon his election to the Pontificate as Leo XII., in 1823, he wrote:

'Non è Pio, non è Clemente
Ma vecchio Leone senza dente.'

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new Pontiff would have been attended by all the ceremonies which surrounded the Papacy before the fabled captivity which eclipsed its lustre in the latter years of Pius IX. Leo XIII. hesitated one moment. Franchi, who had been by his side throughout the election, and by his self-denial favoured Pecci's exaltation, whispered a few words, and the Pope took his stand on the inner balcony. Both the church and the Piazza were already swarming with an immense multitude, but when the Pope's mind was made manifest there was a great rush through the doors, and a thundering applause rose from that struggling mass, heedless of the sacred locality. Little accustomed to exhibitions of that nature, the Pope stretched out both hands to allay the popular storm, and his voice, sonorous and authoritative as he pronounced his 'Benedicat vos, Omnipotens Deus, Pater, Filius, et Spiritus sanctus,' was heard distinctly by all the hushed and awed assemblage. Inside or out, however, the blessing was given, and it was rather too hastily argued that the solemnities of the Church, which for so many years had been the chief attraction at Rome, would again be performed with all publicity, and with all the pomp and splendour of which the late Pope, brooding over his grievances, and bemoaning his pretended imprisonment, had deprived them. ecci, as Camerlengo, had ordered those State carriages to be newly polished and varnished, in which, it was expected, Pecci as Pope would in a few days make his appear

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ance in the crowded and delighted Roman thoroughfares.

At Perugia, as Archbishop, Pecci had followed the same policy recommended by Riario Sforza at Naples. He advised good Catholics to fulfil their duties as citizens at municipal and provincial elections, even when the Clerical Press, professing to interpret the mind of the Vatican, enjoined a policy of abstention. Pecci had spoken with great effect against a proposal for a removal of the Conclave from Rome, and other measures advocated by the reactionary party. He enjoyed the confidence and support of the liberals, or, at least, of a reasonable majority of them, in the Sacred College, and played the same part as was sustained by Gizzi in the Conclave of 1846; with this difference, however, that Pecci unconsciously worked for himself, while Gizzi had only unwittingly and unwillingly favoured the election of Pius IX. Pecci's private life at all periods was above reproach. He had considerable literary talents and had even written poetry. He never had had intercourse with the functionaries of the present Italian Government, but was esteemed by them all, and those with whom the necessity of his duty brought him into contact were perfectly charmed with him.

The exercise of authority which a Camerlengo must take upon himself during the vacancy of the Holy See, seldom fails to bring him into collision with many of those upon whom devolves the duty

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of filling up that vacancy, so that the general idea is that neither the Camerlengo nor that other puissant functionary, the Secretary of State, have any chance of the tiara. In the case of Pecci, the Camerlengo had shown a strength and resolution which should have enhanced his merits, but which had not failed to wound many men's susceptibilities, had estranged some of his followers, and was supposed to have weakened his position as a candidate for the vote of his colleagues. But the part he played as a leader of his party, in antagonism to the English Ultramontane Manning, added to the opinion all who knew him entertained of his intellectual and moral worth, rallied the best men around him, and insured his triumph over all petty personal spite and resentment, so that from the very beginning his election was hardly considered doubtful.

No sooner was his success known than friends and enemies alike combined to invest the new Pope's character with all the attributes of greatness. Even those uncompromising partisans of the Church who accept its visible head, whoever he be, as an embodiment of the Divine essence of its invisible Founder, and who seemed at a loss for words to do justice to the faultless nature of the late Infallible, drew a contrast between the departed and the living High Priest, sadly to the disparagement of the former; and nothing seemed to delight them more than to count the instances in which Pope Pecci, in his unguarded moments, warned his subordinates who pre-

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sumed to have any other will than his own by that almost stereotyped phrase, '*Io non son Pio Nono.*' Pius IX., they told us, 'doated on the world, its crowds, on the din of its applause; he hated solitude and self-concentration, he was ready to die of *ennui* at the end of a few weeks of country residence, could not bear to commune with himself alone for one moment, never read a book in the thirty-two years of his Pontificate, listened eagerly to all gossip and scandal, and, thanks to his marvellous memory, recalled whatever he had ever been told by the worthless and evil men who surrounded him to the charge and detriment of their betters.' Leo XII., on the contrary, was described as 'a silent, solitary spirit, addicted to study and meditation, a hater of vain twaddle, a contemner of personalities, fond of grave conversation, looking at everything from an elevated point of view, seldom laughing, sparing in words, reading and writing almost incessantly. A distinguished author, no mean poet, a first-rate Latin scholar, he, soon after his election, and upon his first release from the absorbing care of his new situation, shut himself up, and was elaborating and writing with his own hand the encyclic which he was to address to the Catholic world, and which is for the Pope what for a newly-enthroned Sovereign would be his Crown speech. Those endless encyclics and allocutions by which Pope Mastai wearied rather than edified his contemporaries were composed by Monsignor Fioramonti, and in later times by Monsignors

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Nocella and Mercurelli, upon some meagre notes jotted down by the Pope in the Italian tongue. Not unfrequently he merely gave out his theme verbally and in general terms, leaving his scribe to fill it up with his own flourishes, or to take some hints from the astute and worldly-wise Cardinal Antonelli. Leo XIII. allows no man to body forth his conceits, or to develop his views. He sits at his table for hours and writes down every word with his own hand. When at work he brooks no disturbance; his preference is for country solitude; he walks alone with hasty steps in his garden, busy with the lofty thoughts which are to leave a mark on his Pontificate.

'None of the secret chamberlains of his predecessor have been retained. At an end for ever is the reign of the Casali, Negrotto, De Bisogno, Cenni, Macchi, and other creatures begotten of the good or ill humour of Pius IX.; ignorant, obstinate, mean, gossiping, flattering courtiers. The men chosen by the new Pope to fill their places—Monsignors Anivitti, Cretoni, Ciccolini, and the Rector of the College of Perugia—are modest, learned, and charitable, and known to him by old familiar intercourse as scholars and writers of distinguished abilities. The Pope has already sent many of the parasitic attendants, whom the benevolent Pius had encouraged, about their business, and is fully bent on proscribing luxury and curtailing expenditure. In the household as well as in the Church he is sure

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to prove himself an absolute as well as a provident ruler. Hence there is a visible dismay, a terrible ill-humour, many lamentations and curses among the innumerable hangers-on of the late Pontiff at the Vatican, who foresee the end of the abuses that they were wont to enjoy at the expense of the contributors of Peter's pence. Pope Leo, a just and stern ruler, is a foe to idleness, to vice, to fees and bribes, to all cringing and flattery. The new Pope's sceptre, as it has been painted in a popular caricature, is a mighty broom which is rapidly sweeping the palace halls of the rabble which the deceased Pontiff's facility and improvidence had converted into *immondezzai*, or Augean stables and dirt-heaps.'

This picture of the Papal establishment, perhaps too severe for the past, and possibly too partial to the present, is not mine; it is borrowed from a writer who dips his pen in Vatican ink, and possibly mixes some gall of his own in it; but it is an undeniable fact that Pope Leo did not allow any veneration for the memory of Pope Pius to interfere with the reforms which the indulgence of his predecessor had rendered necessary in the household. Almost on the morrow of his election we were told that the Papal war administration, the gendarmes, and even, it was said, the Swiss Guards, were soon to be things of the past. General Kanzler, it was added, had been pensioned off. To the news which acquainted us with these innovations there was always attached some anecdote, some witty saying

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of the new Pope, showing that although his mind was earnest, his revelation of it was not above some touch of jocularity. It is said that he 'asked his Master of the Horse, Marquis Serlupi, what amount of available cattle there was in the Pontifical stables, and upon the Cavallerizzo, or Great Equerry, pleading utter ignorance of the subject, he dismissed him with a bland smile, bidding him go and ascertain within the hour.' He sneered at the above-mentioned General Kanzler, his Pro-Ministro delle Armi, who had drawn up in the corridor a large array of the Palatine Guards (a militia recruited among the artisans of the purlieus of the Leonine City and the Trastevere—no connection with the Noble Guard)—asking 'What he meant to do with all that army? *Non voglio già far la guerra, io.*' He seemed to think a good *guardaportone*, or single tall hall-porter, would be as good a protection to his residence as an army. Those soprano singers with Ottoman names which disgraced the Papal choir more than eighty years after the withering satire of Parini had driven them from the stage of the opera were also, one heard, soon to be packed off. The Pope was bent on curtailing expenses to the very bone. He had abolished the bounty of a year's salary that was allowed to the officials of the Dataria at the accession of every new Pope, asking the Monsignore who presented him with the list 'where the money (25,000 crowns) was to come from?' and upon being told that 'it was always supplied by the

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Apostolic Treasury,' again inquiring 'where that Treasury was?' The Monsignore confessing that 'it had been closed for want of effects,' his Holiness tore up the paper and said 'there was then an end of the matter.'

Another custom, more honoured in the breach than the observance, was with even less ceremony done away with. An immense multitude beset the doors of the Vatican Palace on the third day after Leo's accession, clamouring for the '*elemosina del grosso*,' or five *baiocchi* (2½d.), that used to be given by the new Pope on his election indiscriminately to all who applied for it. It was intended as a boon to real paupers, but crowds of well-to-do artisans and petty traders with women and children, of their own or adopted for the occasion, disguised as mendicants, or even without any pretence, profited by the Pontiff's generosity, the *grosso*, or five-sous piece, being equally dropped into every outstretched itching palm, and mothers of families in an interesting situation being entitled to twice the allowance. Besides the idle, beggarly habits fostered among even the better classes of the working population, the indecent tricks of women of the worst description to qualify for the double Papal bounty, and the obscene jibes and ribaldries with which their well-acted anticipations of an addition to the population were hailed by the foul-mouthed rabble, gave the whole charity the look of a broad farce, scarcely befitting the worst antics of a carnival masquerade. Pope

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Leo asked the meaning of that unseemly assemblage at his doors, and on being told, sent down word that 'it was God's will that man should earn his daily bread in the sweat of his brow,' and had the ground cleared of those noisy claimants of a mere mockery of improvident Pontifical largess. It was also by the Pope's desire that the female members of families residing at the Vatican were removed from the Palace. The Pope objected to the presence of women on his premises, which might give rise to unfriendly comments on the part of strangers visiting the Vatican.

There was probably some exaggeration in the importance attached at first to the actual reforms introduced by the new Pope in his Court and household, and to the projects of still greater improvement that were so confidently attributed to him. The Swiss Guards, for instance, of whom he was supposed to meditate the abolition, were not sent away by him, but themselves struck work and mutinied because they were denied the extra pay claimed by them as a bounty at every new Pontiff's election, one of the unreasonable impositions to which Leo XIII. was unwilling to submit. Their commander arrested five of the ringleaders, but the mutineers forced open the prison, set their comrades free, broke their halberts, and were riotous till the Majordomo satisfied their demands by paying them, apparently without the Pope's knowledge or consent. It was then that Leo, upon hearing of the compromise, insisted that

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the mutineers should be dismissed, or 'allowed to go home if they wished,' and 'out of compassion for these unhappy men the Holy Father had their travelling expenses paid to them. He ordered at the same time,' it is added, 'that trustworthy and devoted men should, as soon as possible, be enlisted in the Swiss Cantons to fill the vacant ranks.' The result is that the Swiss are still at the Vatican at the present day, doing as little good or harm as they ever did at the Palace. The capitulations the Holy See has with the Forest Cantons would probably have prevented the immediate disbandment of these foreign hirelings, had even the Pope at any time seriously contemplated it.

But the real fact is that with all his sternness and energy, with all his display of absolute authority based on rigidly upright and benevolent intentions, the new Pontiff evinced also much hesitation and lack of independent and consistent resolution. He put off the appointment of his Secretary of State till after his coronation, and he suffered for a long time the report that the office would be intrusted to the obnoxious Simeoni, the successor of Antonelli during the last year of Pius's Pontificate, to be spread and to gain consistence, greatly to his own, the new Pope's, injury. Leo's choice at last fell upon Franchi, and more recently, after Franchi's death, upon Nina, both of whom were supposed to be men according to the Pope's own heart; but much had to be done to propitiate both Simeoni and those

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among his colleagues who had in the Conclave supported other candidates than Pecci, and it was evident that the new Pope had to balance himself between the old antagonistic parties, and was not much stronger against the opposition than his predecessor had been.

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II.

The Pope's first acts.—His first and last drive out of doors.—The Benediction from St. Peter's balcony.—Private or public ceremonies?—Blunders of diplomatic etiquette.—Uncompromising attitude of the Papacy.—The Pope's *Chinea*.—Illusions and delusions about the Pope's intentions.—His utterances.—His early appointments.—Tenacity of Italian hope.—Lingering enthusiasm in favour of the new Pope.

THE Conclave was over, but people did not for a long time cease to inquire what were its net results. 'Would a *modus vivendi* be established favourable to such an intercourse as might be desirable between the Vatican and the Quirinal? Would the new Pope still consider himself a prisoner? Would he, like his predecessor, put Rome under a virtual interdict by insisting on the discontinuance of those gorgeous solemnities which seemed so imposing to a certain class of foreign visitors, which won so many English converts from Protestantism, and were for six months in the year so bountiful a source of income to its landlords and shopkeepers looking to the main chance?'

These were interesting but arduous riddles, the solution of which depended on the character which

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the new Pope might manifest by his very first acts. Leo XIII., it was thought, had practically, though not officially, settled the question of his imprisonment by actually breaking from it on the second day after his exaltation. On that day his Holiness, in a common ecclesiastical garb, and attended by a single priest, got into a private close carriage, and had himself driven to the Falconieri Palace in Via Giulia, his former residence, there to collect and set in order his private papers, some of which he took back with him to the Vatican. He had been out, therefore, but *incognito*, and under a necessity of which there might be no recurrence. But meanwhile it began to be understood that his coronation was to be held in a private manner in the Sixtine Chapel; that the benediction which was to follow in St. Peter's would, like the previous one on his election day, be given from the inner and not the outer balcony, and that the taking possession of St. John of Lateran, which would have implied a triumphal progress along the thoroughfares of Rome, would be done by proxy, and without any external pomp and circumstance. That sorry farce of the captivity of the Church was evidently to be played further, for how long a time no one could say. Spring came, and summer, and autumn, and, although the Pope was described as suffering from seclusion and from the stifling air of his palace and garden, and reports were frequently spread of his intention to remove to his country residence at Castel Gandolfo, on

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the Alban Hills, or to some other villa that any of the princes devoted to the Holy See would have been only too happy to fit up for his Holiness's accommodation, although even excursions to his former See of Perugia, or to his native place, Carpineto, were confidently announced—Leo XIII. remained throughout the hot weather a fixture in his Vatican home, and people seemed to have eventually ceased to believe in, or to trouble themselves about his projected movements.

There is no doubt that Pope Leo and the Sacred College by whom he was elected were at first deeply touched by the reverence shown to them by the Italian Government and people during the Conclave; and it was probably by the Pope's own desire that the *Voce della Verità*, hitherto the most intemperate and virulent clerical organ, was at some pains to acknowledge that the Italian authorities 'by their attitude and behaviour during the Conclave had promoted the interests of the political cause of Italy and deserved the approbation and even the eulogy of the Christian world.' For the Church to exist and to exercise some of its highest functions under Italian protection had thus become quite practicable, and, whatever protests might still be deemed necessary against the violent deed which deprived St. Peter's successor of his patrimony, it would henceforth be idle to declare that the full independence of the Church 'must necessarily rest on its earthly sovereignty.' Indeed, it would be

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impossible not to see in this freest of all Conclaves on record, the best guarantee for the most perfect freedom of the new Pontificate.

Unfortunately the affairs of the Foreign Office at the Vatican were, in the interval between the death of Pius IX. and the appointment of Cardinal Franchi to the State Secretaryship on March 1, one may say, in nobody's hands. In the absence of a proper and permanent manager (for Monsignor Lasagni was only temporarily acting as Pro-secretary), the policy of the new Pontiff had been or appeared wavering, or at the best had almost unconsciously followed the routine established during the last eighteen years of his predecessor's Pontificate, thus imperilling those relations with the Court of the Quirinal which the new Pope was supposed to be desirous of placing on a somewhat less unfriendly footing.

Thus it happened that the election of Leo XIII. had been officially communicated to all the States with which the Holy See was on speaking terms, and only to the Italian Government no intimation of the event was made. The Depretis Ministry, for their own part returning the compliment, were silly enough to omit every official allusion to the result of the Conclave in their official organ, and not only did they send no congratulations to the new Pope on his election, by which they might have shown their promptness in recognising his position, at least as Head of the Church—but they went so far as to lay

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before their Council of State the question, whether the Law of Papal Guarantees was to be considered one of the fundamental statutes of the kingdom, although nothing was further from their thoughts than any idea of either repealing or seriously modifying it.

The intercourse between the Courts of the Vatican and the Quirinal was thus again impeded; the coronation, as it was now understood, would be held with strict privacy in the Sixtine Chapel, and there would be no public benediction. It is very likely that faults in these transactions may have been committed on both sides, but the original cause of all the mischief lay in the reluctance of the Papal Court to accept accomplished facts and recognise the existence of the Italian Government, even while acknowledging its *de facto* presence in Rome, and in extreme cases receiving and soliciting its protection; a reluctance to renounce a hope, however vague, however remote, that in the ever-increasing complication of European affairs the decrees of fate might be reversed and something might yet turn up for the Pope-King's benefit.

The views of the Pecci party as they were making ready for the Conclave, which I have laid before the readers, and which men in Pecci's confidence wished to make known through the agency of the foreign press, seemed to aim at a better state of things. Pecci and his friends never intended any renunciation of the rights of the Church. An ac-

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knowledgment of the usurpation of the Italian Government, or even a tacit acquiescence in it, could not and should not be expected of them. The protest by which Pius IX. from 1860 to 1870 anathematised the outrages perpetrated against God's inheritance might have to be insisted on, and as a matter of form summarily renewed. But Pope Leo and the majority of the cardinals harboured no hostile vindictive feelings against the spoilers. They were Christians, they were Italians, they were sensible, practical men. It is not by war or conspiracy, not by that possible crusade of two hundred millions of Catholics upon which Pius IX. relied for a disruption of the Italian kingdom, that they could or would hope or wish to retrieve their losses. They were in the hands of Providence, and if the edifice of the Temporal Power was to be reconstructed, it must be by some such dispensation as originally built it, not by any violent measures of which the Church would assume the initiative.

As a matter of course the Church renounces nothing. The Church protests against everything. She never renounced Avignon and Vaucluse; she continued for many years to protest against the non-payment of the tribute which the King of Naples, as successor of Charles of Anjou, and as the Pope's vassal, was bound to pay to the Holy See. Every year, as the day of payment came round, a Monsignore, with a large retinue, used to ride to the Neapolitan frontier at Terracina, there to await the

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arrival of the King's messenger, who was to deliver into his hands the *Chinea*, or white palfrey, for the Pope's own riding, laden with the gold of the tribute. The Monsignore knew very well that neither the messenger, nor the white nag, nor the gold would ever arrive, but there he was, and waited, and drew up a formal act, making good the Suzerain's claim and protesting against the disloyalty of the truant vassal who refused to acknowledge it. Well, the protest went on for centuries, the kingdom of Naples passed from hand to hand, from dynasty to dynasty, till the empty ceremony at the frontier fell into disuse and was forgotten with time; and the Pope ceased at last to send his messenger on a fool's errand, even when Naples came into the possession of the Bourbons, and of that Bomba who might be supposed to be willing to give the Pope his due, and even to add something to make up for long-standing arrears.*

In spite of anything that might seem ominous and untoward in the Pope's seclusion, many hopeful Italians had still a firm faith in the Pope's character, and thought that by his conduct he was only endeavouring to hoodwink the Ultramontane opposition,

* A lady of my acquaintance, however, assures me that 'she went early, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning of Maunday Thursday, in 1852, to see some curious ceremonies in the vestibule of St. Peter's, amongst which was the anathematising of the King of Naples for withholding the tribute—and this was two years after Pius IX. had been received and sheltered at Gaëta.'

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giving in in minor matters and reserving the power to work out his will in more important ones. His Allocution, read in the Consistory on February 28th, seemed intended to encourage these expectations. 'In it,' the Italians said, 'the Pope has uttered his real mind as distinctly as circumstances allowed. He could not, they thought, at the outset omit a high eulogy on the memory of his predecessor, but he only extolled his virtues, not his acts, some of which, indeed, he implicitly condemned. In the sequel he alluded in very mild terms to the captivity of the Church, saying that the Apostolic See, being violently ('*per vim*') stripped of its temporal dominion, had been brought to such a condition that it could not in any manner enjoy the full, free, and independent exercise of its power ('*Eo adducta est, ut pleno, libero, nullique obnoxio suæ potestatis usû perfrui omnino non possit*') The Pope stated the fact that the temporal power was gone, but expressed no intention of struggling for the recovery of that which was lost, nor even any faith or hope that Providence might repair the blow; but the main stress of the Allocution was laid on the relations which it was intended should exist between the Pope and his Cardinals. The Sacred College typified the council of seventy, called by Moses to be his assistants and advisers in his government of the people of Israel. The Pope wished the cardinals to be his by-standers and fellow-labourers, and, lest it should be thought that merely unmeaning words fell from his lips, he

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expressed all the reliance he put on their wise counsel, trusting and begging that it might never fail him; and this he said, not to throw out a mere compliment, but to declare truly and really what he expected of them (*'Volumus ut non officii studio sed pro solemni testificatione voluntatis nostræ hoc dictum intelligatis"*). He added that it was the dearest wish of the Council of Trent that the administration of the Universal Church should rest on the Council of Cardinals (*'monet Tridéntina Synodus Cardinalium consilio apud Romanum Pontificem universalis Ecclesiæ administrationem niti'*), and that St. Bernard called the cardinals assessors and advisers of the Roman Pontiff (*collaterales* and *consiliarios*). This was a clear hint of a return to the old constitution of the Church, and the reference to the Council of Trent seemed plainly intended as a repeal of the act of the Vatican Council, which, by declaring Pius IX. infallible, entitled him to dispense with the advice of either college or council. To the Vatican Synod itself, to the proclamation of the dogma of Infallibility, or of that of the Immaculate Conception, to all the acts of Pius IX., one excepted, no allusion whatever occurred in the Allocution. The acts of the deceased Pope had been sanctioned by the Church and must stand; but Pope Leo seemed to think that the least said about them would be soonest mended. The only act of Pius IX. which Leo XIII. was glad to carry out was the creation of the Scotch Hierarchy. The new Pope seemed above all things

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zealous for the utmost spread as well as for the liberty of the Church. By his choice of Di Pietro, one of the youngest and decidedly the most liberal of cardinals to the high office of Camerlengo, the Pope confirmed the hope of those conciliatory views which were always thought to animate him and which were expected to actuate his policy in his dealings with the Civil Powers. One of his first acts was to instruct Italian bishops to apply to the King's Government for the *exequatur*. A disposition to give Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's was thereby clearly manifested, and therein the eventual renunciation of the temporalities of the Holy See was tacitly implied. There remained the possibility of the Holy See being hard up for money, for Pope Leo held out little encouragement to fanatic pilgrimages, and the stream of Peter's pence might presently run low. The priest Margotti, from Turin, was the only one at first who laid at the Pontiff's feet a sum of 25,000f. in gold. Should the Pope be advised by necessity to apply for the liberal annuity allowed to him by the Italian Government, in obedience to the Law of Papal Guarantees, not a little would be gained for the permanent peace of Italy and for the satisfactory settlement of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world.

In this strain spoke and wrote in Italy many of those persons to whom the Italian saying applies, '*Chi vive sperando muore cantando*,' a proverb pointed at that sanguine character which is deemed most conducive to a man's happiness in life and

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death. In their ignorance of Pecci's real disposition of mind (into which I propose inquiring more minutely in another chapter) they built up an edifice of bright expectation, which, as it turned out, had only the solidity and reality of a mirage. The disenchantment which their hopes had suffered from the contrast between the beginning and the end of the Pontificate of Pius IX. was no warning to them of the rough awakening that awaited them if they abandoned themselves to flattering dreams about impossible miracles to be performed by Leo XIII. Indeed, in spite of the failure of the tactics by which the late Pope had been carried by storm at the time of the Amnesty of 1846, these same tactics were relied upon to have a durable instead of an ephemeral success if applied to the more intelligent and more truly liberal new Pontiff. Nothing could be louder than the chimes with which the Press of almost all parties in Italy rang out the praises of the wise and brave Pecci. Anything connected with his life, with his ancestry, with his kindred, was published with emulous eagerness; his likenesses were multiplied with feverish activity; and notwithstanding the early season, many young people set out on a pilgrimage half of devotion, half of curiosity to see Carpineto, and give the public some idea of the Pope's country.

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III.

The Pope's country.—The Volscian Hills.—Carpineto.—The Pope's birthplace.—The Pope's house.—His family.—His family arms.—The people of the Pope's native region.—The vicissitudes of Carpineto.—Popularity of Pope Pecci in Pecci's home.—The Pope's coronation.—Private character of the ceremony.—Ill-feelings arising from it.—Decline of the Pope's popularity.

THERE were not many even in Rome who had ever heard the name of Pecci's native place, but Carpineto had become since the 20th of February a hallowed spot, sure to be hereafter the resort of pilgrims, and enterprising adventurers thought they would deserve well of their fellow-beings if they set out first and foremost and pioneered the way for the tourist crowd soon to follow. They took the earliest morning train to Naples, on the line running parallel to the old Appian Way to Albano; they swept round the Alban Hills to Velletri, and leaving the dreary sea shore on their right, they rushed into that narrow gorge which leads into the valley of the Sacco, having Monte Artemisio and Monte Ariano of the Alban Hills on their left, and Monte Sant' Angelo and Monte Lupone, with the lofty chain of the Monti Lepini, or Volscian Hills,

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on the right. The railway on leaving Velletri passes the stations of Valmontone, Segni, Anagni, and follows on to Ferentino and Frosinone, till it reaches the old Neapolitan frontier at Ceprano, winding across a rugged region fertile, in olden times, in brigands, and in cardinals of the stamp of those two great adversaries, Antonelli of Sonnino, and Pecci of Carpineto.

The station near Carpineto is Segni, sixty-five kilomètres from Rome; but that town stands on a height five miles away on the right, and as a conveyance as a rule is not to be had there, the best plan is to halt and take post at Velletri, twenty-four kilomètres nearer Rome. There would be little to be gained by pushing on to Anagni, nine kilomètres beyond Segni, as the distance from Anagni to Carpineto would not be very much less than from Velletri.

The description of one of these excursions, as illustrative of the country and countrymen as well as of the home and family of a man destined to fill an important page in history, may not be without interest for English readers; and may serve as a guide to any tourist curious to venture out of the paths known to Murray and Baedeker.

'From Velletri a carriage, drawn by two small but stout Calabrian nags, conveyed us across country up to Montefortino, down to Valmontone, and round by Valmontone, twice crossing the railway line and leaving it, and the Segni station on the left. We again clambered up to Montelatico, whence the road, once carriageable, became so rugged and had been so long

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suffered to go to rack and ruin that the conveyance, after a good four hours' drive had to be dismissed, and the remaining five miles to Carpineto were achieved on foot. It was 6.50 a.m. when we left Rome, about 9 as we set out from Velletri; 1 p.m. when the walk began, and another hour and a half brought us to our journey's end. It was the morning of a spring day, in spite of the snow everywhere tipping the mountain summits. The weather was Italian—*i.e.*, heavenly, as it had been ever since the great funerals and for a whole month before. The country was bare and brown, but unequalled in picturesque beauty and variety: a maze of hills, with straggling, ragged, sere-leaved oak woods fringing deep chasms and ravines, dotted with white towns and villages perched on the steep, overtopped by grey castles, by convents with quaint churches and square belfries, the bleakness of the region relieved by the pale olive—the hills here and there crested at the summits by fine, lonely specimens of the umbrella pine.

'Carpineto is an old town of 4,000 inhabitants, of ancient Trojan origin, as the saying is, but in primæval times probably a hornbeam-grove, as the name implies—the surrounding localities, the *faggeto*, *tasseto*, etc. (beech-grove, yew-grove), all bearing witness to the forests that were once the pride of the landscape, hardly a trace of which is now anywhere visible. The territory is fertile, yields wheat and maize, oil and chestnuts; its butter and fruit have some reputation, and so has its wine, not the least

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valued among those vintages of the *Castelli Romani* which hold their own in a competition with the best Chianti and Orvieto. Still the main business of the Carpinetans is pastoral.

'Their flocks and herds number about 12,000, three four-footed beasts for every biped; and about the limits of their pastures and the right of using their wood for charcoal they have had from time immemorial feuds with their neighbours, especially those of Supino, and lawsuits, some of which date from 1354, and have been brought to court, and again and again remanded at various intervals, under various Governments, throughout all the following centuries. For the Carpinetans themselves, it seems, are an orderly and peace-loving set; but they are on the borders of the *Ciocciaria*, if they are not *Ciocciari*, wearers of *ciocce* (sandals, brogues, or whatever else are their *chaussures*), themselves, and they have to withstand the outrages of a brigand race, who remove their landmarks, burn their woods, steal their sheep, and often carry havoc and devastation into lonely dwellings and defenceless hamlets. The whole of this hapless district was once the battlefield of iron Barons, Orsini and Colonna, Borghese and Aldobrandini—lawless men who disputed the possession of the land inch by inch, and enlisted in their quarrels the peasantry, fostering among them those habits of violence and strife, and that propensity to look to the King's high road for a livelihood, which even now, after the settlement of

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all the rest of the country, is still apt to raise every man's hand against every man. Carpineto itself has been by turns a fief of several Roman families, on whom it conferred a ducal title—the Conti first, the Colonna and Orsini next, till the days of Leo X., who held it for several years under the rule of a cardinal *a latere*; then again of the Pamphili, the Aldobrandini, the Borghese, and at last permanently, the Aldobrandini. The Pecci were strangers here and never had feudal sway. They came from Sienna, it is said, in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and there are others of the name living in the place, but owning no relationship with the Pope's family.

'There is enough in the sublimity of the site of Carpineto to repay the visitor for the toil by which the spot must be reached. It is shut in on three sides by a cluster of huge mountains, all exceeding four thousand feet in height, mostly stripped of foliage or verdure, but of a Titanic character—the Serena, the Gemma, the Palombara, the Monte dei Tre Comuni, all ranged in a line on the Volscian crest. The loftiest and nearest is Monte Capreo, on a spur of which the town stands, overhanging a fearful ravine. In the rear, as I said, the horizon is obstructed by these giants of the chain. On your left falls the cliff or chasm, almost perpendicular, facing Monte Capreo, and the only view opening before you is down a winding, smiling valley, "Valle della Nunciata," with the bed of what, in rain or thaw, is a torrent, bearing among the natives the common, but

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not inappropriate name of *Fosso*—the ditch. No other town, hardly any trace of habitation, is in sight. The locality in which Pope Leo XIII. first looked about him is a little world in itself; a mountain fastness supplying little more than lean pasture and a somewhat precarious security, and a fair patch of green in the lower grounds yielding bread, wine, oil, and a dull, obscure life, not undisturbed by the rapacious instincts of the uneasy population of the adjoining districts. In the rear of the town, as you look towards Monte Capreo, you see a path which, skirting the ravine and crossing the abyss at the foot of it, rises on the other side and strikes across the mountain leading to Norma, a dreary spot well known to sportsmen out on shooting excursions in the Pontine Marshes. That path in the rear, another much worse on the right to Supino, and the broken-down road down the valley are the only available, but hardly practicable means of communication of Carpineto with the outer world.

'Outside the town, as you climb up to it from the valley, on a little isolated bluff, there is a villa with trim vineyards, the property of the Pope's family, the tradition being that the ground was bought and the *casino* built by one of the Pecci in the fourteenth century. As one reaches the ledge, or, if one may say so, the platform on which the town itself stands, there is an open space, hardly deserving the name of a piazza or square, with a quaint little church of a nondescript, but old and somewhat remarkable archi-

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tecture. The rest of the town is commonplace, dingy, and dismally dirty, as are all places in the country about Papal Rome, whether on the steep or the flat. It boasts no castle or seignorial mansion; the houses are huddled together at random, clinging to the rock as if rooted to it. The nastiness of the little lanes and alleys is appalling; there are hardly anywhere two square yards of level. The only charm of the spot is the mountain air and the ruggedness of the region, combining here, as in all the other Roman *Castelli*, to impart vigour, intelligence, and courage to the whole race. Pope Leo XIII. has all the hardihood and firmness of the rock his feet trod on in infancy.

'The Pecci house has nothing to deserve attention outside. The family coat of arms, once above the door, has been removed; but the clamps which held it are still in their places. The Pecci arms consist of a field *gules* bearing a cypress or pine—pitch-tree (from *pece*)—crossed by a bar *argent*, and the shield so quartered bears on the upper left quarter a comet, *or*, and on the two lower quarters two French lilies, *fleurs de luce*, also *or*. Over the shield is a comital crown, though the Pecci were no counts, but merely untitled patricians. Besides this escutcheon, which the *Osservatore Romano* displays as the new Pope's arms with the tiara, other cognizances are to be seen on the Pecci sepulchral monuments—a coat of arms with two rampant lions, *or*, on a field *gules* in an ermine

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mantle—and another escutcheon, where to the pine, the comet, and the lilies, are added, under these lilies, two rose-tree boughs, one on each side, each bearing three roses.

'The house of the Pecci inside is not without pretensions. The entrance is in the Via Cavour, its front windows looking out into it; but on the other side it enjoys a view of the valley. The staircase up to the first floor is handsome. On the first floor are the State apartments, an ante-chamber showing the primitive rafters without ceiling, painted somewhat roughly, but not without artistic taste. On the walls are a portrait of Pope Pius VI. and a series of prints illustrating that Pontiff's checkered career. On a large table in the middle lay several numbers of the *Voce della Verità*, and scattered over them half-broken children's toys.

'In the inner saloon (*Sala Nobile*) sconces with mirrors, each bearing a candle, hang on the walls all round, interspersed with family pictures. Here are a portrait of Leo XII. (Della Genga), painted in his cardinal's robes, those of the present Pope's father and mother, and that of Cardinal Pecci himself, still young, with a fine countenance, well-chiselled, regular, almost feminine features, a straight, thin nose, a small, smiling mouth, dark and very sweet eyes, with a light pink complexion, possibly the gift of the artist's partial fancy. There is the Pope's father in the uniform of a colonel of the first French Empire, with a good florid countenance, and that of the

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mother, a native of Cori, sprung from the Prosperi family, a majestic, buxom gentlewoman. In the present Pope are blended the features of both his parents, yet his resemblance in youth to Pope Leo XII. is considered very striking both at Carpineto and in Rome. The furniture in his room is commonplace and in bad rococo style. Among other portraits there is one of an Abate Pecci who rose to some distinction in the last century.

'There is a third little sitting room, with gilt looking-glasses and gilt arm-chairs, and through this one reaches the little family chapel, where the cardinal often said mass. On the altar hang a Madonna and Child, with a St. Francis and St. Dominic; on a side wall a small picture of St. Anthony of Padua. Opposite to the chapel is the cardinal's bedroom, with an iron bed, canopied with white and blue silk; over the bolster hangs a silver crucifix. The walls are papered with an imitation of red damask. All in these apartments is plain, unpretending, and somewhat faded and dilapidated, the family living the best part of the year in Rome—a numerous family, as we know, with a patrimony not exceeding 100,000 Roman crowns, or about £20,000. The room where the Pope was born is on an upper floor. The family burial-place is in the Capuchin Convent outside the town. There is a large slab in the floor, with the family arms, in the middle of the church. The convent adjoining this church is falling to ruin, and is propped up by large beams on the outside.

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'Carpineto is all full of the Pecci family, and has much to say of the cardinal, now Pope, who was occasionally among them for a summer holiday—a keen sportsman and a first-rate shot, waging eager war against small birds, rambling about the woods and hills, and wearing high red-topped boots which are still shown as the Holy Father's relics. The people are getting up a deputation which shall go up to Rome to congratulate their great townsman on his elevation, and attend his expected coronation, headed by their brave band, in their splendid but somewhat fantastic Hussar uniforms. The Carpinetans are good patriots. Their streets, large and small, bear the names of Victor Emmanuel, Princess Margaret, Cavour, and Garibaldi. They hope the Pope will follow the conciliatory line of policy, will not shut himself up as a prisoner in the Vatican, and will even, at no distant period, travel about and revisit his native place, where such a reception awaits him as, in the way of heartiness, hardly any other spot in all Catholic Christendom could give him.'

But the good Carpinetans were doomed to disappointment. The Pope's coronation, reduced to the proportions of a strictly private ceremony, was held on March 3, in the morning. The day was unpropitious. Dense, heavy clouds darkened the whole vault of heaven, causing a gloom unusual in Rome. At nine St. Peter's and the vast Piazza before it were thoroughly empty. The cardinals, ambassadors, and princes drove mostly in plain carriages

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round the Church to the back door called Porta della Zecca. The few spectators admitted by tickets, mostly monks, priests, and women, arrived on foot or in cabs at the front Palace bronze door, and went up the Scala Regia. Before ten all were in, and the Palace and Church remained solitary. No troops were in sight, only a few policemen, some in plain clothes, being seen. Even the Press was scantily represented. The *Osservatore Romano* gave the same day long and minute particulars of the ceremony celebrated inside—how cardinals and other prelates changed their garb and colours at various stages of the performance; how after mass and other prayers had been said or sung, the Pope was carried from the Sala Ducale to the Sixtine Chapel and back again to the Sala Ducale; how cardinals were made to kiss him, face, hand, and foot—prelates only hand and foot, and other priests the foot only; how in the Sala Ducale, after the anthem, '*Corona aurea super caput ejus*,' the golden mitre was removed, and the tiara substituted on his head; after which the solemn benediction, *Urbi et Orbi*, was bestowed on the few hundred bystanders. All this was followed by the congratulations of cardinals and princes, the Pope alighting among them from the chair in which he had been carried from the Chapel used as a Basilica to the hall, doing duty as a throne-room.

The tow burnt before the Pope's august presence, with the usual '*Sic transit gloria mundi*,' was on this occasion a reality. The glory of the Papacy as

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a worldly Power had passed away. The city and the world unblessed knew nothing of the doings of the Vatican and of the grand Church overshadowed by it. The cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo were silent; there was no glitter of massed battalions; the kingdom of Christ's Vicar was no longer of this world. The High Priest had laid aside his sceptre; faith could no longer, even in Rome, be enforced at the bayonet's point; a great revolution was accomplished; the æra of Pope-Kings was over.

Towards eleven, a report having spread that there would be the Pope's benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's, the Church and Piazza were filled with curious people, who remained till three, and then went home disappointed. After the ceremony in the Sixtine Chapel, the Pope retired to his apartments without bestowing the expected benediction. In the evening the Clerical houses made a feeble attempt at illumination, which proved a failure. Towards nine o'clock a few scores of the mob broke the windows of the Teodoli Palace and other houses of known Ultramontane partisans. The rioters were, however, soon dispersed by the police.

The Pope's coronation gave rise to a controversy between the Italian and the Papal Press, this latter contending that the reason why the ceremony had been held out of sight of the public was that the King's Government had declared its unwillingness to assume the responsibility of maintaining public order on the occasion, and had even hinted to the authorities at the Vatican that serious disturbances

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might be apprehended. The Italian Government flatly and firmly denied all this, and insisted that they never refused to protect the Vatican and St. Peter's from insult, had taken all precautions to keep the peace, and were in readiness to do so whatever the Pope's resolution might be. All these disputes gave rise to considerable irritation, and the Pope's coronation was looked upon as the turning-point at which all efforts towards reconciliation between Church and State began to be deemed unavailing.

'Italy,' the Italians said, 'might well put up with the attitude assumed by Pius IX. towards Victor Emmanuel, but the new King could not long tolerate it from the new Pope. He could not, without danger to himself, permit a conspiracy against the security and liberties of Italy to become permanent. Italy cannot extend her protection to the Vatican, if it maintains such an attitude, and if she were forced to withdraw it in her own interest, as in that of the moral peace of Europe, she knows some voices would indeed be raised against her, but not one finger. If the Pope persists, the first consequence of his attitude will be the abrogation of the Laws of Guarantees; the rest will follow of itself.'

The Italians said so; but they thought better of it; and never carried—perhaps never will carry—things to such extremities. As under the old Pope and the old King so under their successors, open war seems to be as much out of the question as sincere, consistent, and reasonable peace.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE CHURCH.

I.

The new situation.—Contrasts.—The old Pope and the New.—Leo XIII.—His conduct.—The old King and the new.—Humbert I.—His position.—The new Pope's utterances: before his election; after it.—His views of religion; of society; of his power; of his duty; of civil marriage; of divorce.

In the early days of March there were thus in Rome a new Pope and a new King. The relations between the Mikado at the Vatican and the Tycoon at the Quirinal, between two potentates living together in the same city, facing each other from the windows of their respective palaces, perfectly independent of one another, and yet in a state of perpetual mutual antagonism, were eight years before so new in Europe as to appear almost impossible, and there was a general expectation that the position must of necessity be affected by the death of either of them. But both had now died almost simultaneously, and the situation to all appearance remained unaltered; the stage the same, with the change only of the

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dramatis personæ; on one side the heir of the victorious monarch, on the other the successor of the vanquished Pontiff.

And yet how great was the difference both in the character of the two adversaries, and in the circumstances which had brought them into the lists! Pius IX. had been a Pope-King; he had fought for his earthly throne, and though succumbing in the contest, he had neither abated his pretensions nor relinquished his hopes of a reversal of his fortunes. He was unsubdued in spirit, loud in his protests, unwearied in the rehearsal of his grievances. Leo XIII., equally firm on his rights, accepted his position; he uttered no complaints; avoided every allusion to his claims; in all his words and acts he maintained the most resigned acquiescence in the altered condition. There was nothing political in his utterances; nothing kingly in his attitude. He had laid aside in a great measure the courtly splendour; he was reducing the household expenditure, dismissing the military establishment. For his part, 'he was not going to make war.' In one word, he was sinking the mock Sovereign in the true Pontiff.

Nevertheless, how much loftier was the mind, how much stronger the temper of the new Pope than was the disposition of the old one! Pius IX. reigned, but never ruled; De Merode, Antonelli, Billio, Simeoni, a hundred meaner and more obscure counsellors by turns swayed his weak, vain mind, and determined his wavering conduct. He had no indivi-

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duality; no thought or will, no speech of his own; he was the passive instrument, the mere mouth-piece of Ultramontanes and Jesuits, and he had, however reluctantly, however rebelliously, to withstand the promptings, and to heed the warnings and biddings of the designing and overbearing potentates who had rebuilt and propped up his throne. The last Pope-King was a slave of Austria or France long before he proclaimed himself the prisoner of Italy. His successor belonged to himself alone. He brooked no advisers, asked and expected no human aid. He had a will of his own and followed no other. He wrote his own Encyclicals; he meditated his own speeches, communed with no man, sought no man's sympathy, managed his own affairs, saw to everything himself, and suffered no attempt at other men's interference. He owed no man anything; expected nothing from anybody. He was an unprotected Priest; but the Czar of Russia listened to his chidings. The great Bismarck condescended to deal with his agents, because they both knew that the voice that chid, the mind that offered terms, were the real emanation of the Vatican, not the mere echo of the Tuileries.

The new Pope's line of conduct was traced long before his accession. He had no worldly policy; his reign was not of this world; his heart was not in princes; his gendarmes and Swiss Guards were only an incumbrance and a vexation to him. He had faith in his priestly office—in his office as

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guardian of God's truth, and herald of God's Word.

On the other hand, we had Victor Emmanuel immured in the Pantheon, and Humbert installed in the Quirinal. The former, a loyal King and, in his own way, a God-fearing one, led throughout his career by events stronger than any man's will, in a perpetual conflict between his submission to God and his duty to man, came to Rome in spite of himself, and found his grave where 'he dared not make his bed.' Never was Church robbed by a more devout son of the Church. Pius IX. was well aware that the Subalpine King was the best friend he had in Italy, and he too, the old Pope, had a lurking kindness towards the bluff monarch whose children he had god-fathered. Both felt their inability to withstand the tides which swept them along in spite of all resistance. Both were the victims of their respective systems; the mere toys in the hands of the same inexorable fate. The game was played by unseen hands over their heads; the winner was as much to be pitied as the loser, and the sense of their common helplessness established between them a link of mutual sympathy.

Humbert came to the throne with clean hands and an untroubled conscience. The crown, to repeat the words of the great poet, 'descended to him with better quiet.' He was also free from the old King's religious scruples and misgivings; he did not recognise the Temporal Power as a dogma, nor look on

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territorial conquest as sacrilege. He was a good but by no means a bigoted Catholic, and was strengthened in his free thoughts by his wife—a princess of superior intelligence and education whom the priests had been foolish enough to malign and insult.

Humbert would hold his own, heedless of excommunication, and would dare any man to touch that Iron Crown which God had given him. But he was too wise to seek a quarrel where none had been offered to him ; too wise to stand on the punctilio of his stupid ministers, who, after deserving the world's praise by their behaviour towards the Conclave, lost all the merit of their good policy by refusing to announce the new Pontiff's exaltation in their official broad-sheet on the plea that the Vatican had given them no official intimation of the event. King Humbert repaired the blunder in his Crown speech, as he best could, by a clause inserted at his own suggestion, to the effect that 'one Pope had descended into the tomb, and his successor had been elected,' and stating that 'respect for religious belief was to be reconciled with a determined defence of the laws of the State and the great principles of civilisation.'

The King and the Pope seemed to be substantially of one mind. Leaving the question of the sovereignty of Rome in abeyance, the settlement of all other differences on the principle of a Free Church in a Free State might have been deemed the most

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expedient for both. But the Church, when she calls for liberty, demands for herself what she neither can nor will allow to the State.

There never was anything more remarkable, nor anything more new in the annals of the Papacy, than Pope Leo's address to some deputations from the French universities, delivered on the 1st of March, only eleven days after his election. He bade Christians fight unbelief with its own weapons, and meet the sophisms of man's science with the sounder arguments of God's knowledge; he would set Aaron's rod against the rods of the magicians; and he pointed to Louvain, the Jesuit university in Belgium, as the mansion of truth against which the gates of hell would not prevail. 'It is unarmed faith,' he thought, 'the reasoning and not the militant Church which ruled Belgium; and if Belgium, why not one day France? why not eventually also Italy? Spread true light among the people; combat error by dispelling ignorance; win the masses over to the eternal, unchangeable truth; base morality on Heaven's law; bid God's kingdom come; make God's will the people's will; and what King or Parliament,' asked the Pope, 'will stand against it? What array of civil authority or of military power will avail against the unarmed authority, the unassuming, yet irresistible, ascendency of the Church?'

That sounded very plausible, but it came from that Pope Pecci who, not many days before, as

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Camerlengo Pecci, and speaking in the name of all the cardinals, addressed a deputation from the French Catholic Associations, expressing all his sympathy with their great country, yet regretting that 'France was now in a painful position,' and that he did not 'confound all that emanated from France with the French people always so generous towards the Church.' The Camerlengo Pecci regretted the ascendency gained by the Republican party over the Ultramontane elements, whose indiscreet zeal had so nearly brought about MacMahon's downfall. And more clearly the Pope expressed his mind when he wished that France might always justify the device '*Gesta Dei per Francos*,' *i.e.*, renew the exploits of Clovis and all his long-haired race, who won the Church's absolution of their heinous crimes by allowing the clergy a full share of their blood-stained earnings.

But after all Pecci's real mind should be sought less in the flying words spoken to the first comer, which may have been imperfectly meditated and incorrectly reported, than in the writings on which he had bestowed all his attention, and which he published with calm deliberation. Almost on the morrow of his election there circulated in Rome a few copies of a pamphlet printed in the shape of a pastoral or charge of Cardinal Pecci, to the clergy of his arch-diocese of Perugia, and bearing a date posterior by only three days to the death of Pope Pius IX.

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The Pope addressed to the world the words originally intended by the Bishop for the faithful of his beloved see. And the drift of his homily was that human societies cannot dispense with morality; that the basis of all morality is religion; and that therefore the State cannot be separated from the Church, and the attempt to sunder them would be ruin to both. By following the Pope's reasoning to its ultimate aim, we come to this, that as the union of Church and State is a necessity, so is also their interdependence, and as the Church is from God, and the State is merely human, this latter should, at least in all godly matters, be subject to the former.

The argument, as the Pope handles it, is specious, but it deals not with the main difficulty. Society, the Pope thinks, is launched on a stormy sea; the Church is its only haven of safety; but whence blows the wind by which the tempest-tossed bark is to be brought under shelter? By what means is the flock to be led into the fold of the Church? How are men to be made religious whether they will or not? No laws have been found efficient against suicide. How can a man be deprived of his mastery over his soul any more than over his body?

The Pope is of course a believer. He thinks that Christianity, and especially that peculiar form of Christianity of which he is the visible Head, is 'the light of which civilisation has been at all times the attendant shadow; that there is no progress, intellectual or moral, of which the Church has not been

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the most active and constant promoter.' The Pope's facts are perhaps not always strictly accurate, but his conclusion is altogether erroneous. 'The Church,' says the Pope, 'abolished slavery.' But negroes are yet in thraldom in Catholic Cuba at the present day. 'The Church,' says the Pope, 'discountenanced the bloody games of the circus.' But priests still confess and absolve the matador in the robing-booth of the bull-ring in Catholic Madrid. 'The Church,' the Pope says finally, 'has proscribed war, denounced tyranny, and hallowed the cause of humanity.' But men have not lost all remembrance of Carlist campaigns, of Toledo inquisition, of Neapolitan, and even Roman, Pontifical dungeons.

The Pope's theory may be without a flaw for all that. We may grant that if evil abides, it is in spite, not because, of the Church. God's law cannot be answerable for the stubbornness of the heart of man. The Church is Ormuzd, which still fights, though it cannot always and fully overcome Ahriman. 'Only let Christ's kingdom come,' says the Pope, 'and earth shall have its millennium.'

But therein lies precisely all the arduousness of the problem. What power is there to usher in Christ's kingdom? Behold! Leo XIII. is the two hundred and eighth Pope, and theocracy, up to 1870, held sway in Rome for the best part of fifteen centuries. How is it that spiritual authority, backed by all the strength of carnal weapons, has not enabled the Church to prevail against 'the gates of

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Hell?' How is it that the Papacy, and with it religion as enforced by the Temporal Power, has succumbed? or how can it be hoped that its ascendency may ever be re-established without the disruption of the Italian kingdom, and a return to an alternative of French or Austrian domination in the Peninsula; without that violent reaction from which the humane and generous mind of the new Pontiff would recoil, even were not the result sure to be as fatal to the interests both of his Church and of his country as it has invariably proved in former ages?

The Church of Christ cannot hereafter be built on the rock of earthly sovereignty, as Leo XIII. must feel, whatever protest, as a mere matter of form, he may put forth to denounce the revolution which compassed its overthrow. The Italians must be won back to faith by persuasion, and it is to this task that the Pontiff seemed to devote himself when he indited that charge to his clergy, which men were to read as the programme of the new Pontificate.

'Society,' the Pope thinks, 'is an aggregate of units; its base is the family, its bond of union the domestic tie.' The holiest of human institutions is marriage, which the Church has long monopolised as a Sacrament, and which the civil law in Italy, as elsewhere, would now sanction or 'profane' as a mere contract.

But where is there ground for complaint? Pope Leo does not say, and cannot say, that in this matter the State has attempted to supersede the

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Church. Marriage as a Sacrament has no where been forbidden in Italy, or anywhere in the Catholic world. The civil marriage law only dispenses from attendance at Church those candidates for the wedded state who either belong to another Church than the Roman, or belong to no Church, or are unwilling to submit to the rites and conditions upon which the Church grants her blessings to those who apply for it. The State admits of the existence of what the Church calls 'godless couples.' The State itself in Italy is, or aspires to become 'godless,' that means simply neutral in all religious differences, and must deal with marriage and the conditions imposed upon it in the manner best conducive to the interests of social order. The Church loses none of her rights; but the State attends to its duties. The Church takes care of her own especial people; the State must provide for the whole people; for, even without the pale of the Church, people will live and marry or be given in marriage, lest worse ensue.

Taking his stand on the holiness of the marriage tie, the Pope inveighs in no measured language against the *manigoldi* who do not consider it indissoluble. There is no divorce law in Italy, and the man who will dare to bring in a Bill in Parliament for that purpose is not yet forthcoming; but the good Pontiff is evidently in a paroxysm of passion and terror at the bare anticipation of such an enormity, and thinks that those whom God has joined together only God (or the Pope) should put

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asunder; for be it remembered, divorce was orginally as religious an institution as marriage itself, and what a Pope or an ecclesiastical Court repeatedly in past times, as in the cases of Charlemagne or Napoleon, thought fit to sanction, often in obedience to very worldly and even criminal considerations, the State is now compelled to deal with, loosening as well as fastening the nuptial bond in the cases of those so-called 'godless' couples whom the Church finds unamenable to her supremacy. To cry out against divorce in Italy is as yet simply to fight windmills. Deeds of separation *a mensâ et thoro* were matters of frequent dispensation, even under Papal rule. They are now more immediately referred to the arbitrament of civil tribunals. But what the law allows the Church has still the power to prevent within the limits of her religious and moral authority. She can preach against separation and refuse to marry divorced persons. The State must provide for this life, leaving the Church to deal with the hereafter.

What has been said about civil marriages equally applies to all the other grievances of the Church against the State. The Church may object to freedom of religious discussion; she may find fault with the opening of 'heretic'—*i.e.*, dissenting—chapels or evangelical temples within sound of the Vatican bells; she may be struck with horror and dismay at the alleged abuses and ribaldries of a free Press. She may lament the anarchic and sub-

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versive tendencies of a sceptic, inquiring age, and expose the demoralising influences of freethought upon the ignorant or corrupt masses. She may denounce the disorder, the confusion and dissolution creeping into every branch of the body politic; lament the aggravation of the public burdens, the shortcomings, the delay, the chaos in the administration of justice. She may dwell on the contrast between the present misery and degradation of the people, the result of modern selfish utilitarian doctrines, and the better conditions in which they were placed under the rule of mercy and charity of the good old monastic practice. No doubt the Pope thinks, most reasonably, that social perfection would best be obtained could the State be organised on the model of which Christ laid out the ideal in His Church. The question is only how such a consummation may be brought about if faith can no longer be enforced, if the Church can only exercise spiritual authority and the State is no longer to lend her the argument of its 'secular arm.' The new Pope, it is true, seems to have faith in the exercise of their free rights on the part of pious believers. He is a disciple, or master, in the Riario Sforza and Father Curci school. He thinks that good Catholics should be 'up and doing;' that they should press to the polls, carry the provincial and municipal, even the parliamentary elections; invade councils and chambers, lift up their voices, and carry the victory by mere weight

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of numbers. The same battles have been fought and won in Belgium; the same war is being waged with alternate success in France. Why should not the experiment be tried in Italy also, especially under a Pope who has both the courage and energy—the 'lion's' nature—befitting him to take the lead?

Only for the reason, perhaps, that Italy is not Belgium or France, and that the faith of which the thirteenth Leo is the champion has lost its hold upon the country: that there is no people in the world among whom, apart from outward practices, true, deep, religious feeling is more utterly and hopelessly extinct than among the Italians. The Pope can attempt nothing by force; he will achieve nothing by persuasion—not at least unless he venture on such salutary reforms as may yet be practicable, such as the abolition of the compulsory celibacy of the priests, the demolition of the legendary House of Loretto, the discountenancing of such miracles as Lourdes, La Salette, and the like. Can the Pope ever dream of such innovation, and will he risk it? Pius IX. dared to initiate political improvement and lost his throne. Will Leo XIII. try religious reform, break with deep-seated superstition, and thereby ennoble and hallow, and so save, his spiritual authority?

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II.

The new Pope's views about the independence of the Church.—His alleged impotence against heresy and immorality.—What the Pope understands by the word Liberty.—What liberty he grants to others and what he wants for himself.—Rome, Italy, and the rest of the world.

THE answer to this question was given by Leo himself, when, on the death of his State Secretary, Franchi, he appointed Cardinal Nina to the vacant post, and gave him his instructions in a letter, dated August 27, 1878. In it he very nearly repeated whatever had been said in the Pastoral of the previous February, which has just been examined, as well as in the Encyclical letters written at various times in the interval to 'his venerable brethren in the Episcopate.' Here he with unshaken consistency 'deplores the prevalence of fatal errors and the grave dangers which threaten society because of the ever-increasing disorders which disturb it.' He refers 'the most powerful cause of so much ruin' to 'the separation, and the attempted apostasy of society from Christ and His Church, in which Church alone exists virtue sufficient to remedy existing evils.'

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The Church, however, in the Pope's opinion, though it is from God, and ought to rely on God's power, is crippled in her influence since the Pope was 'despoiled of the temporal dominion which Providence had for many centuries conceded for the protection of the liberty of his spiritual power.' The Pope is not 'surrounded with true liberty and real independence,' and, therefore, he is 'with immense bitterness of his heart, as a Father and Pastor, constrained to see under his eyes in the same city of Rome, centre of the Catholic religion, heterodox temples and schools erected in great number, and with impunity, and to behold the perversion of the young, to whom an unbelieving instruction is given.'

The liberty and independence which the Pope claims, that for which in his conceit Providence assigned to his predecessors a place among earthly rulers, consists in, or aims at, the power of interfering with the freedom of all other religious or other instructors, of shutting up, at least in Rome, all heterodox temples and schools. God Almighty, then, if one hears the Pope, in his anxiety for the preservation and diffusion of His eternal truth, had contrived that little two-penny half-penny Papal State, with its General Kanzler and its few hundred Zouaves, by which some hundred thousands of the Roman people should be drilled and dragooned into orthodoxy. The Pope cannot complain that the so-called Evangelical churches in Rome or Italy have made much progress; he cannot point out a school

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in which immorality, or even positive unbelief, is taught. If he did, there is law for him in Italy as there is in England, enabling either him or any man to prosecute any open professor of infidelity. But the control of opinion, the restraint on men's consciences, is an extremely delicate matter to deal with. '*Dieu connaît ceux qui sont à lui*;' and so may the Pope. But the State knows nothing about it, and it is well that it should be perfectly ignorant, for religion is a matter between man and his Maker; it is something that must be left to individual thought and feeling, a point on which it is lawful for any man to be in a minority of one.

And this principle of the individuality of conscience, implying a necessity of perfect religious freedom and equality, the Pope fully understands and gladly accepts when applied to any other European community. Freedom of conscience, toleration of every manner of creed and worship, Leo seems to think will do admirably in England and Germany, it would be a great desideratum in Russia, it is highly creditable in Turkey. Anywhere else but in Rome and Italy God knows how to take care of His truth without the instrumentality of a sovereign priesthood. Indeed, if we admit, as an incontrovertible fact, that God's truth is what the Pope teaches, it may be confidently asserted that it better thrives where the priests have less sovereign power, and best where they have none at all: for newspapers have lately been full of statistics proving the

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immense progress of Roman Catholicism in England, in Holland, in Germany, in the United States, in countries long since won over to Protestantism, among a people where that creed was for a long time proscribed, scouted, and at last sneered at and despised, where one could not

> 'Devise a name
> So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
> . . . . as the Pope.'

In these heretical and schismatic lands, round these Lutheran and Calvinist minsters all seamed and scarred by three centuries of excommunications, converts to the Pope's faith are numerous; many noble edifices are daily opened to Catholic worship, many new ministers of the Papal altars are ordained, many holy men and pious virgins are admitted to the peace of cloistral seclusion—in one word, Manning and the mass have made and are making here much headway—and that in spite, or indeed because, of unlimited liberty—and the Pope tells us that truth is helpless in Italy because it is free; that the influence of so large, so rich, and so imposing a hierarchy, of so multitudinous, so widespread, so far-reaching a priesthood, is of no avail towards combating the mere mockery of heresy and schism, towards confuting such shallow preachers of error as Fra Pantaleo or Gavazzi; the Pope tells us that all the schools of the Jesuits, of the Barnabites, of the Ursulines, of the Sacré Cœur, are of no weight to

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counterbalance the seeds which the puny efforts of Evangelical, or even notoriously sceptic, teachers may manage to sow—that the Catholic faith cannot be upheld in Italy, unless the Papal police, or some other force compels a whole population, with the sword at their throats, not to believe, for that is often beyond the most willing man's power, but to profess to believe, which is only too easy, too safe, and too convenient a thing.

While north of the Alps and beyond the Atlantic Roman Catholicism lives and grows, not only not enforced, but fighting against great odds, unaided and single-handed, with fair as well as unfair, but at all events not carnal weapons, here is the Pope telling us that, so far as Italy, or at least Rome is concerned, he has no faith in the faith of which he is the master, because, forsooth, he is no longer free to force it down his subjects' throats, because he cannot himself command, and the usurpers of his power will not supply, the material means of re-establishing that system of espionage, treachery and violence by which the Inquisition in the good old times contrived to keep inviolate the integrity and uniformity of Catholic creed and worship!

The reason why Italy should not be entitled to the same freedom of religious thought which is allowed to England, America, or any other community lies, in the opinion of Ultramontanes, in the fact that other countries are divided into sects which could not live together at peace without unbounded

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mutual toleration, whereas Italy is to all intents and purposes blessed with the most perfect unity of belief; an argument which should not be lost sight of among English, American, and other converts, as it tells them what their respective countries would have to look forward to, should at any time their convictions be uniformly adopted by the mass of their countrymen. But the argument proves too much with respect to Italy; for although it is true that dissent from the established religion hardly exists in that country, or is at least by no means likely to gain even a few inches of ground, there can be no doubt, and both the late and the present Pope were at all times too anxious to repeat, that the Italian people are divided into two great bodies—those who believe, or rather gulp down, whatever is given them to swallow, and those who either have no belief, or who strive to persuade themselves that they have none.

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III.

State of religion in Italy.—Opinions of Italian statesmen.—Minghetti and Bonghi.—D'Azeglio.—Macchiavelli.—Boccaccio.—Antiquity of unbelief in Italy.—The past and present of religious education in Italy.—The good and evil of religious controversy.—The jester in the Sunday Schools.—The Devil's Advocate.—No reform of the Church from without.—None from within.

In a debate on the mutual relations between Church and State in Italy, which took place in the Italian Parliament, in May, 1875, the most distinguished members of all parties agreed almost unanimously on this dolorous fact, that all religious life has entirely died out in Italy. Minghetti, then at the head of the Cabinet; Bonghi, at that time Minister of Public Instruction; Minervini, one of the most troublesome members of the opposition, were all of one mind on this point, that 'there could be no religious question where no religion existed.'* And D'Azeglio, without contradiction the noblest political and moral character of regenerated Italy,

* See on this subject, Leopold Witte's remarkable paper '*Die Religiöse Frage in Italien*, in Karl Hillebrand's yearly review '*Italia*,' a collection of essays on Italian subjects edited in Florence, and published by H. Hartung and Son, in Leipzig, vol. v. p. 222.

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proclaimed, in his '*Ricordi*,' that 'Italy was the land of doubt,' and added that 'the Reformation of the sixteenth century effected so little in that country, not altogether because the Inquisition crushed it, but because if Italy cared little for Rome, she troubled herself even less about Wittenberg.' 'The priests of Rome,' he continued, 'have always shown by their deeds that they did not believe much. Doubt, mockery, and Voltairian sneers are more to their taste; the sight of Rome has stifled religion in Italy. And if it is true, as in my opinion it cannot be denied, that without a religious belief a nation can neither be strong nor fit to govern itself—witness the ancient Romans and the modern Anglo-Saxons as contrasted with ourselves—it follows as an undeniable consequence that Italy will never be a nation till it has found a firm religious basis of social existence. Without this we shall always remain as we are—a people without strength, without character, and without the capability for assimilation and fusion.'

In the words of an Italian patriot *sans tache*, we have thus the evil of Italy, and with it its cause, clearly pointed out to us. Italy has no religion because her priests have none, because to see Rome is to renounce belief. What D'Azeglio now tells us Macchiavelli said three and a half centuries before him. 'We Italians,' said the Florentine Secretary, in his peculiar fine irony, 'are indebted to the Holy See for this benefit, that in religious matters it has made us all either apathetic or atheistic.' And

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long before Macchiavelli, Boccaccio had given as the best proof of Christianity being indeed the work of God, the fact that the edifice contrived miraculously to stand in spite of all the efforts of the Pope and the hierarchy to pull it down.

Pope Leo XIII. complains of scepticism and profanity in Italy as if they were things of yesterday; as if honest, earnest, and dignified belief had been the rule with the majority of the Italian or of the Roman people till the Subalpine King lodged himself in the Quirinal, and a few Evangelical preachers and teachers came in in his train. But the fact is that scepticism in Rome is as old as the Aventine, and the cause is that Italian religion as well as civilisation stopped at the Renaissance, and never felt the life-giving touch of the Reformation. The Italians of the present day have no more or less faith than had Leo X., and a multitude of his cardinals and prelates, or of the other half-Pagan scholars, who with him unburied Latin and Greek out of the rubbish of Imperial Rome, or of the artists who worked at St. Peter's, and reared up in an 'eighth wonder of the world' that Tower of Babel which was to signalise the dispersion and confusion of the Christian Church all over the world.

The Pope talks of the scepticism which undermines the basis of society and corrupts the morals of the rising generation at the very sources of their mental development. But the majority of the men

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now living in Italy were born and brought up before the Italian kingdom was formed and before the Piedmontese Constitution was proclaimed. Their education was given in schools, lyceums, and gymnasiums approved by the old despotic regime, under the direction, or at least the inspection of the clergy, regular and secular; in many and the most signal cases, in monastic colleges, under Benedictine, Barnabite, and even Jesuit discipline. The working, governing, legislating, and instructing Italian generation of the present day is still the produce of old Papal ascendency as backed by the retrogradist Governments which the vicissitudes of these last eighteen years have overthrown. Those Minghettis and Bonghis, who were so sure that 'no one in Italy cares a straw about religion,' that Gavazzi, whose bitter sarcasms and cutting invectives amused even hearers who could scarcely understand his language —nay, even that Mazzini, who looked to 'a new revelation that should supersede effete Christianity' —were the nurslings of priests, the disciples of Jesuits. There is not one of them who could not tell how much religion there was in those Italian schools and universities at the time they were students. What poison of unbelief crept among them from class to class, tainting and for ever chilling and deadening their minds and hearts in their immaturity; what rebellious spirit was created in them by the weariness of that catechism and those chapel prayers and other enforced devotional practices;

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what relish as of stolen fruits was given to their smuggled books by the index which proscribed them. If the rising generation grow up worse than their fathers, it is certainly not because the fathers had the benefit of an unadulterated priestly training.

If Pope Leo XIII. cares for his Church, if he is anxious for the moral state of society, he should look into the religion which is served out to the Italians, and consider whether a little liberty, a little honest inquiry, and even a frank and generous controversy might not rouse it from its deathly torpor, and stimulate it into healthy warmth and vigour. Far from declaiming against those poor Evangelical chapels and schools in Rome, he should countenance and befriend them, on the principle which introduced into Italian Sunday-schools that quaint custom, maintained till within the recollection of men still living, of that young frolicsome priest known as the *Goffo*, the fool or zani, whose office it was to raise doubts, to crack jokes, and turn into nonsense all the wisdom of the Christian doctrine, only yielding to the arguments of his serious adversary, the instructing theologian, when all the artillery of his jocose profanities was expended. It was on the same principle that a novice who intended to take the veil in a nunnery was visited by the *Avvocato del Diavolo*, apparently bent on shaking her resolution, drawing seductive pictures of the world's pleasures and the bliss of wedded life, in contrast with the coldness and dreariness of claustral exist-

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ence. Discussion, the old Church seemed to feel, was the fire to test the temper of truth, and little has been gained by a departure from that wholesome practice. All that repression and compression could effect has been tried, and the result has been that by dint of self-denial the human reason has been either annihilated or driven into rebellion, and what is worse, not open, manly revolt, but craven, inward protest and reserve, as fatal to the moral character as any subtle bodily ailment allowed no free outbreak and forced back into the system. Too much of what was called religion in Italy, if it was not unmeaning, debasing superstition, was sheer sham, ill-disguised, though often unconscious hypocrisy.

Pius IX. aspired to be politically a reforming Pope—and failed. There was a chance of Leo XIII. attempting ecclesiastical improvement, and great stress was put on his first wise and liberal measures, but in what concerns religion, he as yet has given no sign. His recent utterances have not been and are not those of a reforming Pope, and it must be confessed that a just estimate of his character had been formed by those French Ultramontane organs, which on the new Pope's accession were sure that 'the conduct of Leo XIII. would be a mere continuation of that of his predecessor.' Gioberti might well say that 'all reforming schemes in Italy had hitherto miscarried because they had been tried without Rome, and for the most part against Rome, and he thought that it was now time that renovation should

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begin with and through Rome itself.'* But Rome, in so far as religion is concerned, means the Pope alone, for both the Council of Trent and the Vatican Synod have made the Pontiff an absolute master, and dissent from him, as was seen in the cases of Monsignor Liverani, Cardinal d'Andrea, Father Passaglia, Father Curci, and others, can only lead to an alternative for the innovator of bending or breaking, because, as we shall see, it would be vain for him to look in Italy for the elements of heresy or schism, or even for so harmless a movement as that of Döllinger and Old Catholicism in Germany.

The Pope in Rome is an autocrat, and it little matters whether he is a free agent, or whether, clear-headed and strong-minded as he was described, he has, either through conviction of what befits his place, or through seduction or fear, given in to the influence of the Jesuits, and consented to impersonate the system which they have built up. The Pope, or we will say the Papacy, as the Jesuits made it, is autocratic, and it is not in the nature of sovereigns in that position to think of spontaneous abdication. Leo XIII. will stick fast to his absolute power.

The council hall in the transept of St. Peter's church is still standing, a blank wall with jealously closed doors, much to the disfigurement of the noble Basilica. So it has been from the day in which the old Pope declared that the business of the Synod

* Gioberti's '*Riforma Cattolica*,' in Massari's edition of Gioberti's posthumous works, § 159.

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was indefinitely suspended, so it has been from the day of the new Pope's election. The alleged cause of the adjournment *sine die* was said by Pius IX. to be the invasion of Rome and the captivity of the Church. Are things to remain in this state to the end of time? Is that sorry comedy of the captivity to be played on for ever? Is that useless encumbrance of the transept to continue till the vault collapses, or are we to wait till the hour of the Church's deliverance strikes, before a re-convocation of the Council can be thought of? To none of these questions will Pope Leo vouchsafe an answer. It suits him to keep the world in suspense, to maintain his attitude as a martyr; to suffer, and pray, and hold his tongue, waiting, as Pope Pius did, for what may turn up.

But were even that something to happen, were that council hall to be again available for its original purpose; could it again be thrown open, the Catholic hierarchy once more called together, and a new session of the Synod inaugurated—what could be done? A *bonâ fide* Council was a sheer impossibility after that of Trent, and it scarcely needed that of the Vatican to prove the hollowness of its vain pretence. Where is the use of discussion if the decision is predetermined? Infallibility was an undeveloped dogma at Trent; it has acquired all the authority of a defined and proclaimed dogma in the Vatican transept, but the great maxim '*Roma locuta, causa soluta*' is older than the Jesuits themselves. The prelates who

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objected to Infallibility were only invited to Rome to say what they would be made to unsay when they went back to their Sees; they were only called to contradict, to perjure, to stultify themselves.'

The Pope is infallible, what need of councillors? What possibility of a council that should not be a solemn mockery? Can the new Pope force the Catholic world back? Can he annul the vote of July 18, 1870? Can he abdicate his God-like exemption from error? Could he summon a real Church Parliament around him, or invest it with the free powers of a Constituent Assembly? And would he neutralise the ascendency of the overwhelming number of two to three hundred Italian prelates by substituting a vote by nation or 'language' to the individual poll, and lay the basis of a fair and equal representation of all the various races of the Faithful? And even were such a re-constitution of the Church practicable, would it avail him much to step into the hall with knotty points and dogmas, and mysteries, and put the usual '*Quid vobis videtur?*' What answer could the poor bishops give, except, 'Holy Father, you are all-knowing, you know best?'

It would happen at the Council as at that Trappist convent that Pius IX. visited several years before his captivity. The monks there are doomed by their vow to perpetual silence; but, that they might rejoice in his presence, the Pope dispensed them from their obligation, and unsealed their lips for that day.

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As he walked along their garden and saw them idle and silent by the graves they had been digging, the benevolent Pope addressed them, and said, 'But why do you not speak?' '*Eh, Santo Padre,*' answered the brethren, '*Noi altri poveri frati, che abbiamo da dire?*' Before an Infallible Pontiff, the fathers of a council, and indeed all men endowed by God with immortal minds, would be of no more account than those poor Trappist dummies. The Pope knows, Rome has spoken, what can mere benighted mortals have to say?

The French Ultramontane papers are only too likely to have been right. Leo XIII. is following on the track of Pius IX. It could not be otherwise. Rome cannot, will not change. '*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint,*' is the Jesuit motto, and it will be unanswerable by any movement that may ever rise in the Church itself; it remains to be seen whether there will not some day be an extraneous force that may step up to the Infallible and intimate that he must *se soumettre* or *se démettre.*

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CHAPTER XII.

THE STATE.

I.

New relations between Church and State.—The Pope, the clergy and the laity.—Religious movement in Italy.—The National Church Association.—The Mantuan Diocese.—Indifference of the Government to religious movements.—Indifference of the educated classes.—Ricasoli's compromise with the Papacy.—Improvidence of the Italian Government.—Their disappointment.

THE men at the head of affairs in Italy who had compassed the overthrow of the Temporal Power prided themselves and were congratulated on the success of their work. They thought they had given the Roman question a final as well as a satisfactory solution. They had appeased the intense longings of the Italians for the possession of their capital, and they had shown the world how Church and State could live together at peace on the terms of mutual independence. They had triumphantly carried out Cavour's views about 'a Free Church in a Free State.'

Cavour however had never explained what he understood by the word 'Church.' Did that word

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apply to the whole Congregation of the Faithful, or did it merely designate the clergy, or only the upper clergy, the Episcopate, the College of Cardinals, and all the supreme hierarchy, or, finally, the Pope alone? Evidently this latter; for he was the one who had been damaged and to whom indemnity was due. And, in fact, the matter was thought to be settled by a law, not on *Ecclesiastical* but on *Papal* Guarantees. Cavour's disciples clearly understood that the Pope was the Church, and what they actually established was 'a free Pope in an enslaved Church.'

That could never have been what Cavour meant. The tendency of the Church had been towards the organisation of the narrowest despotism; one after another the different orders of its clergy had been excluded from its government; their more or less voluntary submission being rewarded by the increase of their ascendency over the laity. The laity had ceased to have a voice in the Church, but the State had undertaken to fill its place and safeguard its interests, and did so by the means of those concordats which traced the only limits to all-crushing Papal authority. The State had taken upon itself the vindication of the people's rights. If it abdicated the power those rights conferred, the power naturally reverted to the people from whom it emanated.

What had been really emancipated in Italy was not the Church, but man's conscience. The State could no longer guarantee the existence of the

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Church. Up to the year 1870 the Church could reckon on the submission of the laity. Every Italian was understood, and in a certain measure compelled, to be a Roman Catholic; but now, in spite of the first article of Charles Albert's constitution, each man's allegiance to the Pope is optional. Were all the flock to leave the fold, none would be left but the shepherds. There would be no Church but the clergy; no Church but the Pope.

It is upon that ground that with the earliest success of the national movement, unmistakable aspirations on the part, not of the laity but of the lower clergy to assert themselves and to claim the place that was due to every one in the Church, began to manifest themselves. The scheme of a National Church which, while leaving the creed inviolate, should reform the discipline and the constitution of the establishment, came into existence soon after the annexation of Naples in 1860, and won over many partisans, especially in the Southern Provinces, where an association was formed by a Dominican monk, Luigi Prota-Giurleo, which in a few years numbered, it is said,* about ten thousand members, of whom about four thousand belonged to the clergy of all ranks, under the guidance of four bishops, and the patronage of Cardinal d'Andrea and another member of the Sacred College. Among the laity the movement relied on the support of

* Leopold Witte, '*Die religiose Frage in Italien*,' Hillebrand's '*Italia*,' v. 236.

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thirty-two deputies, sixteen senators, four cabinet ministers, eighty-six magistrates, three generals, and fifty officers in the army, etc. They had a newspaper of their own, the *Esaminatore*, and the innovations they proposed to introduce into the Church were, according to that journal, 'the election of parish priests by their congregation, that of the bishops by the clergy and people of the diocese; the emancipation of archbishops and bishops from absolute Papal supremacy; the abolition of the compulsory celibacy of the priests; the free circulation of Scripture among the laity; the abolition of confession as an absolute duty; the Communion in both species for the laity; and prayers in the vernacular language.' The association, which had its centre in Naples, soon spread over the provinces, where it founded twenty-two branch societies, was allowed by the Rattazzi Ministry the use of two desecrated churches, and proceeded in 1875 to the election of a bishop, the choice falling on Monsignor Panelli, Archbishop of Lydda *in partibus;* upon his resignation in 1876 his place was filled by the Canon Stanislao Trabucco, who died soon after his promotion, when episcopal honours were conferred on Monsignor Luigi Prota-Giurleo, the founder of the association. The voters in this last ballot were 10,250, of whom 8,629 gave their support to the successful candidate.

Another movement, unconnected with the Neapolitan association, but tending to the same scope,

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began in 1873 in the diocese of Mantua, in opposition to the bishop, Monsignor Rota, whose unpopular appointment of parish priests was resisted by the peasantry of San Giovanni del Dosso, of Frassino, Paludano, and other localities, where other priests were elected to the vacant places on the principle of household suffrage. Popular election of parish priests was however nothing new in Italy, especially in districts long subject to Austria, as at Trent, and in the south at Meta, and other villages on the coast of Sorrento.

All these attempts, which betoken something like a power of initiative in matters of ecclesiastical reform on the part of the lower orders of the clergy and laity in Italy, awakened so little interest among thinking men that the whole movement remained for a long time, and is still to a great extent, wrapt in obscurity, the Press evidently deeming the subject beneath its notice. That the immense majority of the population evinced little or no sympathy with the 'National Church' one may argue from the fact that of the 10,250 votes given at Prota-Giurleo's election to the bishopric, only eighty-three were contributed by Naples, whereas the voters in little towns like Sorrento, Nocera, Trani, Barletta, etc., were respectively 596, 722, 904, 943; a sufficient evidence that religion in Italy, whether orthodox or heretical, is a matter with which the best educated least concern themselves.

What a wise and active Government might have

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made even of such elements as the less instructed but more earnest classes supplied, one must hesitate to assert, for after all a Government is but the reflection of the community from which it springs, and cannot act where the people do not feel; but the fact is that the King's ministers in Italy never dreamt of availing themselves of such means as religious agitation placed at their disposal, and not only did they completely ignore it, but they put themselves out of their way to disavow and snub it. They thought that by an exaggerated deference to the Pope's spiritual authority they might make amends to him for the Temporal Power of which they had deprived him, that by their strict neutrality in all contentions arising between orthodoxy and dissent they could best insure that liberty of both to the maintenance of which the State had bound itself. Having taken for the King what in their opinion belonged to the King, they resolved to give unto the Pope the things that were the Pope's, and began by a renunciation of their right to any participation in the appointment of bishops.

I have already alluded to this fatal mistake, the blame of which falls on Baron Ricasoli's administration of 1865–6. By the Concordat existing between the Holy See and Sardinia, vacant bishoprics in that State could only be filled upon an agreement between the Pope and the King; and, as after the promulgation of the Siccardi and the Rattazzi laws of 1852 and 1854, no such agreement was any longer

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practicable, the sees, which death or other causes rapidly vacated throughout Italy, would never have been filled up, and a means was thus at hand to starve the Pope, as it were, into submission, and compel him to accept terms, the most obvious and important of which should have been the reduction of the exorbitant number of Italian bishoprics to something proportionate to the means and wants of the population. The Ricasoli Ministry, however, swayed by political considerations and listening to advice from Germany—where that League was then projected which led to the war of Sadowa and the annexation of Venice to Italy—came to the determination to deal with only one enemy at a time; and as they were preparing to fight Austria, to propitiate the Pope at any cost. Those semi-clerical diplomatists Vegezzi and Tonello, who were always seen in Rome whenever there appeared to be an opening for compromise, were again at work, and an informal convention was entered into empowering the Pope to appoint bishops to the vacant sees, the King's Government engaging to respect his choice and to furnish his nominees with the *Exequatur*. As that mere verbal understanding settled nothing for the future, the Italian Parliament in its discussion of the laws of Papal Guarantees reserved for the Government the right of granting or withholding the *Exequatur*, and at all events it made it imperative on the elected bishops to make a formal application for it. The same reserve was extended

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to the temporalities of the sees which the State was to keep in its hands till the new incumbents were indued with them by permission from the King's Government. These bungling arrangements led to perpetual bickerings between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and the ill-will was especially aggravated when, by the death of Cardinal Riario Sforza, in 1877, the archiepiscopal See of Naples became vacant; for on that occurrence the King's Government, referring to a Concordat of ancient date between the Holy See and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, claimed that archbishopric and all the other dioceses of that part of Italy as entirely and exclusively dependent on royal patronage, the Pope on his side contending that that privilege had been freely granted to former dynasties, and was no part of the inheritance devolving upon the King of Italy from the mere right of conquest.

To what extent these statesmen were justified in their hopes of appeasing by such inconsistencies the wrath of the Holy See may be seen from Pope Leo's letter already alluded to, addressed to Cardinal Nina on that prelate's appointment to the office of Secretary of State, on the 27th of last August. In it the Pope bitterly complains of the violation on the part of the Italian Government of their engagement to respect his appointment of bishops, and especially of the claims they put forward to the exercise of royal patronage in the disposal of Southern Bishoprics; the Holy See never scrupling to make demands for

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the fulfilment of engagements which it had never accepted, and from a government which it had never acknowledged, and never even condescended to mention by name ; for while the old Pope never spoke of *Italian* but always of *Subalpine* usurpers and spoilers of the Sanctuary, the new Pope contrives to bring a long list of charges against the overbearing King's Government without ever designating them by any other appellation than 'they.'

Statesmen who while vexing and 'robbing the Church' truckle to its Head, submit to its reprimands, yet withdraw with the left hand the sop which they tender with the right, were not likely to take to heart the interests of the National Church Association, or to see justice done to the priests elected in a few rural districts of the Mantuan Diocese. Consequently, no one will be surprised to hear that when the Holy See proceeded against the members of the clergy who had openly or secretly joined the association, and suspended them *a Divinis*, these wretched priests who were thus brought to the verge of starvation hastened to sign a full recantation, and made their peace with the Holy See by taking an oath of unconditional submission. Their application to the Italian Government for relief in their destitution was rejected, and in his inquisition against the chief offenders the Archbishop of Naples was backed by the King's prefect. In the same manner the government refused to allow the parish priests elected in the Mantuan districts to take possession

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of the temporalities of their parishes; and only upon the strong recommendation of Anselmo and Carlo Guerrieri Gonzaga, the noble landowners of those districts, and after a warm discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, was the Minister of Public Worship induced to grant the people's elect a scanty and precarious means of subsistence.

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II.

Reforming movement in the Church.—Liverani.—Passaglia.—Curci.—The Church and democracy.—The Clerical party in municipal, provincial and parliamentary elections.—To what extent the Church can harm the State.—Reconciliation and separation equally impracticable.—Moral effects of the neutrality of the State in religious matters.—Increased corruption in the Church and country.—The position of a 'godless' Government.

In an open war with the Papacy Italy seemed determined to limit her action to attacks on the Temporal, and to shrink from such weapons as could open a breach in the Spiritual Power. Weapons of that description were, however, always at hand; and they were found among the most powerful champions of the Vatican. Such were Monsignor Liverani, a Household Prelate, Apostolic Protonotary, Referendary of both Signatures, Member of two Congregations, and Canon of Santa Maria Maggiore; soon after him Father Passaglia, a shining light among the Jesuits, and the most conspicuous advocate of the Immaculate Conception; and more lately Father Curci, a still greater Jesuit, and the ablest defender of the Dogma of Infallibility. All of these made advances to the Italian Government, or threw out

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clear hints of their devotion to the Italian cause, but all of them, one after another, had to retire in sheer disappointment either because not understood or not trusted, and at all events not wanted, and had to find their way back to Rome, throwing themselves on the clemency of that Pontifical patron of whom they had for ever forfeited the confidence and esteem.

All these churchmen had wisdom enough to perceive that the cause of the Temporal Power was irretrievably lost, and that the ascendency of the Holy See could only be re-established by some attempt at reconciliation with the kingdom of Italy. Liverani, by the publication of his work, '*Il Papato, l'Impero e il Regno d'Italia*,' proposed that the Pope should reconstruct the Holy Roman Empire, investing the King of Italy with it, but claiming the right of *suzeraineté*, or feudal supremacy over him. By this arrangement, he reasoned, the civil law would be brought under the moral influence of the Church, the State would by its control over the temporalities check the abuses of the clergy, and exhibit thus to the world the spectacle of a State where the two Powers would work together in unity—a model State which should find in its vassalage to the Church the best security against all elements of social disorganisation, and which would by such advantages induce other States to follow its example and place them under the same feudal allegiance to the Papal throne, thus realising the grand idea of Hildebrand, and compensating the Pontiff for the

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loss of his small kingdom by insuring to him a paramount authority over all kingdoms.

Passaglia, who was connected with the men of the *Esaminatore*, and of the National Italian Church movement, or at least shared their views, aimed, as may be seen from his pamphlet '*Pro causâ Italicâ*,' at a reform of the Church, which should proceed from the clergy of the lower orders, and thought that by the spread of liberal opinions and by spirit of association, a sufficient force could be mustered to impose new ideas on the hierarchy, and force it to such concessions in all matters relating to discipline and the constitution of the Church as would place the two Powers on a new footing, allowing each of them the free exercise of its respective authority—that of the Church over the soul, that of the State over the body.

Curci took a middle course. He also thought that the Pope should renounce his sovereignty of the Roman State, and that he should be indemnified by the exercise of a moral pressure of the Church on the government of united Italy, but he believed that this influence could be obtained by a general participation of the so-called clerical party in the exercise of popular sovereignty, especially by their attendance at municipal, provincial, and parliamentary elections.* This was, as we have seen, the idea of the late Arch-

* See Father Curci's 'Commentary on the Four Gospels,' with the Preface entitled '*Ragione dell' Opera*,' Rome, 1875; and the more recent work, '*Il Dissidio tra la Chiesa e lo Stato*,' Florence, 1878.

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bishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, and it was also that of Cardinal Pecci previous to his election to the Pontificate. The notion was supposed to find little favour at the Vatican, though Pius IX. was, as usual on new Church questions, at a loss what to think of it; but it has gained ground under the new Pope, and it is even advocated by that Don Margotti of the *Unità Cattolica*, who with his formula '*Nè eletti, nè Elettori*' had been combating it *à outrance* for a score of years.

It is very clear that these peacemakers and reformers could meet with no encouragement either at the Vatican or at the Quirinal; for on the one hand the main object of all of them is to establish the closest ties between Church and State, whereas the Italian Government is pledged to absolute separation, and on the other, they all advise to the Holy See a renunciation of its earthly sway over the Roman State in consideration of a universal supreme authority over all States, whereas the Holy See, without in any manner objecting to the bird-in-the-bush of universal suzeraineté, meets with *non possumus* every scheme which should aim at its abandonment of the bird-in-the-hand of the Roman State.

The great objection to a legal warfare to be carried on by the intervention of the clerical party at the polls consists mainly in this, that by taking part in the government and sitting as members either of local councils or of the National Parliament, these clericals would make, at least implicitly, an act of

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adhesion to the King's Government; they would formally acknowledge the kingdom of Italy and its Constitution, and thereby virtually sanction that spoliation of the Church which the Pope seems still indisposed to condone. Were they even to be victorious at the polls, and bring with them a majority in the Chamber, they could come to no lawful vote which should undo what has been done and which should sanction the disintegration of the kingdom—unless, at least, the Pope could engage eventually to absolve them from that oath to the Constitution which he himself in this hypothesis would have encouraged and advised them to swear.

The reconciliation and reunion of Church and State in Italy presents many and almost insurmountable obstacles; but their absolute separation will be found scarcely less practicable. The State has, not undeservedly, made itself liable to the charge of ungodliness, but has not succeeded in asserting its freedom. In many of the measures by which it flattered itself to have remedied the most flagrant ecclesiastical abuses it has been egregiously foiled. We have seen how little to the purpose it has been and is now quarrelling with the Pope about the appointment of bishops, without in the meanwhile abolishing a single bishopric. The law for the suppression of Monasticism, after many years of hammering and filing, has had but little real effect towards materially diminishing the number of existing convents, or towards opposing the establishment of new

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fraternities or sisterhoods. A large part of the property was indeed confiscated and brought to the hammer, but the law of mortmain turns out to be a delusion; the monks, especially the Capuchins and other Franciscans, have in many instances bought back their old homes with the money and in the name of their benefactors; and there they are, not only enjoying their pious idleness, but prowling about the houses of the poor peasantry, begging for alms which they no longer want, as they now live on the Government pension, and giving, in defiance of the law, the natural instincts of a lazy populace the contagious example of a life of mendicancy and vagrancy, professedly endured in God's service and for the good of their own and other people's souls. The clause which prevented the admission of novices into the existing religious houses has been disregarded and virtually abolished, and nothing is more common in Rome itself than to hear of young ladies of high rank taking the veil in the nunneries to which they were sent for their education; it could hardly be otherwise, for the Italian Constitution sanctions both individual freedom and liberty of association, and any law which should hinder the citizen from consecrating his life to prayer and seclusion, or which should prevent several of them clubbing together for so harmless a purpose, would be an upsetting of the very basis of civilised society; all which does not alter the fact that Monasticism is one of the crying evils of Italy, and that in respect to it the

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country has for several years shown rather regress than progress.

The same may be said for what concerns public instruction. The State supplies schools, gymnasiums, lyceums, and universities; it provides good, gratuitous, and obligatory education, but it must allow the Church the common liberty of having schools of her own, and finds that its own institutions can ill compete with those of the Jesuits, the Barnabites, the Scolopii, the Ignorantins, the Ursulines, the nuns of the Sacré Cœur, etc., which dispose of larger means, supply cheaper teachers, and impart a tuition which, whatever may be its worth in any other respect, is not at least 'godless.' That obnoxious epithet is more than the unfortunate Government can contend with; to escape from the stigma it has been obliged to leave to the option of the various municipal corporations the task of dealing with the Church catechism as they think proper, some of them introducing it into the elementary schools, others excluding it. To the arbitrament of local authorities also is left the interpretation of the law forbidding every form of religious worship in the open air, and circumscribing it within the precincts of the churches. Cardinal Simeoni, as Secretary of State of Pius IX., contended last year that processions in the streets were an integrant part of the Roman Catholic religion, which was to enjoy unlimited freedom; and as he could not address his remonstrances directly to the Italian Govern-

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ment, he tried to influence it in a roundabout way by a note to the French Government, which, being under the influence of MacMahon, then in full tide of reaction, seconded the cardinal's wishes as far as it dared by referring the complaint to those for whom it was intended; but, independently of any extraneous pressure, the Italian Government was disposed to show all convenient laxity on the subject, finding that it is as unpopular a task to put down processions as it would be to proscribe the Carnival.

The Italian Government has been taxed, not without reason, with having by its enactments placed itself at the head of a 'godless' community. 'Public morality,' it has been again and again asserted, 'needs the basis of a religion,' and by their rigid neutrality on all ecclesiastical affairs, Italian statesmen have placed themselves in the impossibility of having or rather of expressing an opinion on the moralising influence of the Papal religion, their reticence on this subject naturally inducing the same forbearance on the part of the Press, and of the most influential political writers. It is almost considered want of sense as well as of taste in Italy to write on religious subjects. That such a repugnance should be felt with respect to the primitive dogmas of Christianity—those which the more they are sounded the less they are fathomed—might seem natural enough; but it ought to be otherwise with matters of practical Church discipline, with those idle traditions and forms of worship which constitute

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the superstructure of superstitious ages, and have a tendency to degrade religion in the estimation of reasonable beings. No one who only sees Roman Catholicism as it flourishes now, or flourished thirty years ago, in England, America, or any other country, where the opposition of other sects compels it to be on its good behaviour, can imagine what debasing, demoralising effects that religion, said to be everywhere identical, has on the minds and hearts of the ignorant population of the Latin countries where it reigns absolute, and especially of Italy. It is against this abuse, corruption, and perversion of the original faith, against the perpetual vow of celibacy of the religious of both sexes, against the absurdity of the most outrageous legends, against the stupidity of many of the grossest miracles, against the materialism of some of the Church ceremonies, against the numbing effect of the practice of auricular confession on man's conscience—that thinking men in Italy ought to direct their incessant attacks, for it is precisely on this devotion rising hardly a few degrees above the level of the most grovelling fetishism, that the worst part of the clergy lay the basis of their power. Thinking men in Italy pretend to disdain to touch such trivial, or one might say, such unclean subjects. But the fact is they lack the charity and courage to deal with those topics. They think it is enough if they laugh at such rubbish themselves; if they detect and expose the 'pious frauds' of roguish priests in polite society.

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They have no heart for the masses. 'Any religion,' they say, 'is good enough for them; the people are worthy of their priests, and their priests worthy of them. If you shake their absurd belief, they will have no belief at all, and instead of harmless fools you will have dangerous rogues. There is selfish want of sympathy in this manner of reasoning, as I said; and there is also arrant cowardice. Thinking men in Italy have too long been wont to fear those above them to be quite indifferent to the opinion of those beneath them. There is unlimited freedom of opinion in Italy, but its utterance is not equally unbounded, though there is perhaps no country where the lower classes are less violent, or more tolerant or docile. No man, for instance, has been more audacious in his denunciation of the vile tricks of the worst class of the Roman Catholic priesthood than Gavazzi, no man more efficient as a pioneer in the work of destruction. Yet he has never met with any evil encounter on the part of Italian popular audiences, though he had to fly for his life from decent meetings of Irish, Scotch, and American congregations, both Catholic and Protestant, because these latter, knowing nothing, believed that Gavazzi's exposure of priestly infamies was sheer calumny, whereas the Italians, better informed, were quite sure it was pure truth.

It has become a fixed idea with most thinking men in Italy, that the religion of their country, bad as it is, admits of no improvement, and that nothing can be substituted for it; so that it must be allowed

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to remain as it is, and to do whatever good it may for the unreasoning classes till they can be raised by education to that happy level of perfect indifference and scepticism which their betters have attained.

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III.

Impotence of the Papacy in Italy.—Prevalence of patriotic over religious feelings.—Danger from without.—Spread of Popery among German and Anglo-Saxon people.—Pilgrimages and crusades.—Conditions of the State in Italy; military; administrative.—Continued success of the Left party.—The Cairoli Government.—Their home and foreign policy.—Neutrality the sheet-anchor of Italy.—The only rock ahead.—Black and Red.—Revolutionary and reactionary tendencies; in France; in Italy.

But the general opinion is also that if Catholicism in Italy can morally do little good, it can politically do no harm. Patriotism, it is thought, will ever be in that country a stronger feeling than religious bigotry. Not a single Italian, it may be freely asserted, ever struck a blow or even raised a finger in defence of the Temporal Power. Hardly any member of the Italian Parliament was poor-spirited enough to withhold his vote from the resolution which sanctioned the annexation of St. Peter's patrimony, or proclaimed Rome as capital of the Italian kingdom. No protest has been heard. In the matter of the spoliation of the Church there has been absolute complicity on the part of the whole Italian nation. It may be granted that after the occupation of Rome, the dulness of the Court of

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the Quirinal in the latter years of Victor Emmanuel, and the prestige of the real virtues, of the reasonable grievances, and of the exaggerated sufferings of Pius IX., created some revulsion of feeling in behalf of the losing side, and that in the opinion of strangers the glory of the vanquished but serene Pontiff eclipsed the pomp of the victorious yet uneasy Monarch, so that Victor Emmanuel, while living, never was the first or most important personage in his own capital; but the genuine disposition of mind of the Italian people broke out on the almost simultaneous death of those two adversaries, when the enthusiasm evinced by Italy at the obsequies of the King dwarfed the devotion paid by all nations to the memory of the departed Pope.

The burial of Victor Emmanuel, as it has been justly said, has been a new and more emphatic, more spontaneous, and altogether unsolicited plebiscite in favour of national unity and in support of the Savoy dynasty. It has at once placed King Humbert's throne on a basis of popularity, which towards the end of his father's reign had been slightly shaken, and has enabled the new King to win the people's hearts in spite of the grievous blunders that his ministers committed in his name.

Were the quarrel between Church and State to be circumscribed within the limits of the Italian frontier, were that country an island in mid-ocean with thousands of miles of sea-water all round it, the Italians would be fully justified in looking, as most of them

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do, on the affair as definitely settled, and on the sentence which had gone forth against the Temporal Power as absolutely irrevocable. But the Pope has friends north and west of the Alps and beyond seas, and independently of the allegiance paid to his person and to his priestly office by piety, there is the interest felt in his kingly cause by policy. No one can blind himself to the fact that for whatever Catholicism may lose in its ancient seat of Rome and Italy, and throughout the extent of the Latin countries, ample compensation is made by the astounding progress it makes among nations of Teutonic blood. Although Christianity owed its earliest development to the prestige of the old name of Rome, it never became a power till it had gained its ascendency over the stout hearts of men of northern race. It was in the north of France, in Flanders, in Germany, in England, that the pilgrim's staff was first exchanged for the crusader's sword.

The cry that the present French generation, though the children of the Robespierre Revolution, are the great-grandchildren of the warriors of Pierre l'Hermite's expedition, has been raised repeatedly of late, and it has been heard with delight by a large class of the statesmen in the successive Cabinets of Thiers and MacMahon, men burdened with no great amount of religious belief, but satisfied that even the stick Pope may at the proper time be good enough to beat the dog Italy with. Had there been no other parties interested in the affair, had the settle-

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ment been left to a trial of strength between France and Italy, few Italians doubt that the Pope would already at various epochs during these last eight years have been restored to his throne. Fortunately, most Italians flatter themselves, there is Germany to be reckoned with, and the wind at this present moment blows anything but favourable to Ultramontanism even in France itself. But a State which should rely for existence on the identity of its interests with those of a selfish distant Power, or whose security should rest on the prevalence of one party over another in a fickle neighbouring community, could hardly be said to have a clear and well-established position of its own. The Italians lack as yet full confidence in their own strength; they do not feel equal, I will not say to a life and death contest with such formidable enemies as France or Austria, but even to such a stout, well-sustained, desperate defence as would enable them, even if doomed to succumb, at least to fall with honour. It was not altogether with honour, it must be confessed, that they won their own country; they suffered for it; they even fought for it creditably when backed by France; but their last and only single-handed exploit, the great encounter for which they had so intensely longed, for which they had so carefully prepared themselves, led to a double defeat, and Italy would now have to take the field with the stain of Custozza and Lissa on her banner. Her land and sea forces are now numerous; they are de-

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scribed as a marvel of equipment, organisation and discipline; but they are untried as yet, and may remain so for many years, and in the rear of them is a nation entirely and to all appearance incurably destitute of military qualities; for all endeavours to enlist the youth of the country in volunteer battalions, to familiarise them with the use of the rifle, to inure them to hardships, or inspire them with the love of danger—all efforts to make Swiss out of Tuscans, Romans, or Neapolitans, have been, and will probably for ever be, signal failures.

And still more unfortunately, if Italian unity is hitherto ill-grounded on the material strength of the country, it is by no means safely based on the moral energies of the nation. The Italians have given proofs of keen intelligence; of a wonderful political tact, moderation and shrewdness. Their management of great State affairs, their participation in important diplomatic transactions have all been to their credit; and have been almost invariably attended with well-deserved success. It is in matters of home administration that their condition is deplorable—in their legislative work, in the people's exercise of their rights, in the functionaries' observance of their duties, in the management of the finance, of the courts of law, of the prisons, of railways and telegraphs, of all the Government departments tending to the establishment of public security, and to the development of general prosperity. This administrative incapacity began to

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manifest itself in Turin soon after the death of Cavour, it became more evident year by year as the seat of Government was transferred to Florence and to Rome ; it had already appeared deplorable under the ascendency of that Moderate party or 'party of Order,' who were charged by their adversaries with 'having misgoverned Italy for sixteen years,' but it reached its climax more than two years ago, March, 1876, when those adversaries—the men of Progress or 'of Action,' profiting by the division of the ruling party, came into office. It was well said at the time that the Left had not among them the elements required to form an administration. Such mere empty agitators as Nicotera and Crispi broke down ingloriously with the first and second Depretis administration ; and King Humbert had almost at his accession to go round with Diogenes' lantern looking for a man willing—whether able or not—to take charge of the Government, and had at last to put up with Cairoli, doubtless a most honourable man, and a deserving patriot, but without the least experience of public business, and so mistrustful of his own powers, and of the capacity of his Progressist associates, that he only took upon himself the presidency of the Council without any portfolio, and had to borrow from the Moderate party both his Secretary and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the men at the head of the War Office and naval department.

It was hoped when the men of the Left attained

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power that they would only be allowed that short experiment of their governing abilities for which they had so long clamoured, but that they would soon become aware of their incompetence, and either feel disposed or be compelled to give up their task. But those who cherished such expectations forgot the proverb about 'the beggar mounted riding his horse to death.' The men of the Left had Italy at their discretion, and they were not likely to spare her. They of course did not carry or even seriously propose any of the many radical measures to which they had pledged themselves when in opposition; but they ventured on arbitrary provisions in defiance of all constitutional right and reason; they attempted such reforms of the penal code as almost insured impunity to the most atrocious malefactors, proposing even to abolish by law, and in the meanwhile weakening by an abuse of the Royal clemency, that capital punishment in the army without which, in the opinion of competent judges, there can in extreme cases be no discipline, and they so disorganised and demoralised their police force as to take from gaols and bagnios those deterrent powers of which the scaffold has long been deprived, and give that free scope to brigandage which, besides acquiring more formidable proportions in Sicily, is now again raising its head in the Basilicate and other Neapolitan provinces, where fire and sword had rooted it up.

They have blundered no less in foreign than in domestic matters; but notwithstanding the many

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silly things that have been said on the alleged pretensions of the *Italia Irredenta*, and notwithstanding the partial crisis which drove Count Corti, as well as the War and Marine Ministers, from the Cairoli Cabinet, it would be idle to suppose that even the most insane democratic statesman in Italy would think of disturbing the peace of Europe by preferring his country's titles to a rectification of the frontier, either on the side of Trent and Trieste or of Nice, and by claiming compensation for any territorial extension of Austria in the East. Italian politicians, no matter of what party, are not likely to commit themselves to any rash or indiscreet policy. Their tendency is wholly in the opposite direction. They are too cautious even to venture on an expedition to Tunis or Montevideo, and nothing would induce them to depart from that passive neutrality in the Eastern as in any other question which constitutes the best guarantee of their safety. Count Corti had to withdraw from the Cabinet for the very reason that he should never have entered it; not because he had compromised or forsaken Italian interests at the Berlin Congress, but simply because the men of the Left had asked him to join them when they thought they had need of him, and they were anxious to drive him out when they fancied they could dispense with him.

No. The only matter which may complicate the relations of Italy with foreign States and involve the King's Government in a quarrel with its neighbours,

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is the Roman question, and even this, as I have hinted, would not perhaps be of very serious consequence if Italy had sense enough, firmness of purpose enough, to mind her real business, reform her administration, repudiate her false democracy, her maudlin sentimentalism and mischievous humanity, and turn all her most earnest attention to putting her house in order. It should not be forgotten that Italy owed the triumph of her cause mainly if not entirely to the moral force of that European opinion which her sufferings and her heroic perseverance in an apparently hopeless struggle for better destinies awakened in her favour. That benevolent disposition can only be maintained by a practical demonstration that that estimate of her capabilities for self-government was not erroneous, and her fitness for a place among great nations not overrated. Had Italy made the best of her eighteen years of existence she would now have material and moral force enough of her own, and could rely on sufficient sympathy and support from all Europe to laugh at all fears of the Pope and of his French or other Ultramontane champions.

No doubt it is possible to conceive a long continuance of the present administration, and to expect that in its anxiety for self-preservation it may venture on such insane measures as may give the Ultramontane party, even within the boundaries of Italy, sufficient strength for mischief, and so aggravate the situation as to justify in some measure any

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step that foreign Powers and especially France might take towards a revival of the Temporal Power, and with it a reproduction of all other Italian disorders. We are told that the Cairoli Ministry are pledged to bring forward a new scheme of electoral law on their favourite principle of manhood suffrage, the immediate object of which would probably be to advance the interests of Republicanism, but which might eventually have for a more likely result a strong afflux of the Clerical party to the polling booths. I have already stated, and it seems confirmed, that the priestly faction, in accordance with instructions from its highest authorities, has announced its intention of renouncing the formula '*Nè eletti, nè Elettori*,' its inventor, Don Margotti of the *Unità Cattolica*, having now repudiated his former principles and placed himself at the head of the movement. I have also said that as long as Italian patriotism is true to itself, it has rather to gain than to lose from an open and loyal clerical opposition. But no one can answer as to what might arise from an unnatural coalition sure to be followed by a life and death collision between the darkest clericals and the deepest-hued Ultra-Radicals and Red Republicans. All that we know is that in France this same combination of attraction and repulsion between irreconcilable political elements has led to such an alternate preponderance, now of the one, now of the other extreme party, as to waste not a little of the national energies, and keep the country in a perpetual oscillation. But Italy cannot

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allow herself such a succession of political saturnalia as France manages to indulge in and yet thrive. No internal convulsion could ever have a tendency to disintegrate France. Partizanship there is never dead to all sense of patriotism, and the only change ever contemplated could affect nothing but the flag and the head of the Executive. Between Mac-Mahon and Gambetta, between a Chambord, an Orleans or a Napoleon, there may or may not be much to choose, but what is certain is that France could contrive to live with and under any of them. But in Italy politics are a question of existence. The Italian kingdom is as yet a mere fagot of loose sticks. There never was anything like a nation in Italy till the King shut up the Pope in the Vatican, and there would be for that country an end of unity, and withal of freedom and independence, the day in which either the turmoil of home factions or the interference of a foreign power should enable the Pope to oust the King from the Quirinal.

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IV.

Conclusion.—The present situation.—Peace or War ?—Attitude of the Church ; of the State.—Cheerless prospects.—The fourteenth century and the nineteenth.—History and divination.

From all we have said it seems clearly to result that the situation in Rome and Italy have not been very materially altered by the events of last February and March. There are still a Pope and a King in the Italian capital, and the war between Church and State, though outwardly less violent, is yet as incessant and implacable as it has been for the last seven years. The Pope still proclaims himself a captive; the Church clings faster than ever to her earthly possessions, resists accomplished facts with ever increasing stubbornness, denounces all compromise, and rejects all advances, makes her domestic weapons ready for battle without dissembling her reliance on extraneous succour ; and while in pursuit of worldly advantages she neglects her mission near home, and alienates from her those Italian and other Latin races which were once her mainstay, she strains all her energies to extend her influence in distant regions, over nations which once spurned her seductions, and

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shook off her ascendency. Her hope is in some of those unexpected freaks of fortune which turn the world topsy-turvy, and she trusts to the unchangeableness of her nature for the eternity of her destinies; but in the meanwhile she tampers with human reason, she shocks the most ingenuous faith by her *Sine Labe* and Infallibility dogmas, she disgusts the most credulous piety by her La Salette and Lourdes miracles, and allows her Jesuits to sap the foundations of morality by their theories of expediency, and by their practices of hypocrisy and deceit.

On the other hand, the State in Italy is still in its first exultation of a too easy victory; it abandons itself to a false security, and underrates the strength of its adversary. It took too readily for granted that the strength of the Papacy lay in the Temporal Power; it thought that by dethroning the Pope it had solved the Roman question, it had emancipated men's consciences, and dealt the Church a blow from which she could only recover by self-abasement and reform. It professed and hoped to provide for ecclesiastical as well as for political emancipation, and ended by allowing Papal absolutism to gain an ascendency in the Church, which it has in no other country, and to which it hardly ever aspired even in Italy. By declaring itself 'godless' the State in Italy renounced, for itself and for the laity which it represented, all power of so influencing the Church as to shape religion into a basis of morality. It removed such

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check as a creed should have on men's actions without at the same time strengthening the control that strict, provident, and just laws might exercise on men's passions. It did away with all salutary fear of punishment either in this world or in another, and exposed the country to all the evils of internal disorganisation without insuring it against all chances of foreign aggression. Are matters to continue in these conditions for an indefinite period? Is the Pope for ever to be the Vatican prisoner? or is he once more to issue forth a king in Rome, a sovereign of nations, a ruler of princes? Is the whole world to be converted to Catholicism; the Queen's Anglican bishops to be superseded by the Pope's nominees, and Cardinal Manning to say mass in Westminster Abbey? or is all religion to die out in Latin countries, and the worship of the Goddess Reason to be celebrated in St. Peter's? Many Italians hardly deem it worth while to propound such questions, or to vouchsafe an answer. For them the affair is settled, the last word is spoken. The Pope in their opinion has lost the day; Italy will be one nation to the end of days. And yet—only thirty years ago—such a consummation seemed an impossibility; the redemption of Italy, the fall of the Papacy, were all scouted as wild Utopias, unrealisable dreams. Is it quite sure that the Utopia has taken substance? that from the dream there may be no awakening? Have we no recollection of another epoch in which Italy succeeded, as she has done

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now, in ridding herself both of her political and ecclesiastical rulers, and re-asserting her mastery over her own destinies? Was there not in mediæval times a long interregnum in the Empire, and a still longer banishment or captivity of the Papacy? And did not then the follies of the Italians, their division and anarchy, their demoralisation, their mistakes and crimes, create so unbearable a state of things that Dante sighed for the coming of a German emperor, and Petrarch solicited a return of the Pope from Avignon?

We are told that history never repeats itself. But may it not be that this is because we do not know how to read history? because in the mere alteration of external circumstances we fail to perceive the analogy of eternal principles, the regularity and consistency of the course of events, because we take no trouble to trace effects to causes, and treat history as if both its writers and readers were unable to draw from the past the lessons it most certainly has in store for the present and the future?

There is nothing in human affairs that men deem impossible that may not come to pass; nothing that has once occurred that may not reproduce itself again.

THE END.

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